Jos. Green's 1753.

A New Version of

K. Bible. — N. T. Psalms.

THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID;

Fitted to the *Tunes* used in the CHURCHES:

With several HYMNS,

OUT OF THE

Old, and *New*, TESTAMENT.

By *JOHN BARNARD*,

Pastor of a Church in *Marblehead*.

BOSTON: *N.E.*

Printed by J. DRAPER, for T. LEVERETT, in *Cornhill*. 1752.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

By JOHN DARWALL,

Rector of St. Chad's in Shrewsbury.

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PREFACE.

THO' the New-England *Version of the Psalms of* David, *in Meetre, is generally very good, and few of the same Age may be compar'd with it; yet the Flux of Languages has rendered several Phrases in it obsolete, and the Mode of Expression in various Places less acceptable: for which Reasons an Amendment, or New Version, has been long, and greatly, desired, by the most judicious among us.*

After long waiting for the Performance of some more masterly Pen, and upon repeated Desires, I have ventured to employ all the spare Time of near upon the last Three Years of my advanced Age, (this Day, thro' the Forbearance of God, compleating my seventieth *Year,) in composing a* New Version, *suited to the* Tunes *used in our Churches, which, by Divine Assistance is now finished.*

My great Care has been to keep as close to the Original as I could, without a literal Translation; to preserve the Sentiments of the sweet Singer of Israel; *and to make, what seemed difficult, plain and easy: And all in a Stile becoming the Majesty of the sacred Writings, and adapted to the Capacity of our Christian Assemblies; neither in such Flights of Poetry as soar above them, nor yet so low, I trust, as to be contemptible.*

I have made free to borrow some Expressions, and sometimes a Line or two, from any Authors I have met with, who have gone before me in this Work: and thankfully acknowledge the great Obligations I am under to the Reverend Mr. Mather, *and Mr.* Byles, *for the just Corrections, and ready Approbation, they have bestowed upon this Version.*

If I have so far succeeded in my Attempt, as to render the Psalmody *any thing more delightfull to a devout Singer, and edifying to the Church of God, the great End of all my Care and Industry is answered; and let God have all the Praise.*

Marblehead,
Novemb. 6. 1751. John Barnard.

THE PSALMS of *DAVID*.

PSALM I. First Book.

THrice bleſt the Man, who ne'er thinks fit
To walk as wicked Men adviſe;
To ſtand in Sinners Way, nor ſit
With thoſe who God, and Man, deſpiſe.

2. Whoſe pious Soul directs his Way
By ſacred Writ, his ſweet Delight,
Thro' all the Labours of the Day;
And meditates thereon by Night.

3. As planted Trees, by Rivers Sides,
Yield timely Fruit, a vaſt Encreaſe;
So in freſh Verdure he abides,
And God his handy work will bleſs.

4. But thoſe that ſpurn at ſacred Laws,
Shall no ſuch Favour with him find;
For God will blaſt them, and their Cauſe,
And whirl, as Chaff, before the Wind.

5. However, in the Judgment Day
The Wicked ſhall not ſtand the Light;
Mix with the Righteous ſhall not they,
Nor any formal Hypocrite.

6. The Lord, who now with Pleaſure views,
Will then applaud, the juſt Man's Way;
But who his Name and Word abuſe,
Shall feel his Wrath, and melt away.

PSALM II.

WHy do the Heathen furious rage,
And in ſuch Tumults join?
Why do the People madly ſtorm,
And ſuch vain Schemes deſign?

2. The *Gentile* Kings unite their Strength,
And *Iſrael*'s Prieſts contrive;
Againſt the Lord they bend their Force,
Againſt his CHRIST they ſtrive.

3. "Come ſay they, let us break their Bands;
"Shall we them Homage pay;
"We'll ne'er ſubmit to their hard Yoke,
"We'll caſt their Cords away.

4 But he that ſits in Heav'n, beholds,
With a diſdainful Smile;
The Lord, their feeble Strength derides,
Their Malice, and their Guile.

5. Then, in his Wrath, he'll ſpeak aloud,
And thunder in their Ears;
While hov'ring Vengeance fills their Souls,
With dreadful vexing Fears.

6. "Know, mine anointed King, I've fix'd
"On *Zion*'s ſacred Plot:

7. "'Tis my Decree; thou art my Son,
"This Day I Thee begot.

8. "Aſk me, I'll give the Heathen Tribes
"For thine Inheritance;
"Thro' utmoſt Bounds of Earth, thy Sway
"Shall glorioufly advance.

9. "Thou ſhalt them cruſh, who dare rebel,
"As with an Iron Rod;
"Them, as a Potter's Veſſel, daſh
"In Pieces ſpread abroad.

10. Be

10. Be wiſe, now, O ye Kings, and hear,
Earth's Judges, his mild Voice:
11. Serve ye the Lord with Fear, before
Him tremble, and rejoice.
12. Kiſs ye the Son, leſt flaming Wrath
You in your Way ſurprize;
His Wrath's but kindling yet: they're bleſt
Whoſe Truſt on him relies.

PSALM II. 2d Meetre.

WHy do the Heathen madly rage,
And in aſſembled Tumults join?
Why do raſh People thus engage,
And ſuch vain fruitleſs Schemes deſign?
2. Kings of the Earth their Force unite,
And Rulers their deep Plots contrive;
Againſt the Lord they vent their Spite,
Againſt his CHRIST they boldly ſtrive.

3. Come, ſay they, let us break their Bands,
" Shall we our Homage to them pay?
" We'll ne'er be Slaves to their Commands,
" We'll caſt their ſervile Cords away.
4. But he who ſits enthron'd on high,
Beholds with a diſdainful Smile;
The Lord who rules above the Sky,
Derides their Strength, their Rage, and Guile.

5. Then to them, in his Wrath, he ſpeaks,
While Vengeance in his Thunder rowls;
His hot Diſpleaſure on them breaks,
And ſore Vexation fills their Souls.
6. " Know ye, that I have fix'd the Throne,
" Of mine anointed King moſt ſure,
" On *Zion*'s ſacred Hill alone;
" There it forever ſtands ſecure.

7 " This is the firm Decree I've made,
" 'Tis paſt in Heav'n, and changeth not;
" Thou art my Son, (*Jehoviah* ſaid)
" This very Day I Thee begot.
8. " Aſk, now, my Son, I'll freely give;
" Inherit thou the Heathen Lands;
" Thro' utmoſt Bounds of Earth receive
" Subjection to thy juſt Commands.

9. " Thou ſhalt them cruſh, who dare oppoſe,
" As with a maſſy Iron Rod;
" Thou ſhalt in Pieces daſh thy Foes,
" As Potters Veſſels ſpread abroad.
10. Be wiſe, now, O ye Kings, and hear,
Ye Judges of the Earth, his Voice:
11. Serve ye the Lord with inward Fear,
Before him tremble, and rejoice.

12. Kiſs ye the Son, leſt in the Way
Ye periſh, when his Anger glows;
Leſt kindling Wrath your Crimes repay,
Bleſs'd all in him their Truſt repoſe.

PSALM. III.

O Lord, my Troublers great are grown,
And many up againſt me riſe,
2. They ſay, his Soul is left alone,
And God all Help to him denies.
3. But thou, Lord, art a Shield to me,
And thy Defence is round me ſpread;
Thou art my Glory; I ſhall ſee
Thee high, in Honour, raiſe my Head.

4. When, heretofore, my humble Pray'r
To God I made, in like Diſtreſs,
He, from his holy Hill, did hear
My Voice, and all my Fears ſuppreſs.

5. I

5. I then could lay me down, and take
My quiet Sleep, ſecure by Night;
And in the Morning ſafe awake,
O Lord, ſupported by thy Might.

6. Why ſhould I then, be now afraid,
Or of thy timely Help deſpair?
Tho', round encamp'd about me, laid,
Ten Thouſands of the People are.

7. Now riſe, O Lord, my God, me ſave;
For all my Foes have felt thy Stroak
Full in the Face; and by Thee have
The Teeth of wicked Men been broke.

8. Salvation to the Lord alone,
As his peculiar Right, pertains;
On thoſe thou chuſeſt for thine own,
Thy Bleſſing ever ſure remains.

PSALM IV.

O God, my Righteouſneſs who art,
Whene'er I call, give Ear;
Thou haſt enlarg'd me when diſtreſs'd,
Have Mercy, now, and hear.

2. Ye Sons of Men, how long will ye
My Glory turn to Shame?
How long will ye love Vanity
And me with Lyes defame?

3. But know, the Lord hath ſet apart
The Godly for his own;
The Lord will hear, when unto him,
I make my humble Moan.

4. Then ſtand in Awe, and do not ſin,
But commune with thy Heart,
While reſting on thy Bed, and learn
Contentment's noble Art.

5. Offer to God pure Sacrifice,
Free from all conscious Blame;
Then confidently put your Trust
Upon *Jehovah*'s Name.
6. While many Worldlings eager cry,
Who'l cause us Good to see?
The chearing Light, Lord, of thy Face,
Let on us lifted be.
7. Then wilt thou fill my Heart with Joy,
More lasting, and divine,
Than they can boast, whose fruitful Years
Encrease their Corn and Wine.
8. Therefore I'll lay me down in Peace,
And sweet Repose will take;
For me in Confidence to dwell
Thou, Lord, alone, do'st make.

PSALM V.

UNTO my Words, O Lord, give Ear;
My secret Meditation weigh:
2. My mournful Cry, in Mercy, hear;
My King, my God, to Thee I'll pray.
3. Soon as the op'ning Morn's begun,
My humble Voice, thou, Lord, shalt hear;
To Thee, I'll, with the rising Sun,
Lift up mine Eyes, and make my Pray'r.
4. Thou, Lord, in Sin hast no Delight;
Neither shall Evil dwell with Thee;
5. Nor wicked Fools stand in thy Sight;
Thou hat'st who work Iniquity.
6. Thou surely wilt them all destroy,
That raise, and spread, pernicious Lies;
The Lord abhors such as employ
Themselves in Blood, and Guile devise.

7. But

7. But I, thro' thine abundant Grace,
Again ſhall to thy Houſe repair;
And now, towards thy holy Place,
I look, and worſhip, in thy Fear.
8. Lord, lead me in thy Righteouſneſs,
My ſpiteful Foes obſervant grow;
Make plain, and right, before my Face,
The Way in which I ought to go.

9. For in their Mouth, no Faith they have,
Their inward Part's perverſly wrong;
Their Throat is like an open Grave;
They baſely flatter with their Tongue.
10. Their ſecret Guilt, O Lord, detect,
By their own Counſels let them fall;
Them, for their many Crimes reject,
For they are harden'd Rebels all.

11. Let thoſe rejoice that truſt in Thee,
And loud, with Shouts, their Joy proclaim;
For thou wilt their Protection be;
Let them rejoice that love thy Name.
12. For thou, O Lord, to righteous Men,
Wilt make thy Bleſſing to extend;
As with a Shield, thy Favour, them
Shall, round on ev'ry Side defend.

PSALM VI.

O Lord, when thou do'ſt me rebuke,
Let not thine Anger riſe;
Nor thy Diſpleaſure Fury grow,
When thou do'ſt me chaſtiſe.
2. Have Mercy upon me, O Lord,
Weakneſs my Strength reſtrains;
O Lord, my Health, and Eaſe reſtore;
My Bones are rack'd with Pains.

3. My

3. My Griefs, ſo many, and ſo great,
They e'en diſtract my Mind;
But, Lord, how long ſhall I endure,
E'er I Relief ſhall find.

4. In Pity, now, O Lord return,
Raiſe my dejected Soul;
And for thy tender Mercy's Sake,
O ſave, and make me whole.

5. If I to Death's dark Vault deſcend,
There none record thy Name;
For who can in the ſilent Grave,
With Thanks, thy Praiſe proclaim?

6. Weary, and faint with Groans, I make
The Bed on which I lay,
Each Night, to ſwim with flowing Tears;
And bathe my Couch by Day.

7. Continual Grief has quite conſum'd
The Vigour of mine Eyes;
They're waxed dim, and old, becauſe
Of all mine Enemies.

8. But now, vile Men depart from me,
Nor in vain Plots rejoice;
Becauſe the Lord will ſure regard,
My Tears, and mournful Voice.

9. God, who of old heard my Requeſt,
My preſent Suit will hear;
The Lord will graciouſly receive,
And anſwer, all my Prayer.

10. Then ſhall my Foes be cloath'd with Shame,
With ſore Vexation fraught;
Yea, bluſh, and rage, to ſee their Schemes,
To ſudden Ruin brought.

PSALM VII.

O Lord, my God, in Thee alone,
I do my Truſt repoſe;
Deliver me from cruel Men,
And ſave me from my Foes.

2. Leſt, as a roaring Lyon, he
My helpleſs Soul ſhould tear;
Leſt it in Pieces he ſhall rend,
When no Deliv'rer's near.

3. O Lord, my God, if this I've done,
As falſly they accus'd;
If e'er ſuch Guilt hath ſtain'd my Hands,
That him I have abus'd;

4. If I have render'd Ill to him,
Who was at Peace with me;
(Yea, I've deliver'd him that is
My cauſleſs Enemy;)

5. Then let my Foe purſue my Soul,
Take it, and fill his Luſt;
My Life tread down to Earth, and lay
Mine Honour in the Duſt.

6. Riſe, Lord, in Anger lift thy Self,
Mine En'mies Rage reſtrain;
Awake, for me the Judgment grant
Thou did'ſt of old ordain.

7. So ſhall the Tribes Thee compaſs round,
And to thy Courts repair;
For their Sake therefore, O return,
And ſhine in Glory there.

8. Thou, Lord, the Judge of all the Earth,
As righteous is my Caſe,
So judge me, Lord, and as my Heart
Is right before thy Face.

Second PART.

9. Let vile Men's baſe Deſigns now ceaſe,
But ſtabliſh thou the Juſt;
For, righteous Lord, their Heart, and Reins,
Search thorowly thou do'ſt.

10. God's my Defence, the upright Heart
He'll ſave from ſpiteful Foes.

11. God's a juſt Judge, with wicked Men
He daily angry grows.

12. Unleſs the Wicked will repent,
God will his Vengeance ſhow;
He now has whet his glittering Sword,
Has fix'd, and bent his Bow.

13. His many Inſtruments of Death.
Ready prepared ly;
And at fierce Perſecutors Breaſts,
His pointed Arrows fly.

14. Lo, as with trav'ling Pains, he toyls
To work Iniquity;
He Miſchief long conceives, and yet,
At laſt, brings forth a Lye.

15. For me he made a ſecret Pit,
He dig'd it deep, and wide;
But in the Ditch his Hands had form'd,
Did unexpected ſlide.

16. His Miſchief ſurely ſhall return
On his own Head at laſt;
His violent Dealings ſhall come down,
And on his Crown be caſt.

17. Therefore I'll praiſe the ſov'rain Lord,
For all his righteous Ways;
And to the Name of God moſt high,
I'll ſing my Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM

PSALM VIII.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the Earth,
How excellent's thy Name!
Who haſt the Heav'ns far above,
Eſtabliſhed thy Fame.

2. From Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, thou
Ordained haſt thy Praiſe;
Which puts to ſilence impious Tongues,
The Self Avenger ſtays.

3. When I ſurvey the vaſt Expance,
Form'd by thy Finger's Might.
Or view the Moon, and glitt'ring Stars,
Ordain'd to rule the Night:

4. Lord! What is feeble Man! that thou
Do'ſt bear him ſtill in Mind?
And what the Son of Man, whom thou
To viſit art ſo kind?

5. Thou, him but little lower mad'ſt,
Than Angels round thy Throne;
With Glory thou did'ſt him adorn,
And with high Honours crown.

6. Thou gav'ſt him, o'er thy handy Works,
Dominion's regal Seat;
And all Things in Subjection put,
Beneath his royal Feet:

7. All Flocks, and Herds, and Beaſts of Prey;
And Birds that beat the Air;
The Fiſh that cleave the briny Sea,
And all that paſſeth there.

9. O Lord, our Lord, who may compare
With thine unrival'd Fame?
Thro' all the Earth, from Pole to Pole,
How excellent's thy Name.

PSALM

PSALM IX.

With all my Heart, eternal God,
I'll celebrate thy Praise;
I'll shew forth all thy wondrous Works,
Of Judgment, and of Grace.

2. With Gladness I will tune my Song;
In Thee I will rejoice;
O thou Most-high! Praise to thy Name,
I'll sing with chearful Voice.

3. When thou shalt rout my haughty Foes,
And put their Troops to flight;
With Terror, at thy Presence struck
They fall, and perish quite.

4. For thou my Right hast still maintain'd,
And made my Cause thine own;
In Righteousness thou judged hast,
From thine imperial Throne.

5. The Heathen thou hast sore rebuk'd,
And laid the Wicked waste;
Thou hast cast out their Name as vile,
Them evermore disgrac'd.

6. O thou proud Foe, thy wasting Pow'r
To utter End is brought!
Their Cities thou hast overthrown,
Their Name is quite forgot.

7. But God, the Lord, for evermore,
Remains the living One;
Who, from of Old, for Judgment hath
Prepar'd his royal Throne.

8. And he, the Nations of the Earth,
Shall judge in Righteousness;
Unbias'd Judgment he shall give
To greater, and the less.

9. The

9. The Lord will prove a ſure Defence
To them that are oppreſt;
And when diſtreſſing Times prevail,
His Refuge yields them Reſt.
10. Therefore, all they that know thy Name,
Their Truſt in Thee will place:
For thou, Lord, ne'er forſakeſt thoſe,
Who humbly ſeek thy Face.

Second PART.

11. Sing Praiſes to the Lord, who dwells
In *Zion*, his chief Care;
The many Wonders he hath done,
To all the World declare.
12. When he, for Blood, Enquiry makes,
His Vengeance ſpeedy flys;
The Meek oppreſs'd he'll not forget,
But hear their humble Cryes.
13. Have Mercy on me, Lord, and weigh
The Troubles which I bear,
From envious Foes; O thou who do'ſt
From Gates of Death me rear.
14. That I, amidſt aſſembled Crowds,
May ſhew forth all thy Praiſe,
In *Zion*'s Gates; and Shouts of Joy,
In thy Salvation raiſe.
15. Down in the Pit the Heathen ſink,
Which they themſelves have made;
Their own Foot's taken in the Net,
Which guilefully they laid.
16. Thus, by the Judgments he deals forth,
Jehovah is made known!
While impious Men are juſtly ſnar'd,
In Works that are their own.

17. The

17. The Wicked ſhall, at length, be turn'd
Down to a painful Hell;
There all the Nations of the Earth,
That God forget, ſhall dwell.

18. The humble ſhall not be forgot,
And fruitleſsly complain;
Nor ſhall the poor oppreſs'd Man's Hope
Forever be in vain.

10. Riſe, Lord, and let not wicked Men
Prevail againſt my Right;
O, let the Heathen World be judg'd,
In thine all-piercing Sight.

20. O Lord, with Terrors ſtrike their Minds,
Fill them with Dread of Thee;
That they're but feeble, mortal, Men,
The Nations all may ſee.

PSALM X.

O Wherefore, Lord, as unconcern'd,
Do'ſt thou ſo far remove?
Why lays conceal'd thy Pow'r, and Grace,
When Times diſtreſſing prove?

2. The Wicked perſecutes the Poor,
In his abounding Pride.
Caught in the Snares, which they deviſ'd,
May their own Foot abide.

3. The Wicked boaſts his Heart's Deſire
Is crown'd with fair Succeſs;
He impiouſly the Lord abhors,
But does the Worldling bleſs.

4. The Wicked, thro' his daring Pride,
To ſeek the Lord diſdains;
No ſerious Thought of God, within
His haughty Heart, remains.

5. He

5. He ever walks in grievous Ways;
Thy Judgments far are borne
Above his Sight, his Enemies,
He puffs at them with Scorn.

6. His Heart's vain Confidence hath ſaid,
"My State no Change ſhall ſee;
"For I, ſecure from ev'ry Ill,
"Shall be forever free.

7. His Mouth with Execration's fill'd,
With groſs Deceit, and Lyes;
His fair Tongue Miſchief doth conceal,
And Injuries diſguiſe.

8. Hid, in ſome lurking Place, he lies,
Near Villages; intent,
With watchful Eyes, againſt the Poor,
To ſlay the Innocent.

9. As Lyons couching in their Dens,
He waits to catch the Poor;
And thoſe he draws within his Net,
Doth eagerly devour.

10. Down doth he crouch, down to the Duſt,
In humble Poſtures all;
That, in his ſtrong devouring Jaws,
The Poor may heedleſs fall.

11. He thinks, that God forgets his Deeds;
Or turns away his Sight;
And never will behold his Rage,
His Violence, and Spite.

Second PART.

12. But now ariſe, O mighty God,
O Lord, lift up thy Hand;
Forget not thy poor ſuff'ring Saints,
Defence for them command.

13. For

13. For wherefore should the wicked Man,
With Insult, God contemn?
And proudly say, "Thou wilt not Care,
"Or, what they do condemn?
14. But thou dost mark their Wrong and Spite,
With strong Hand to reward:
The Poor commits himself to Thee,
Thou art the Orphan's Guard.
15. Break thou the Arm of wicked Men,
Their evil Arts confound;
Search out, and punish, their vile Deeds,
Till there no more be found.
16. The Lord is universal King,
Whose Kingdom ever stands;
The Heathen Tribes are rooted out,
And perish'd, from thy Lands.
17. Thou, Lord, the humble Man's Desire,
Hast still been wont to hear;
Thou wilt prepare their Heart, and then
Vouchsafe a gracious Ear.
18. To judge the Cause, and plead the Right,
Of poor and fatherless;
That so the Man of Earth no more,
With Terrors may oppress.

PSALM XI.

IN Firmly on the Lord rely;
How can you thus my Soul advise?
To some safe Place for Refuge fly,
As tim'rous Bird to Mountain flyes.
2. For lo; the Wicked bend their Bow,
And fix their Arrows on the String,
To shoot, and with a secret Blow,
The innocent to Ruin bring;

3. If

3. If the Foundations of the State,
Juſtice, and Truth, are overthrown,
The Juſt can find no ſafe Retreat,
What ſhall by righteous Men be done?

4. The Lord is in his holy Place,
The Lord in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne;
From thence with piercing Eyes ſurveys
Men's Sons, and trys them ev'ry one.

5. The Lord the righteous Man does prove,
Afflict, and try his gracious State;
But thoſe who Vice, and Rapine, love,
He from his very Soul does hate.

6. Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone, (dreadful Rain!)
On guilty Heads he'll ſwiftly ſhow'r
And burning Tempeſt's raging Pain,
Into their Cup of Vengeance pour.

7. The righteous Lord to righteous Souls,
His tender Love will free impart;
With Beams of Favour he beholds
The Man, who is upright in Heart.

PSALM XII.

HElp Lord; the godly Man decays,
And quits the hated Ground;
And faithful Men, in theſe our Days,
Are very rarely found.

2. For each one acts a treach'rous Part,
Deceives his Friend with Lyes;
With flatt'ring Lips, and double Heart,
They ſpeak in cloſe Diſguiſe.

3. *Jehovah* ſurely will, e'er long,
The flatt'ring Lips cut off;
With the proud, threat'ning, boaſting Tongue,
Which doth profanely ſcoff.

4. Who ſay, "our artful Tongues alone,
"Prevailing Force afford;
"What ſure; are not our Lips our own?
"Who over us is Lord?

5. "For Sighing of the Poor oppreſs'd,
"Now (ſaith the Lord,) I'll riſe:
"From his Oppreſſors give him Reſt,
"But all his Foes deſpiſe.

6. Thy Word, O Lord, ſhall firmly laſt,
And pure from Fraud abide;
As Silver thro' the Furnace paſt,
And ſev'n Times purify'd.

7. O Lord, thy promis'd Help, and Grace,
Thou ſtrictly wilt obſerve;
And ever, from this faithleſs Race,
Them carefully preſerve.

8. The Wicked walk on ev'ry Side.
And greatly multiply;
When vileſt Men of Fraud, and Pride,
Are raiſed up on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOw long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Forever ſhall thy Promiſe fail:
How long before thy Face afford
One Beam of Light, thro' this dark Vail?

2. How long ſhall I in Soul conſult,
And daily Sorrows wound my Heart?
How long ſhall my proud Foes inſult,
And o'er me act the Tyrant's Part?

3. Conſider, Lord, my piteous Caſe,
Hear, O my God, the Cries I make;
Mine Eyes, enlighten with thy Grace,
Leſt Death's deep Sleep me overtake.

4. Leſt

4. Leſt my proud Foe, with boaſting Voice,
Should ſay, againſt him Iv'e prevail'd;
And thoſe that trouble me rejoice,
To ſee my ſtedfaſt Hopes have fail'd.

5. But underneath thy ſaving Wings,
My Truſt is ever firmly ſtay'd;
Therefore my Heart with Gladneſs ſprings,
In Proſpect of thy promis'd Aid.

6. With grateful Heart, my Songs of Praiſe,
I'll humbly to the Lord addreſs;
For he, according to his Grace,
Dealt well with me in my Diſtreſs.

PSALM XIV.

THe Fool, in's Heart, ſaith, there's no God;
They ſo corrupt are grown:
Abominable Works they do,
That doth Good there is none.

2. The Lord on Sons of Men, look'd down,
From Heav'n, his high Abode;
To ſee if Reaſon bore the Sway,
And led them up to God.

3. But lo! they all were gone aſide,
They filthy were, and baſe;
Not one, the Paths of Virtue trod,
Of all that ſinful Race.

4. Do wicked Fools ſo blind their Eyes,
And far from Reaſon ſtray,
That they my People eat as Bread,
And God no Homage pay?

5. Then conſcious Guilt ſhall them ſurpriſe,
With moſt amazing Fear;
When God, to plead the juſt Man's Cauſe,
In Vengeance ſhall appear.

6. The pious Counſel of the Poor,
Reproaching ye deſpiſe;
Becauſe the Lord his Refuge is,
Where he for Shelter flies.

7. Would God, from *Zion* Safety ſend,
And back his Captives bring;
Jacob ſhould, with loud Peals, rejoice,
Thy Praiſe glad *Iſr'el* ſing.

PSALM XV.

WHo, Lord, ſhall to thy Courts repair,
And find a gracious Welcome there?
Who, in thy holy Hill above,
Shall dwell forever in thy Love?

2. He who uprightly guides his Ways,
From Rules of Juſtice never ſtrays;
Whoſe ev'ry Word doth Truth impart,
And ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart.

3. Who with his Tongue backbiteth not,
Nor ſeeks his Neighbours Fame to blot;
Who entertains no ill Report,
Nor ſpreads it to his Neighbour's hurt;

4. Whoſe Eyes, the vile, tho' great, deſpiſe,
But all that fear the Lord doth prize;
Whoſe Oath, and Promiſe, firmly bind,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears, ſhall change his Mind:

5. No Gains by griping Uſury makes,
Nor Bribes againſt the harmleſs takes:
The Man does thus, by God approv'd,
Stands firm, and never ſhall be mov'd.

PSALM. XVI.

O Mighty God, preſerve thou me,
From all my reſtleſs Foes;
For Succour, to thine Arms, I flee,
My Truſt in Thee repoſe.

2. Thou,

2. Thou, O my Soul, to God haſt ſaid,
Thou art my Lord alone;
No Benefit's to Thee convey'd,
By all the Good I've done.

3. But to the Saints on Earth, upright,
My Goodneſs may extend;
Thoſe excellent, with great Delight,
I'll ſuccour, and befriend.

4. Who warmly foreign Gods adore,
Their Sorrows ſhall abound;
Their Blood Drink-Off'rings I'll not pour,
Nor Names my Lips ſhall ſound.

5. The Lord's the Portion of my Soul,
He doth my Part ordain;
He richly fills my flowing Bowl,
And doth my Lot maintain.

6. The Lines have meaſur'd out my Share,
In a moſt pleaſant Seat;
My Heritage is fallen, where
All Bleſſings jointly meet.

7. In Thanks to God, my Heart I'll raiſe,
Whoſe Counſel guides me right;
Sweetly my inmoſt Thoughts he ſways,
In each revolving Night.

8. My Faith has ever ſeen the Lord,
As preſent, in his Love;
At my Right-hand he'll Strength afford,
That nought ſhall me remove.

9. Therefore my Heart's with Joy poſſeſt,
My Tongue a chearful Strain;
My dying Fleſh ſecure ſhall reſt,
In Hope to riſe again.

10 For thou wilt not abandon me,
Nor leave me in the Grave;
But, from the leaſt Corruption free,
Thy holy One wilt ſave.

11. Thou wilt to me, Life's Path expand;
Joys in Perfection glow
Before thy Face, at thy Right-hand,
Immortal Pleaſures flow.

PSALM. XVII.

THe Rights of Juſtice hear, O Lord,
Attend unto my Cry;
A gracious Ear my Pray'r afford,
From Lips which do not lie.

2. O let my Sentence from thy Face
Impartially proceed;
The Rights, and Juſtice, of my Caſe,
Let thine Eyes cloſely heed.

3. My Heart, and Reins, thou Lord haſt try'd,
In the ſtill Night's Receſs;
And nothing found; I fix'd abide
My Mouth ſhall not tranſgreſs.

4. However wicked Men decoy,
Yet, taught by thy pure Word,
The Paths of them that would deſtroy,
I ever have abhor'd.

5. Thro' all my Walk uphold thou me,
In thy moſt righteous Way;
So ſhall my Steps unmoved be,
And from thy Paths ne'er ſtray.

6. On Thee I call, for thou wilt hear;
O God, I Thee beſeech,
To my Requeſt incline thy Ear.
And hear my humble Speech.

Second PART.

7. O thou, who ſav'ſt, with thy Right-hand,
Who Truſt in Thee repoſe,
From all that up againſt them ſtand;
Thy wondrous Love diſcloſe.
8. Keep, as the Apple of the Eye;
Hide me beneath thy Wing:
9. From raging Foes, who round me ly,
And me to Death would bring.
10. Enclos'd in Fat, they proudly boaſt,
What Malice doth deviſe.
11. They now ſurround me with their Hoſt,
And couch with watchful Eyes;
12. As hungry Lyons raging fret,
When greedy for their Prey;
Or a young Lyon lurking ſets,
In ſome cloſe covert Way.
13. Ariſe, his ſecret Plots controul,
And caſt him down, O Lord;
At liberty, O, ſet my Soul,
From wicked Men, thy Sword.
14. From mortal Man, thy Hand, O Lord,
From worldly Men me ſave;
Who in this preſent Life, and World,
Their fading Portion have
With thy hid Treaſures, thou doſt fill,
Their Bellies: and their Race,
Num'rous and pamper'd, Heir by Will
The Bulk of their Encreaſe.
15. But as for me, in Righteouſneſs,
Thy ſmiling Face I'll ſee;
And waking, with thine Image bleſt,
Shall ſatisfied be.

PSALM XVIII.

THee, Lord, my Strength, I'll dearly love.
2. The Lord's my Rock, to which I fly;
My Fortreſs ſtrong, where ſafe I prove;
My Saviour from mine Enemy:
My God, my pow'rful Aid, from whence
My ſteady Truſt ſecurely flows;
My guarding Shield, my ſure Defence,
My Tow'r, above the Reach of Foes.

3. Depending on thy wonted Grace,
O Lord, my Pray'r I'll make to Thee;
(Who worthy art of all our Praiſe,)
So, from my Foes, I ſav'd ſhall be.
4. Amazing Sorrows ſeiz'd my Soul,
While Death it's Terrors round me ſpread;
As when impetuous Torrents rowl,
Ungodly Men made me afraid.

5. The Cords of Hell, a dreadful Net,
Entangling me encompaſs'd round;
Death's Snares, about me cloſe beſet,
And how to 'ſcape no Way I found.
6. In my Diſtreſs, to God my Pray'r,
With mournful Voice, I then prefer'd;
Who, from his Throne, bow'd down his Ear,
And my Requeſt, in Mercy, heard.

Second PART.

7. The ſolid Earth then ſhook with Fear,
And dreadful Trembling on it ſeiz'd:
The Hills Foundations moved were,
And ſhook, for God was ſore diſpleas'd.
8. From his enraged Noſtrils roſe
Thick Clouds of ſmoke; His Mouth out-threw
Devouring Fire; in midſt of thoſe,
Hot Thunder-Bolts around him flew. 9. He

9. He bow'd the Heavens, and came down,
In ſolemn Pomp march'd from his Seat;
Darkneſs, from his imperial Throne,
Was ſpread beneath his royal Feet.
10. He on a fiery Cherub rode,
That clave with ſpeed the yielding Air;
The Winds, obſequious to their God,
Him, ſwift, on ſtrongeſt Pinions, bear.

11. His Glory, Darkneſs hid from View;
For his Pavilion, Miſts ariſe;
He, for a Cov'ring, round him threw,
His thick Clouds from the nether Skies.
12. Before him, Brightneſs he ſent out,
His thick Clouds, then, in haſte retire;
They fell, diſſolv'd, a diſmal Rout,
In Show'rs of Hail, and Storms of Fire.

13. The Lord, with roaring Thunder's Noiſe,
From Heav'n, the En'my ſtruck with Dread;
Th' Almighty ſpoke with angry Voice,
And Hail, and Fire, the Terrors ſpread.
14. He caſt his Arrows from the Sky,
Which broke the Forces of the Foe;
His pointed Light'nings ſwiftly fly,
And ſoon compleat their Overthrow.

15. Then did the Floods new Channels wear,
The torn World it's Foundations ſhow'd;
For, Lord, thy Vengeance did appear,
Fierce Blaſts from thy hot Noſtrils flow'd.

Third PART.

16. From high he ſent, he ſeiz'd on me,
He drew me from the Waters great.
17. From my ſtrong Foe he ſet me free;
Too ſtrong for me, who me did hate.

18. In my dark Day they had o'ercome,
But God ſuſtain'd me by his Might.
19. Chang'd my cloſe Siege for larger Room,
Sav'd me, in whom he took Delight.

20. The Lord did my clean Hands repay;
And recompence my upright Heart.
21. I did not leave thy righteous Way;
Nor wickedly from God depart.
22. His Judgments all were in my Sight;
None of his Laws my Soul diſdain'd.
23. My Heart before him was upright;
And from my darling Sin refrain'd.

24. Therefore the Lord rewarded me,
According to my Righteouſneſs;
And as he ſaw my Hands were free
From Wrong, my Griefs did ſoon redreſs.
25. "Kind to the Kind thou, Lord, wilt prove;
"And juſt to them that Juſtice love.
26. "The Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
"To Froward juſt Returns ſhall be.

27. "Thou wilt the meek afflicted raiſe;
"But haughty Looks in Duſt debaſe.
28 "The Lord will make my Lamp ſhine bright;
"And turn my Darkneſs into Light.
29. Thus aided, I have broken through,
My num'rous Foes, an armed Hoſt:
Thus, guarded by my God, I flew,
And ſcal'd their Walls, their greateſt Boaſt.

30. O God, thy Ways are perfect found,
Thy Word, O Lord, is throughly try'd;
Thou, as a Shield, wilt them ſurround,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt Hopes on Thee abide.

Fourth PART.

31. " Whom, ſave *Jehovah* then alone,
" Shall we, as God, adoring own?
" What Rock of Strength ſhall us defend,
" But God? who is our conſtant Friend.

32. 'Tis God that girds me with his Might;
And brings to paſs my juſt Intent.

33. Makes my Feet ſwift, as Hinds, in Flight;
And ſtrong to climb the ſteep Aſcent.

34. My Hands he well inſtructed how
To manage War, with dext'rous Skill;
My ſtrength'ned Arm can break the Bow,
That's made of well-wrought temper'd Steel.

35. Thou gav'ſt me the protecting Shield
Of thy Salvation, in my Strait;
Thy Right-hand ſtill hath me upheld,
Thy Gentleneſs hath made me great.

36. My ſtrait'ned Steps thou haſt enlarg'd;
My Feet ne'er ſlipt, nor were decoy'd.

37. My Foes I hot purſu'd, o'ercharg'd,
And turn'd not till they were deſtroy'd.

38. I gave them ſuch a total Rout,
Their vanquiſht Force no more made Head;
They proſtrate fell, all round about,
And, ſlain, beneath my Feet were ſpread.

39. For thou haſt girded me with Strength,
The Heat of Battle to ſuſtain;
Thou haſt ſubdu'd my Foes at length,
And made them ſtoop to my juſt Reign.

40. To me, mine En'mies Necks, he gave;
To ſlay my Haters on the Spot.

41. They cry'd for Help, but none did ſave;
Yea, to the Lord, who anſwer'd not.

42. Then ſmall as Duſt, before the Wind,
Their mighty num'rous Troops I beat,
Their Corpſe, with great Contempt deſign'd,
I caſt, as Mire, in th' open Street.

Fifth PART.

43. Fierce Striſes, and Factions, thou haſt laid;
And made the Rebels own my Sway;
O'er neighb'ring Heathen plac'd me Head,
And Realms unknown ſhall me obey.

44. Soon as they hear, they'l Homage pay:
Strangers ſubmiſs ſhall proſtrate ly.

45. They that reſiſt ſhall melt away;
And frighten'd from their Coverts fly.

46. The Lord lives; let my Rock be bleſt;
Exalted be my Saviour God.

47. God's Vengeance does my Foes arreſt,
Subjects whole Nations to my Rod.

48. Thou ſav'dſt me from mine Enemies,
Rais'd me, and waſt my ſure Defence,
From all that up againſt me riſe;
Ev'n from the Man of Violence.

49. Therefore, O Lord, my grateful Heart,
And Voice, ſhall celebrate thy Fame:
To heathen Lands thy Acts impart,
And Praiſes ſing unto thy Name.

50. God great Deliv'rance gives his King;
Shews his Anointed ſignal Grace;
Which evermore afreſh ſhall ſpring,
To *David*, and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

THro' all the Heav'ns, thy Glory, Lord,
Doth admirably ſhine;
The ſtarry Firmament declares
Thy Pow'r, and Skill, Divine.

2. Each

2. Each Day, to next ſucceeding Day,
Diſcourſes of thy Fame;
And Night, to Night, doth clearly ſhow
The Knowledge of thy Name.

3. Were there no Speech, nor Language known
Thro' the terraqueous Frame;
The Voice of theſe would ſtill be heard,
And wide thy Praiſe proclaim.

4. Thro' all the Earth their Line is gone,
Thro'out the World their Words;
In them a rich adorned Tent
He for the Sun affords.

5. Which from his Chambers marcheth forth,
Bright as a Bridgroom clad;
And Champion like, proud of his Strength,
To run his Race is glad.

6. Lo, how he ſwiftly from the Eaſt,
Purſues his Weſtern Courſe!
And all Things in his Circle feels
His Heat's reviving Force.

Second PART.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
And daily Strength ſupplies;
His Teſtimonies faithful are,
And make the Simple wiſe.

8. The Statutes of the Lord are right,
With Joy they fill the Heart;
The Lord's Commands are perfect pure,
Light to the Eyes impart.

9. The Fear of God, from Mixtures free,
Forever do's abide;
His Judgments are eſtabliſh'd Truth,
And wholly juſtify'd.

10. More to be priz'd than Stores of Gold,
Refin'd with utmoſt Skill;
Than Virgin Honey ſweeter far,
That from the Combs diſtill.

11. Thy Servant, where his Danger lies,
They friendly warning give;
And they who ſtrictly keep thy Word,
Thence great Rewards receive.

12. But who can fully know, how oft
He errs from Paths Divine;
From all my ſecret Faults, O cleanſe
This guilty Soul of mine.

13. With-hold me from preſumptuous Sins,
Ne'er let them rule o'er me;
Then upright, and from groſſer Crimes,
I purify'd ſhall be.

14. O let the Off'rings of my Mouth,
And Muſings of my Heart,
Delight thine Eyes: thou, Lord, my Strength,
And my Redeemer art.

PSALM XX.

THe Lord attend to thy Requeſt,
And hear thee when thou art diſtreſt:
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
And be to thee a conſtant Friend.

2. Thee help, and ſuccour, with his Grace,
From his moſt holy dwelling Place;
Thee ſtrengthen, and ſupport thy Throne,
From *Zion*, Seat of his Renown,

3. Thy Free-will Off'rings bear in Mind;
And to thy Sacrifice be kind.

4. Crown thy Heart's Wiſhes with Succeſs;
And all thy wholſome Counſels bleſs.

5. In

5. In thy Salvation we'll rejoice;
Our Banners, with triumphant Voice,
In our God's Name, we'll high erect;
The Lord all thy Deſires reſpect.

6. Now know I, that the God we ſerve,
Will his Anointed ſafe preſerve;
From Heav'n he'll hear, and Help command,
With ſaving Strength of his Right-hand.
7. Some truſt in Chariots, fetch'd from far,
And ſome in Horſes, train'd for War;
But we our God will call to Mind,
In whom alone we Safety find.

8. They broke, diſpers'd, are forc'd to yield;
While we, in Triumph, keep the Field.
9. Save, Lord, and let our heav'nly King
Hear, when we call, or Praiſes ſing.

PSALM XXI.

THe King ſhall in thy Strength rejoice,
O Lord; what Shouts of Praiſe
Shall he, to Heav'n, with chearful Voice,
In thy Salvation raiſe?
2. The pious Wiſhes of his Heart,
Thou with thy Favours bleſt;
Nor haſt refuſed to impart
His Lips devout Requeſt.

3. Thy Goodneſs widely did unfold,
And unſought Bleſſings ſhed;
Thou ſet'ſt a Crown of pureſt Gold
Upon his royal Head.
4. Of thee he aſked Life, and thou
Thy Grant did'ſt far extend.
Ev'n Length of Days thou did'ſt beſtow,
And Life that ne'er ſhould end.

5. In

5. In thy Salvation, thou haſt made
His Glory to be great;
With Majeſty haſt him array'd;
And Honours round him wait.
6. Forever bleſs'd, above all Kings,
Thou mad'ſt him, thro' thy Grace,
His Heart with flowing Gladneſs ſprings,
From thy reviving Face.

Second PART.

7. Becauſe the King, in God alone,
His ſtedfaſt Truſt retains.
Thro' Favour of the higheſt One,
His Kingdom firm remains.
8. Thine Hand ſhall find and gripe thy Foes,
Who dare thy Pow'r withſtand;
Thy Right-hand's Vengeance falls on thoſe,
Who hate thy juſt Command.

9. A burning Furnace, in the Hour
Of Wrath, ſhall be their Doom;
Thine Anger, Lord, ſhall them devour,
And dreadful Fire conſume.
10. Thou wilt deſtroy their wretched Fruit,
From Earth's extended Face;
And from Men's Sons, wilt wholly root
Their num'rous guilty Race.

11. For they, againſt Thee, Evil meant,
Their Hearts did Miſchief form;
But thou did'ſt blaſt their vile Intent,
Which they could ne'er perform.
12. As a fix'd Mark of Vengeance near,
Therefore thou ſhalt them place;
Thine Arrows on their Strings prepare,
And level at their Face.

13. Be

13. Be thou exalted, Lord, in Fame,
Thy Strength in Glory raiſe;
So we will ſing thy wond'rous Name,
Thy mighty Pow'r will praiſe.

PSALM XXI. *2d Meetre.*

THe King, in thy Strength,
Is joyful, O Lord;
In thy ſaving Health
Doth greatly rejoice.

2. His Heart's pious Wiſhes
Thou do'ſt him afford;
And haſt not witholden
The Suit of his Voice.

3. With Bleſſings of Good,
Thou do'ſt him prevent;
And fix on his Head
A Crown of pure Gold.

4. When Life he requeſted,
Kind Anſwer thou ſent;
And Length of Days gav'ſt him,
Which never grow old.

5. Salvations ſo great
Have ſpread wide his Fame;
High Honours him cloath'd,
And Majeſty crown'd.

6. Thou did'ſt him forever
Moſt bleſſed proclaim;
And make him moſt glad, with
Thy Beams ſhining round.

7. The King, in the Lord,
His Truſt doth repoſe;
The Favour of God
Confirms his high State.

8. Thy

8. Thy Hand ſhall diſcover,
And puniſh thy Foes:
Thy Right-hand, in Vengeance,
Cruſh them that Thee hate.

9. As Furnace of Fire,
Thy Wrath ſhall them make;
Thine Anger, O Lord,
Conſume them in Flames.

10. Their Fruit from Earth's Surface,
Thou wholly ſhalt take;
And root out from Mankind,
Their Seeds hateful Names.

11. For Evil they thought,
And Miſchief devis'd;
Which, blaſted by Thee,
Could never take Place.

12. As Marks of thy Vengeance,
Thou haſt them ſurpriz'd;
And levell'd thine Arrows
Direct at their Face.

13. Exalted be God
Thro'out the whole Land;
His Strength ſtill appear,
His Glory to raiſe:
So will we ſing joyful
The Works of thy Hand;
And thy mighty Power,
Forever will praiſe.

PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, wherefore haſt thou
Forſaken me? O why
So far from helping me, and deaf
To all my mournful Cry?

2. O

2. O thou my God, I cry all Day,
But thou haſt no Regard;
I am not ſilent in the Night,
And yet I am not heard.

3. But thou art holy, O thou God,
Who do'ſt great Pleaſure take
To dwell, where thankful *Iſr'el* praiſe,
And ſacred Off'rings make.

4. On Thee, our Fathers firm rely'd;
And did Deliv'rance gain.

5. To Thee, they cry'd, and ſtill were ſav'd;
Their Truſt was not in vain.

6. But I, a Worm, and not a Man,
So vilely am I priz'd;
Reproach'd by Men of greateſt Name,
By vulgar ones deſpis'd.

7. The gazing Crowd laugh me to ſcorn,
Their Scoffs upon me play:
They gape, and mock, and ſhake their Heads,
And thus deriding ſay:

8. "He vainly truſted in the Lord,
"That he would take his Part;
"Now let him ſave him, if he be
"The Darling of his Heart.

9. Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb,
Making my Birth thy Care;
When on my Mother's Breaſt I hung,
Thou did'ſt ſupport me there.

10. Upon thine Arms my Cares were caſt,
When mine firſt ſpread abroad;
Thou, from my Infant-Days, haſt been
My Guardian, and my God.

Second PART.

11. Forſake me not, when Trouble's near;
For none to help is found.
12. Many ſtrong Bulls, of *Baſhan*'s Breed,
About beſet me round.
13. With open Mouth they hideous roar,
As Lyons for their Prey.
14. My Blood is ſpilt, my Joints are rackt,
My Heart diſſolves away.

15. My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is dry'd,
My Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
Down to the Duſt of Death, my Life,
By thy ſore Chaſt'ning, draws.
16. Fierce Dogs have compaſs'd me about,
Baſe Crowds around me meet;
With unrelenting furious Rage,
They pierce my Hands, and Feet.

17. My ſtarting Bones, may all be told;
They ſtaring me review.
18. My Robes they parted, as a Prey,
Lots for my Veſture threw.
19. O Lord, my Strength, forſake me not;
But haſt to ſuccour me.
20. My Soul from Sword, my Darling from
The Pow'r of Dogs ſet free.

21. From the fierce Lyon's cruel Jaws
Deliv'rance to me ſend;
And from the Horns of th' Unicorn,
O hear, and me defend.
22. Then, to my Brethren, I'll declare
The Glories of thy Name;
Amid'ſt the Congregation great,
I will thy Praiſe proclaim.

Third PART.

23. Ye Worſhipers of God, him praiſe,
From *Jacob* who proceed;
Him glorify, and reverence him,
O all ye *Iſr'el*'s Seed.

24. For he hath not deſpis'd, nor turn'd
From the afflicted's Grief,
Nor hid his Face from him; but heard
His Cries, and ſent Relief.

25. I'll ſhout thy Praiſe, when e'er the great
Aſſembly meets to pray;
Before his Saints, that fear his Name,
The Vows I've made, I'll pay.

26. The Poor ſhall eat, and be ſuffic'd,
And Thanks to God ſhall give:
They that uprightly ſeek him ſhall
In Joys immortal, live.

27. Earth's diſtant Ends ſhall recollect,
And turn unto the Lord;
All Kindreds of the Nations ſhall,
To worſhip Thee, accord.

28. For univerſal Monarchy,
To God alone, pertains;
He ſov'rain Ruler, uncontrol'd,
O'er all the Nations reigns.

29. The Rich ſhall eat, and him adore;
And who in Duſt ly low,
Who cannot keep alive his Soul,
Before his Face ſhall bow.

30. Then ſhall a choſen Seed him ſerve;
Which God for his will own.

31. To Men unborn, his Truth, he'll ſhew,
And Wonders he hath done.

PSALM XXIII.

JEhovah my kind Shepherd is,
He doth my Wants ſupply;
2. In Paſtures green, by Waters ſtill,
He makes me down to ly.
3. My Soul, ſo prone to go aſtray,
He mildly doth reclaim;
And leads me on in righteous Paths,
For th' Honour of his Name.

4. Tho' thro' Death's ſhady Vale I walk,
No Evil will I fear;
Thy Rod directs, and Staff defends,
For thou art with me there.
5. My Table thou haſt richly ſpread,
In Preſence of my Foes;
Thou do'ſt my Head with Oyl anoint,
My Cup it overflows.

6. Goodneſs, and Mercy, ſurely ſhall
Attend me all my Days;
My fix'd Abode forever, Lord,
Shall be thy Houſe of Praiſe.

PSALM XXIII. *2d Meetre.*

THe gracious Lord is ſtill, to me,
A Shepherd kind, and faithful Guide;
Whate'er my Wants demand, ſhall be
By his indulgent Care, ſupply'd.
2. In Paſtures ever freſh, and green,
He feeds, and makes me take my Reſt;
He leads me to the ſilent Stream,
Or Pool which living Springs have bleſt.

3. My Soul, which his Aſſiſtance needs,
He doth reſtore, by ſov'rain Grace;
For his Name's Sake, he gently leads
Me in the Paths of Righteouſneſs. 4. Tho'

4. Tho' thro' Death's gloomy Vale I glide,
No threat'ning Dangers will I fear;
For thou art with me, Lord, to guide
Thy Rod, and Staff, to comfort, there.

5. My Table's with thy Bounties ſpread,
In ſight of all my ſpiteful Foes;
Thou do'ſt anoint with Oyl my Head,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows.
6. Goodneſs, and Mercy, from my God,
Shall ſurely crown my future Days;
Therefore I'll make my fixt Abode,
Lord, in thy Houſe of Pray'r, and Praiſe.

PSALM XXIV.

THis Globe of Earth, with all it's Stores,
The greater, and the leſs;
The World, and them that dwell therein,
Jehovah doth poſſeſs.
2. For, in ſurrounding Fluids, he
It's ſure Foundations laid;
His pow'rful Word, it firm, unmov'd,
On rowling Floods, hath ſtaid.

3. Who is the happy Man, that ſhall
The Mount of God aſcend?
Who, ſtanding in his holy Place,
Before him ſhall attend?
4. 'Tis he, whoſe Hands are clean from Wrong,
Whoſe Heart is pure from Stains;
Whoſe Soul's not rais'd to Vanity,
And a falſe Oath diſdains.

5. This is the Man, whom thou, O Lord,
Abundantly will bleſs:
And God, his Saviour, will him crown
With perfect Righteouſneſs.

6. This

6. This is the pious happy Race,
Shall view thy bleſs'd Abode;
Who now, with true Devotion, ſeek
The Face of *Jacob*'s God.

Second PART.

7. Come then, my Soul, unbar the Gates,
Immortal Doors give Way;
That, with his Graces, enter in,
The King of Glory may.

8. Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The ſtrong and mighty God,
The Lord in Battle mighty, he
In Triumph glorious rode.

9. Ye heav'nly Gates lift up your Heads,
Eternal Doors give Way;
That enter, with his Train of Saints,
The King of Glory may.

10. Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hoſt, renown'd
Thro' all the Realms of Heav'n and Earth,
He's King of Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXIV. 2d Meetre.

THis ſpacious Globe of Earth,
It's Treaſures, great and ſmall,
With them that in it dwell, our God
Is ſov'rain Lord of all.

2. For he, upon the Seas,
It's firm Foundations laid;
Upon the rowling Floods, it's Baſe,
He unremov'd hath ſtaid.

3. But, who Jehovah's Hill,
Shall happily aſcend?
And who, within his holy Place
Before him ſhall attend?

4. The

4. The Man whoſe Hands are clean,
And Heart from Stains is pure;
Whoſe Soul's not rais'd to Vanity,
Nor can falſe Oaths endure.

5. This Man ſhall, from the Lord,
Receive the fulleſt Bliſs;
The God of his Salvation ſhall
Him cloath with Righteouſneſs.

6. Who truly ſeek the Lord,
This is the happy Race;
Whoſe pious Souls devoutly ſeek
The God of *Jacob*'s Face.

Second PART.

7. My Soul, unbar the Gates,
Immortal Doors give way;
That, with his Graces, enter in,
The King of Glory may.

8. Who is this glorious King?
The Lord whoſe Pow'rs excell;
Who comes in Triumph, laden with
The Spoils of Earth, and Hell.

9. Be rais'd, ye heav'nly Gates,
Eternal Doors give way;
That enter, with his Train of Saints,
The King of Glory may.

10. This glorious King, who's he?
The Lord of Hoſts I ſing;
That Lord whom Heav'n, and Earth adore;
'Tis he is Glory's King.

PSALM XXV.

TO Thee, O God, I lift my Soul;
2. In Thee my Truſt repoſe;
O let me not be put to ſhame,
Nor triumph let my Foes.

3. Yea, Lord, let none that wait on Thee,
Be with Diſgrace oppreſs'd;
But pour Contempt upon them all,
Who cauſeleſs have tranſgreſs'd.

4. Lord, ſhew thy Ways, teach me thy Paths;
5. Into thy Truth lead me;
For thou art my Salvation's God;
All Day I wait on Thee.

6. Remember, Lord, thy tender Grace,
Thy Kindneſs manifold;
And let thy Mercies freely flow;
They've ever been of old.

7. Remember not my youthful Faults,
From riper Crimes me free;
In Mercy, for thy Goodneſs ſake,
O Lord, remember me.

8. The Lord is merciful, and juſt,
Inſtructs the Souls that ſtray:
9. He'll guide the Meek in righteous Paths,
The humble teach his Way.

10. The Dealings of the Lord are all
Exceeding kind, and true;
To ſuch as keep his Covenant,
And his Commandments do.

Second PART.

11. Forgive my Sin, for it is great,
O Lord, for thy Name's ſake.

12. The Man that fears the Lord, he'll teac
The Way that he ſhould take.

13. His Soul ſerene ſhall dwell at Eaſe;
His Seed the Earth poſſeſs.

14. His Secrets God his Saints will teach;
And ſhew his Cov'nant Grace.

15. Mi

15. Mine Eyes are ever to the Lord;
My Feet from Snares he'll free.
16. Turn to me, for I'm ſore diſtreſs'd;
Have Mercy, Lord, on me.
17. The Troubles of my Heart are great;
From all my Soul retrieve.
18. View mine Affliction, and my Pain;
And all my Sins forgive.
19. Obſerve my Foes; they many are,
And cruelly me hate.
20. O ſave my Soul, free me from ſhame;
On Thee I hopeful wait.
21. Sincere, and upright, keep my Soul;
I wait thy Grace to ſee.
22. Redeem thine *Iſr'el*, mighty God,
From all his Troubles free.

PSALM XXVI.

JUdge me, O Lord; with upright Heart
I've walk'd, and ſtill abide:
My Truſt I've placed in the Lord,
And will not turn aſide.
2. Search me, O God, my Reins, and Heart,
Try, and make thorow Proof.
3. I've ſet thy Grace before mine Eyes,
And walked in thy Truth.
4. I have not with vain Perſons ſat;
Nor with Diſſemblers gone.
5. I hate the Crowds that practiſe Ill;
The Wicked's Preſence ſhun.
6. In Innocence I'll waſh my Hands;
And to thy Courts repair:
7. That I may all thy wondrous Works,
With thankful Voice declare.

8. To visit, Lord, thy sacred House,
Has been my great Delight;
That holy Tabernacle, where
Thy Glory shines so bright.

9. With Sinners let me not be join'd,
Nor with the bloody Tribes;

10. Whose Hands in Mischief are employ'd,
Their Right-Hand's full of Bribes.

11. For I will walk in Righteousness;
In Mercy, me redeem.

12. My Foot stands right; among thy Saints,
Thy Praise shall be my Theme.

PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord's my Light, and saving Health;
Why should I be dismay'd?
The Lord supports my Life; of whom
Then should I be afraid?

2. When my oppressing spiteful Foes,
Came on with horrid Frown,
Voraciously to eat my Flesh,
They stumbled, and fell down.

3. Tho' Hosts against me should encamp,
Fearless I would abide;
Should raging War against me rise,
In this I would confide.

4. My Heart's Desire. and constant Care,
Is in God's House to dwell;
That there I may his Beauty see,
And know his holy Will.

5. In Times of Trouble, he will me,
In his Pavilion, hide;
I safe shall, in his secret Tent,
As on a Rock, abide.

6. Now

6. Now ſhall the Lord, o'er all my Foes,
My Head, in Triumph, raiſe:
And I'll, with Shouts, my Off'rings bring,
I'll ſing, and ſound, his Praiſe.

Second PART.

7. O Lord, when with my Voice I cry,
My fervent Pray'r receive;
Have Mercy alſo upon me,
And ſpeedy Anſwer give.

8. Convinc'd this is thy juſt Command,
"Seek ye my Face; my meek,
And grateful Heart, with Joy replies,
"Thy Face, Lord, I will ſeek.

9. Hide not thy Face, nor drive from Thee,
Thy Servant, with thy Rod;
Thou haſt me help'd, now leave me not,
O my Salvation's God.

10. Tho' both my Parents me forſake,
The Lord will me protect.

11. Lord, teach, and lead, me in right Paths,
For th' envious me inſpect.

12. O, do not, to the raging Luſts
Of Foes, deliver me;
Falſe Witneſſes have riſen up,
They breathe out Cruelty.

13. My Soul had fainted, had not I
Firmly believ'd, to ſee
Thy Goodneſs crown me, in the Land
Of them that living be.

14. My Soul, upon the Lord ſtill wait,
Take Courage from his Word;
Thy Heart he'll ſtrengthen with his Grace;
Wait thou upon the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII.

TO Thee, O Lord, my Rock, I cry,
Oh! do not silent from me keep;
Lest by thy Silence, quickly I
Become like those in Graves that sleep.
2. My Supplication's Voice, Lord, hear,
When I my Griefs, with Weeping, tell;
When I lift up my Hands, in Pray'r,
Toward thine holy Oracle.

3. O, let me never have my Part,
With wicked Men, whose Works are vile;
While Mischief rages in their Heart,
They others, with fair Words, beguile.
4. Give them according to their Deeds,
Strictly their bad Intents survey;
The Work, which from their Hands proceeds,
Retort, and their Deserts repay.

5. Since they the Works of God do slight,
And Wonders of his Hand disdain;
Them, with Destruction he'll requite,
And never build them up again.
6. The Lord be bless'd; for he did yield
A gracious Answer, when I crav'd.
7. The Lord's my Strength, & guarding Shield;
In him I trusted, and am sav'd:

Therefore my Heart with Joy abounds,
And Songs of Praise I'll to him sing.
8. The Lord's his Peoples Strength; & crowns,
With Safety, his anointed King.
9. Save, Lord, thy Church, and them encrease,
Thine Heritage, with Favour, bless;
With Plenty feed them, grant them Peace,
Still may they triumph with Success.

Common

Common Meetre.

9. SAve, Lord, thy People, greatly bleſs
Thine own Inheritance;
Them rule, and feed, and o'er their Foes,
Them evermore advance.

As 148th Meetre.

9. O Lord, in Mercy, ſave
The People that are thine,
Thy Heritage let have
The Bleſſing that's divine:
And all their Store
In Seaſon ſend, and them defend,
Till Time's no more.

PSALM XXIX.

O All ye Monarchs of the Earth,
Unto *Jehovah* give,
Glory, and Pow'r, to God aſcribe,
From whom ye yours receive.

2. Give to the Lord, the Honours due
Unto his glorious Name;
Within his ſacred Courts bow down,
And celebrate his Fame.

3. God's Voice aſunder burſts the Clouds,
And down the Waters ſhow'r;
The God of Glory thunders loud;
Great Waters own his Pow'r.

4. Reſiſtleſs Pow'r attends his Voice;
With Majeſty he ſpeaks:

5. *Jehovah*'s Voice the Cedars rends,
Proud *Leb'non*'s Cedars breaks.

6. He tears them from their Roots, and makes
Them, like a Calf, to ſkip;
Like a young Unicorn, the Mounts,
Leb'non, and *Syrion*, leap.

7. *Jehovah's* Voice ſtrikes Flames of Fire;
And Light'nings blaze around.
8. The Deſert trembles at the Roar;
Ev'n *Kadeſh*, with the Sound.
9. The fright'ned Hinds then caſt their Young;
He lays the Foreſt bare:
His Glory in his Houſe they praiſe,
Which Storms themſelves declare.
10. The Lord ſits ſov'rain o'er the Floods;
And reigns forever King.
11. The Lord will give his People Strength;
Them bleſſed Peace will bring.

PSALM XXX.

I'LL Thee extol, O Lord, on high,
Who rais'd me, when diſtreſs'd;
Who check'd my Foes inſulting Joy,
And all their Hopes ſuppreſs'd.
2. O Lord, my God, I cry'd to Thee;
And thou did'ſt heal, and ſave.
3. Thou from the Pit my Soul haſt freed,
And kept me from the Grave.
4. Sing to the Lord, O ye his Saints,
Your grateful Thanks expreſs;
While you, with me, commemorate
His rect'ral Holineſs.
5. His Anger but a Moment laſts,
Life from his Favour ſprings;
If Night be fill'd with Grief, and Tears,
With Joy the Morning ſings.
6. Fluſh'd with Succeſs, I fondly ſaid,
"I ſhall unmov'd abide.
7. Thy Favour, Lord, confirm'd my State,
Thou hid'ſt, and Comforts dy'd.

8. Then,

8. Then, Lord, to Thee I cry'd; to Thee
My earneſt Suit I made.
9. " What Profit is there in my Blood,
" When in thē Grave I'm laid?
" Shall there my Duſt thy Praiſe proclaim?
" Or glorious Truths declare?
10. Hear, Lord, and on me Mercy have,
And for my Help appear.
11. Thou heard'ſt; and to o'erflowing Joy,
My former Mourning turn'd;
With Gladneſs thou haſt girt me round,
Who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
12. To this Intent, my Tongue may ſing,
Inceſſantly thy Praiſe;
O Lord, my God, my Thanks to Thee,
I'll render all my Days.

PSALM XXX. *2d Meetre.*

O Lord, I'll Thee extol with Praiſe,
Who me above my Foes did'ſt raiſe;
And their inſulting Joy reſtrain.
2. O Lord, my God, in my Diſtreſs,
My Pray'r to Thee I did addreſs;
And thou haſt heal'd my Grief, and Pain.
3. Thou, Lord, did'ſt from the Grave revive,
And keep my fainting Soul alive;
Leſt to the Pit I ſhould go down.
4. O ye his Saints, ſing to the Lord.
With thankfull Hearts; while ye record
The Truth, and Goodneſs, he has ſhown.
5. He Anger but a Moment keeps,
His Favour's Life; if Ev'ning weeps,

The riſing Sun returns with Joy.

6. When with Succeſs I proſpered,
My fooliſh Heart grew vain, and ſaid,
"No Change ſhall e'er my State annoy.

7. But, Lord, I was convinc'd e'er long,
Thy Favour made my Mountain ſtrong;
Thou hid'ſt thy Face, and Comforts dy'd.
8. Then, Lord, I humbly Thee addreſs'd,
My Pride, and Folly, I confeſs'd;
And thus with Supplication cry'd.

9. What profit is there in my Blood,
If to the Grave deſcend I ſhou'd?
Can there my Mouth thy Praiſes Sing?
Or can my Duſt thy Truth declare?
10. Have Mercy on me, Lord, and hear,
And timely Succours to me bring.

11. Then, to a Dance, my Mourning, haſt
Thou turn'd, and off my Sackcloth caſt;
And round with Gladneſs girded me:
12. To th' End, my Tongue may ſing thy Praiſe,
And not be ſilent; all my Days,
My God, I will give Thanks to Thee.

PSALM XXXI.

IN Thee, O Lord, I place my Truſt,
O put me not to Shame;
Deliver me from threat'ning Ills,
As righteous is thy Name.
2. Bow down thy gracious Ear, let me
Deliv'rance ſpeedy gain;
Be my ſtrong Rock, and ſhelt'ring Tow'r,
Where I may ſafe remain.

3. For

3. For thou my Rock, and Fortreſs, art;
For thy Name's Sake me guide.
4. O pull me from their private Snares;
Thou do'ſt my Strength abide.
5. Into thine Hands, almighty God,
My Spirit I commit;
Lord God of Truth, who to redeem
Haſt never fail'd me yet.

6. Who lying Vanities regard,
I always have abhor'd;
But ever, in my greateſt Straights,
Have truſted in the Lord.
7. With Joy, and Gladneſs, I'll record
The Mercies thou haſt ſhown;
For thou haſt mine Affliction ſeen,
My Soul in Trouble known.

8. Thou haſt not ſhut me in the Pow'r
Of a falſe treach'rous Race;
But ſet my Feet at Liberty
In an enlarged Place.

Second PART.

9. O Lord, have Mercy upon me,
My Trouble on me preys;
Mine Eyes conſume, my Spirits fail,
My Strength with Grief decays.
10. My Life is ſpent with Grief, my Years
Conſume in Sighs, and Groans;
My Sins have rob'd me of my Strength,
And waſted all my Bones.

11. By all my Foes, and Neighbours too,
I in Reproach was had;
I was a Terror to my Friends,
When I drew near, they fled.

12. I am forgot, like one that's dead,
Whoſe Name, and Mem'ry's loſt;
Like earthen Veſſels that are broke,
Away, as uſeleſs, toſt.

13. Their many Slanders I have heard;
Juſt Fears about me ſpread,
While they took Counſel, and devis'd,
My guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.

14. I ſaid, thou art my God, my Truſt,
" I in Thee, Lord repoſe;
15. " My Times are in thine Hand, defend
" Me from purſuing Foes.

16. The Brightneſs of thy Face to ſhine
On me, thy Servant, make;
And thy Salvation to me grant,
For thy free Mercy's Sake.

17. Let me not be aſham'd, O Lord,
Whoſe Pity ſtill I crave;
But let the Wicked be aſham'd,
and ſilent in the Grave.

18. Silence their falſe reviling Tongues,
Which grievous Slanders vent;
In Arrogance, and high Contempt,
Againſt the Innocent.

Third PART.

19. How wondrous great's thy Goodneſs, Lord,
Reſerved for the Juſt;
Which thou haſt wrought, before the World,
For all in Thee, who truſt.

20. Thou in thy Preſence ſhalt them ſkreen
From all the Sons of Pride;
And cover'd from the Strife of Tongues,
In thy Pavilion hide.

21. Forever

21. Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
For wondrous Kindneſs ſhown;
When threat'ning Dangers me enclos'd,
Within a fenced Town.

22. For then in Haſt, I raſhly ſaid,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;
Yet thou haſt heard my groaning Voice,
And anſwered all my Cries.

23. O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
Who doth the Faithful guard;
But on proud Doers juſtly heaps
A plentifull Reward.

24. Then let your Courage firm remain,
In his ne'er failing Word;
Confirm your Hearts, all ye whoſe Hope
Is fixed on the Lord.

PSALM XXXII.

THrice bleſs'd the Man, whom God forgives;
Whoſe Sin is cover'd with a Smile:
2. To whom the Lord imputes no Guilt;
Whoſe Heart is truly purg'd from Guile.

3. While ſilent I conceal'd my Crime,
Thro' Anguiſh of my troubled Breaſt,
My Bones grew dry, and waxed old;
I roar'd all Day, and found no Reſt.

4. Thy Hand did heavy on me fall,
And Day and Night it's Strokes repeat;
My vital Moiſture dried up;
As Ground is parch'd with Summer's Heat.

5. I then reſolv'd no more to hide,
But own, my Sin, before the Lord;
Whoſe pard'ning Mercy ſoon ſtept in,
And Comfort to my Soul reſtor'd.

6. For

6. For this each godly Man will pray,
In Times wherein thou may'ſt be found;
In mighty Waters raging Floods,
His ſtedfaſt Hopes ſhall ne'er be drown'd.
7. Thou art my only hiding Place,
Where I from Trouble, ſafe abide;
With Songs of thy Deliv'rance, thou
Shalt compaſs me on ev'ry Side.

Second PART.

8. I'll wholſome Counſel to thee give,
And teach thee how thou may'ſt be wiſe,
Aright to order all thy Walk,
I'll guide thee with my watchful Eyes.
9. O be not like the Horſe, or Mule,
Which Paſſions, and not Reaſon, ſway;
Whoſe Mouth, with Bit, and Reins, compel'd,
Our Wills are forced to obey.

10. They that encreaſe in Wickedneſs,
Their Sorrows greatly ſhall abound;
But him that on the Lord relies.
Unnumber'd Mercies ſhall ſurround.
11. Let them be glad, in God rejoice,
Who, in his Laws, their Life employ;
Let all, who are upright in Heart,
With ſacred Triumph ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXII. *2d Meetre.*

O Bleſſed Man, whom God forgives,
And covers all his Sin;
2. To whom the Lord imputes no Guilt,
Who's free from Guile within.
3. While I refus'd to own my Crime,
The Horror in my Breaſt,
Dry'd up my Bones; I roar'd all Day,
And found no quiet Reſt.

4. Fo

4. For Day, and Night, thine awful Hand,
Heavy upon me beat;
My Moisture dry'd, as Ground that's parch'd,
With Summer's scorching Heat.

5. I then resolv'd no more to hide,
My Sin, but freely own
My Fault to God; and thou forgav'st
The Guilt of what I'd done.

6. The Godly hence, in Season, shall
To Thee pour out his Soul;
Then tho' great Water-Floods should rage,
None over him shall rowl.

7. Thou art my hiding Place, where I,
From Harm, shall shelter'd be;
With Songs of thy Deliv'rance, thou
Shalt round encompass me.

Second PART.

8. I'll thee instruct, and teach the Way,
How thou may'st wisely live:
And safe Direction, in thy Walk,
My watchful Eye shall give.

9. Be n't like the Horse, or Mule, which ne'er
Submit to Reason's sway;
Whose Mouths with Bitt, and Reins, we rule,
And force them to obey.

10. The Wicked, by their Wickedness,
Their Sorrows multiply;
But Mercy shall encompass them,
Who on the Lord rely.

11. Let then the righteous ones be glad,
And in the Lord rejoice;
Let all, that are upright in Heart,
Triumph with joyful Voice.

PSALM XXXIII.

REjoice ye righteous, in the Lord,
'Tis yours his Fame to raiſe.
2. Take Pſalt'ry, Harp, and Ten-ſtring'd Lute,
And join in Songs of Praiſe.
3. Take a new Song, play ſkillfully;
Loud let the Muſick ſound.
4. For wiſe, and juſt, the Lord's Words are,
His Works with Truth abound.
5. Juſtice, and Truth, he loves; the Earth
Is with his Goodneſs fill'd,
6. One Word from God the Heav'ns made,
Their Hoſt his Spirit will'd.
7. He gather'd the vaſt rowling Seas,
Into a ſolid Heap;
In Store-houſes reſeryes the Depths;
Which ſtated Limits keep.
8. Let all the Earth, and all the World,
In Fear, before him, ſtand.
9. The Lord but ſpake, and it was made;
'Twas fix'd at his Command.
10. The Lord the Heathen's Counſels baulks;
He makes their Purpoſe vain.
11. But firm his Counſel ſtands; his Thoughts
Thro' ev'ry Age remain.

Second PART.

12. That Nation's bleſs'd whoſe God's the Lord,
Whom he hath choſe his own.
13. The Lord, to view the Sons of Men,
From Heaven looketh down.
14. He, all the Earth's Inhabitants,
From's dwelling Place ſurveys.
15. Their Hearts he faſhioneth alike;
And all their Works he weighs. 16. No

16. No King is ſav'd by num'rous Hoſts;
By Strength the Strong's not freed.
17. 'Tis vain to look for Safety, from
The Horſes Strength, or Speed.
18. God's Eye's on them that do him fear;
Whoſe Hopes in's Grace ſurvive:
19. In War to ſave their Soul from Death;
In Famine keep alive.

20. Our longing Soul waits for the Lord;
He is our Help and Shield.
21. Since in his holy Name we truſt,
Our Hearts with Joy are fill'd.
22. O let thy tender Mercy, Lord,
On us abiding be;
As thou do'ſt know our ſteadfaſt Truſt
Is plac'd alone in Thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

THro' all my Days, I'll bleſs the Lord;
My Tongue ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe.
2. My Soul ſhall glory in the Lord,
Th' oppreſs'd ſhall hear, and Comfort raiſe.
3. O magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us joyn, t' exalt his Name.
4. I ſought the Lord, who heard; and me,
From all my Fears to reſcue came.

5. On me they look, they gather'd round;
And Gladneſs ſhone in ev'ry Face.
6. " This poor Man cry'd, and Favour found,
" God heard, and ſav'd him from Diſtreſs.
7. The mighty Angels of the Lord,
Encampt, as Guards, around them ly;
And ſafe Deliv'rance them afford,
Who to his Arms for Shelter fly.

8. O

8. O try how good *Jehovah* is :
They're bleſs'd who in his Strength confide.
9. O fear the Lord, ye Saints of his ;
And all your Wants ſhall be ſupply'd.
10. Tho' the young Lyons range the Plain,
And hungry, roar for Lack of Food ;
Yet none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want ſupplies of real Good.

Second PART.

11. " O come, ye Children, hear my Word ;
" I'll teach you how to fear the Lord.
12. " What Man, long Life, deſires to ſee,
" That all his Days may proſp'rous be !
13. " Thy Tongue keep pure from Language vile;
" Preſerve thy Lips from ſpeaking Guile :
14. " All Vice forſake ; be good, and kind ;
" Seek Peace, preſerve a friendly Mind.

15. The Lord the Juſt, with Favour, views ;
His Ears are open to their Cry.
16. But Wrath the wicked Man purſues ;
To raſe his Name beneath the Sky.
17. When juſt Men cry, the Lord doth hear ;
From all their Troubles ſets them free.
18. To broken-hearted he is near ;
The contrite Spirit ſave will he.

19. The Righteous many Griefs endure ;
But God delivers out of all.
20. He keepeth all his Bones ſecure ;
Not one of them be broken ſhall.
21. Evil the Wicked ſlays ; and them,
Their Guilt conſumes, who hate the Juſt.
22. His Servant's Soul, God will redeem ;
And none ſhall fail who in him Truſt.

PSALM

PSALM XXXV.

WIth them that ſtrive, and fight with me,
Fight Lord; my Cauſe defend.
2. Seiſe Shield, and Buckler, and ariſe,
Me, with thine Aid, befriend.
3. Advance thy pointed Spear, and ſtop
My Perſecutor's Way;
In Mercy, to my trembling Soul,
I'm thy Salvation, ſay.
4. Confounded, and aſham'd, be they
Who would my Soul ſurpriſe;
Turn back, and to Confuſion bring,
All that my Hurt deviſe.
5. Drive them, as Chaff before the Wind;
Let them thine Angel chaſe.
6. Both dark, and ſlip'ry, make their Way;
And with ſwift Vengeance trace.
7. For, unprovok'd, they, for my Soul,
Have dig'd, and ſpread their Net.
8. With ſudden Ruin, plunge him down,
Into the Toyls he ſet.
9. Then, to the Lord, my grateful Soul
Shall ſhout her Thankfulneſs;
In his Salvation I'll rejoice,
And my Deliv'rer bleſs.
10. My Bones, preſerv'd, ſhall ſay, O Lord,
Who may with Thee compare?
Who frees the helpleſs from the ſtrong,
And Poor from Spoiler's Snare.

Second PART.

11. Falſe Witneſs roſe, and charged me,
With Crimes I never knew.
12. They me reward with Ill, for Good;
My very Life purſue.

13. But

13. But I, when they were ſick, myſelf
With Sack-cloth did inveſt;
With Faſts I mourned, and my Pray'r
Return'd into my Breaſt.

14. Had he, my Friend, or Brother, been,
So were my Actions turn'd;
I bow'd down heavily, as one
That for his Mother mourn'd.

15. But my leaſt ſlip was their Delight,
When they aſſembled were;
Abjects, unknown, together get,
My Fame inceſſant tear.

16. Vile Paraſites, who cringe for Bread,
Admitted to their Feaſts,
At me have ſnarl'd, and gnaſh'd their Teeth,
And flung their impious Jeſts.

17. How long, O Lord, wilt thou look on?
Me reſcue from their Pow'r;
My Darling from the Lyon keep,
That threatens to devour.

18. So, in the Congregation great,
With Thanks I'll Thee confeſs;
And, in the Face of all the World,
To Thee my Praiſe addreſs.

Third PART.

19. Let not, with Joy, inſult o'er me,
My treach'rous Enemies;
Nor them that hate me, without Cauſe,
Deride, with winking Eyes.

20. Their Words are not the Words of Peace;
But foul malicious Lies,
Againſt the quiet in the Land,
They craftily deviſe.

21. Yea,

21. Yea, with Inſult, they laugh'd, and ſaid,
" Ha, ha, our Eye it ſaw.
22. Thou, Lord, haſt ſeen, nor Silence keep,
Nor far from me withdraw.
23. Rouſe, Lord, and to my Judgment wake;
My God, my Cauſe decree.
24. Judge me, O Lord, as thou art juſt,
Leſt they triumph o'er me.
25. O let them never, in their Heart,
Have Cauſe to boaſt, and ſay,
" Ah! ah! 'tis as our Heart could wiſh,
" He's now become our Prey.
26. To Shame, and to Confuſion, bring
Who at my Hurt, are glad;
Let them, who magnify themſelves,
Be with Diſhonour clad.
27. Let thoſe be glad, and ſhout for Joy,
Who my juſt Cauſe confeſs;
" And ſay, The Lord be magnify'd,
" Who loves his Servant's Peace.
28. So ſhall my Tongue aloud proclaim
The Juſtice of thy Ways;
I'll ſpend my Days in ſacred Hymns,
To celebrate thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXXVI.

WHen Man, I ſee, grows bold in Sin,
My Heart may well adviſe,
That there's no true religious Fear
Of God, before his Eyes.
2. Himſelf he flatters, with Deceits,
And thinks himſelf approv'd;
Until, at length, he's ſadly forc'd
To hate the Crimes, he lov'd.

3. The

3. The Words are Miſchief, and Deceit,
Which from his Mouth proceed;
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his Heart,
And Goodneſs from his Deed.
4. In bad Deſigns, while on his Bed,
He waſtes his waking Time;
Himſelf he hardens in his Sins,
Nor ſticks at any Crime.

5. Thy Mercy, Lord, from Heav'n ſhines,
And ſpares the guilty Blood;
Thy Faithfulneſs above the Clouds,
And makes thy Promiſe good.
6. Thy Juſtice, like the Mounts of God,
Stands firm, and ne'er decreaſt;
Thy Judgments are unfathom'd Depths,
Thou, Lord ſav'ſt Man, and Beaſt.

Second PART.

7. O God, how excellent's thy Grace!
How unconfin'd it flows!
Therefore, in Shadow of thy Wings,
Men's Son's their Truſt repoſe.
8. They, with the Fatneſs of thy Houſe,
Shall fully be ſupply'd;
And drink immortal Joys, at Streams
Which from thy Favour glide.

9. Thou art the Fountain of our Life,
All richly flows from Thee;
We in thy Face's gracious Light,
An heav'nly Light ſhall ſee.
10. The Wonders of thy Love to them
That know Thee, ſtill impart;
And let thy Faithfulneſs extend,
To all, upright in Heart.

11. Let

11. Let not the Foot of haughty Foes,
Againſt me fatal prove;
Nor all the Force of wicked Hands,
Me, from my Hopes, remove.
12. Lo! there the Workers of Deceit
Are fall'n before our Eyes;
Down are they thruſt, depriv'd of Pow'r,
For ever more, to riſe.

PSALM XXXVI. *2d Meetre.*

MY Heart concludes, the bold in Sin,
No fear of God has lodg'd within.
2. He blinds his Eyes with fond ſelf Love;
Until his Crimes moſt hateful prove.
3. Falſe, and miſchievous, Words he ſpeaks;
Wiſdom, and Goodneſs, he forſakes.
4. In Bed, he plotts ſome vile Intent,
His harden'd Heart's on Miſchief bent.

5. Thy Mercy, Lord, from Heav'n ſhines;
And ſpares the Sinner, in his Sins:
Thy Faithfulneſs unto thy Word,
And Saints, above the Sky has ſoar'd.
6. Thy Juſtice, like great Mounts, remains,
Thy Judgment mighty Depths contains;
Lord, by thy providential Care,
Both Man, and Beaſt, preſerved are.

Second PART.

7. How wondrous excellent's thy Love!
O thou who dwell'ſt the Heav'ns above!
Therefore Men's Sons, when they're diſtreſt,
Fly to thy ſhelt'ring Wings for Reſt.
8. With Fatneſs of thy Houſe ſupply'd,
Their joyful Souls are ſatisfy'd;
From Thee immortal Pleaſures rill,
Where thou ſhalt make them drink their fill.

9. Life's

9. Life's Fountain is alone with Thee;
Light, in thy glorious Light, we ſee.
10. To them that know Thee, Love impart;
Thy Juſtice to th' upright in Heart.
11. Let no proud Foot deſtructive prove;
Nor wicked Hand my Hopes remove.
12. The Wicked fall'n are, by Surpriſe;
They are thruſt down, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

FRet not thyſelf, tho' wicked Men
Grow opulent, and great;
Let not their proſp'rous Vices raiſe
Thine Envy, at their State.
2. For, like the Graſs that's flouriſhing,
They ſhall be ſoon cut down;
They wither, as the verdent Herb,
Before the ſcorching Sun.

3. But in the Lord repoſe thy Truſt,
And practice all that's good;
So in the Land thou ſafe ſhall dwell,
And ſure ſhall be thy Food.
4. Delight thyſelf in God; and he
Will thy Deſires fulfill.
5. To God commit thy Way; truſt him,
And he'll perform all well.

6. Thy wronged Innocence he'll clear,
As from the Clouds the Sun;
He'll make thy Juſtice forth to ſhine,
Bright as the Day at Noon.
7. Be ſilent, wait thou on the Lord,
Let no Impatience riſe,
At their Succeſs; who bring to paſs,
The Miſchiefs they deviſe.

8. Enkindling

8. Enkindling Anger quench betimes,
Wrath utterly forſake;
Leſt, Thee, Partaker in their Crimes,
Ungovern'd Paſſions, make.
9. For wicked Men ſhall be cut off,
By a moſt righteous Hand;
But thoſe that wait upon the Lord,
Inherit ſhall the Land.

10. The Wicked ſoon are gone; nor ſhall,
On ſtricteſt Search, be found;
11. Whereas the Meek poſſeſs the Earth;
With Peace, and Joy, are crown'd.

Second PART.

12. The Wicked plot againſt the Juſt;
They gnaſh, and rage, and foam.
13. But God derides their Schemes; he ſees
Their Day is near to come.
14. They've drawn the Sword, and bent the Bow,
To make the Poor their Prey;
To caſt the Needy to the Ground,
The upright Man to ſlay.

15. Their Sword ſhall pierce thro' their own Hearts;
Their Bow be broke in twain.
16. The juſt Man's little Stores excells,
What many Wicked gain.
17. The Wicked's Arms ſhall broken be;
But God the Juſt ſuſtains.
18. Th'Upright he guides thro' all their Days,
Their Portion ſafe remains.

19. When ſad diſtreſſing Times approach,
They free from Shame abide;
Tho' Days of raging Famine come,
They ſhall be ſatisfied.

20. But wicked Men ſhall be cut off,
Who dare the Lord provoke;
Like Fat of Lambs, they melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoak.

Third PART.

21. The Wicked borrows, where he can,
And takes no Care to pay;
But righteous Men will Mercy ſhow,
And freely give away.

22. For thoſe the Lord vouchſafes to bleſs,
The promis'd Land enjoy;
While ſuch as fall beneath his Curſe,
He'll from the Earth deſtroy.

23. The Lord directs the good Man's Steps,
Who loves his juſt Command:
24. Tho' he ſhould fall, yet ſhall he riſe,
Supported by thine Hand.

25. Thro' Youth, and Age, I never ſaw,
But righteous Men were fed;
Nor have their Seed forſaken been,
When aſking for their Bread.

26. He's ever merciful, and lends:
And bleſſed is his Race.

27. Depart from Evil, and do Good;
And ſo prolong thy Days.

28. For God loves Judgment, he his Saints
Preſerves, and ne'er forſakes;
But the vile Seed of wicked Men,
Deſtruction overtakes.

29. The Righteous ſhall poſſeſs the Land;
There dwell as ſetled Heirs.

30. His Mouth of ſacred Wiſdom ſpeaks;
Right Things his Tongue declares.

31. The

31. The Law of God is in his Heart;
None of his Steps ſhall ſtray.
32. The Wicked watch, and ſeek by Crafts,
The righteous Man to ſlay.

33. But God ne'er leaves, in wicked Hands,
His Saints, without Defence;
Nor their raſh Judgment e'er approves,
But clears their Innocence

Fourth PART.

34. Wait on the Lord, and keep his Way,
And thine ſhall be the Right
To heir the Land; when wicked Men
Shall periſh in thy Sight.
35. I've ſeen the Wicked riſe, and ſpread,
As Trees in native Ground.
36. But lo! he vaniſh'd, Root, and Branch;
When ſought, could not be found.

37. Mark well the truly perfect Man,
And carefully attend
The upright Liver; and you'l find
A bleſſed Peace his End.
38. But bold Tranſgreſſors ſurely ſhall
One common Ruin ſhare:
Vengeance, at laſt, will cut them off,
Nor any Wicked ſpare.

39. Whereas, the Safety of the Juſt,
Is wholly from the Lord;
Who, when the Times moſt dang'rous prove,
Will Strength to them afford.
40. The Lord will help, and reſcue them,
He'll free them from th' Unjuſt;
Them from their Rage, and Pow'r, he'll ſave,
Becauſe in him they truſt.

PSALM XXXVIII.

O Lord, rebuke me not in Wrath;
Nor, in thy Rage, chaſtiſe.
2. Thine Arrows ſtick in me; thy Hand
Sore preſſing on me lies.
3. Thine Anger's Heat conſumes my Fleſh,
And leaves no Soundneſs there:
My Bones are pain'd, and find no Reſt,
While all my Sins appear.

4. For o'er my Head, my Sins have rowl'd,
They're a vaſt Burden grown;
I cannot bear their Puniſhment,
Nor their leaſt Guilt atone.
5. My Fooliſhneſs hath made my Wounds,
Stench, and Corruption, grow.
6. Diſtreſs'd in Mind, and much bow'd down,
I all Day mourning go.

7. A violent Heat has ſeis'd my Loins;
And ſpread thro' ev'ry Part.
8. I'm feeble, broken ſore, and roar,
Thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.
9. All my Deſire, and Groans, O Lord,
To Thee are fully known.
10. My Heart's perplex'd, my Strength doth fail;
Mine Eye-Sight's from me gone,

Second PART.

11. Friends, and Companions, ſtand aloof,
To ſee my wretched Plight;
My Kinſmen ſtand far off, and gaze,
At ſuch a diſmal Sight.
12. Then they, who hunted for my Life,
Their Snares for me did lay;
And they, that ſought my Hurt, ſpread Lies,
And fram'd Deceit all Day.

13. But,

13. But, as one deaf, I did not hear ;
As dumb, my Tongue was ty'd :
14. Thus, as if quite bereft of Senſe,
I never once reply'd.
15. For in the Lord I truſt ; my God
Will anſwer when I call.
16. Hear me, (I ſaid,) leſt they inſult,
And triumph when I fall.

17. For I am prone to halt ; whilſt Grief
Thus conſtant preys within.
18. To Thee, Lord, I'll confeſs my Fault ;
With Sorrow for my Sin.
19. Mean while my Foes are lively grown,
Encreas'd in Strength and Pride ;
They, that injuriouſly me hate,
Are greatly multiply'd.

20. And they that Ill for Good reward,
A baſe ingratefull Crew,
Are now my Adverſaries turn'd ;
Becauſe I Good purſue.
21. Forſake me not, O Lord ; nor far,
My God, from me depart.
22. Make haſt to reſcue me ; for thou,
Lord, my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

I Thought to guard my Ways with Care,
And leſt my Tongue grow vain,
To clap the Bridle to my Mouth ;
While I'm with the Profane.
2. I ſilent ſat, as one that's dumb,
A while, I held my Peace,
From good Diſcourſe ; but this I found,
Did inward Pain increaſe.

3. My Heart, with Indignation, glow'd,
While I was muſing long;
The Fire within more fiercely burnt,
Then ſpake I with my Tongue.
4. Teach me, O Lord, to know mine End,
And Meaſure of my Days,
How ſhort they are; Oh, may I know,
How ſwift my Time decays.
5. Lo! but a Span thou mad'ſt my Days,
Mine Age is Nought with Thee;
At's beſt Eſtate, ſure ev'ry Man
Is wholly Vanity:
6. Surely, a Shadow's all his Show,
His mighty Stir is vain;
He heaps up Wealth, but knows not who
Shall heir his mighty Gain.

Second PART.

7. What, Lord, can I expect on Earth?
My Hope is fix'd in Thee.
8. Forgive my many Sins; leſt I,
The Scorn of Fools, ſhould be.
9. I ſilent was, and ne'er complain'd.
Becauſe it was thy Will.
10. But leſt thy Hand conſume me quite,
Remove the Strokes I feel.
11. If thou but ſpeak an angry Word,
And Man, for Sin, chaſtiſe;
So vain is he, as eat by Moths,
His Beauty fades, and dies.
12. Lord, hear my Pray'r, mov'd by my Tears,
To my Requeſt give Ear;
For here I ſojourn, Stranger-like,
As all my Fathers were.

13. O

13. O ſpare me, Lord, my waſted Strength,
In Mercy, now, reſtore;
E'er at thy Summons, I go hence,
And ſhall be here no more.

PSALM XXXIX. *2d Meetre.*

I Did reſolve to guard my Ways,
And leſt my Tongue grow looſe, and vain,
To put the Bridle to my Mouth;
When e'er I mix'd with the Profane.

2. Profoundly ſilent, for a while,
I heard their Talk, and held my Peace,
Nor utter'd my devouter Thoughts;
But this did inward Pain increaſe.

3. My Heart, with Indignation, glow'd,
And, while I mus'd, the mighty Force
Of Zeal, which burn'd within my Breaſt,
Broke forth in this divine Diſcourſe.

4. Teach me, O Lord, to know mine End,
And what's the Meaſure of my Days,
How they will iſſue; may I ſee
How ſwift my fleeting Time decays.

5. Behold thou mad'ſt my Days a Span,
My greateſt Age is nought with Thee;
Sure ev'ry Man, at his beſt State,
Is altogether Vanity.

6. Man, like an empty Shadow, ſtalks;
Lo! with what Noiſe, and Toil, and Cares,
He heaps up Wealth, but all in vain:
He knows not who ſhall be his Heirs.

Second PART.

7. What then, O Lord, can I expect,
From ſuch a fading World as this?
My Hopes are plac'd on Thee alone,
The Source, and Centre, of my Bliſs. 8.

8. From all my Guilt, and Puniſhment,
In Mercy, Lord, my Soul redeem;
And make me not the Scorn of Fools,
Who me reproach, and Thee blaſpheme.

9. But, Lord, becauſe 'tis thou corrects't;
I would be dumb, and not complain.
10. Yet, leſt thine Hand conſume me quite,
Thy heavy Strokes from me reſtrain.
11. For if thou ſpeak'ſt an angry Word,
When ever Man offendeth Thee;
His Beauty blaſts, as eat by Moths,
Sure ev'ry Man is Vanity.

12. O hear my Pray'r, attend my Cry,
With Pity Lord my Tears behold;
I, as a Stranger ſojourn here,
As all my Fathers did of old.
13. O Spare me, Lord, in Mercy ſpare,
My waſted Strength to me reſtore;
E'er by thy final Summons call'd,
I hence ſhall go, and be no more.

PSALM XL.

WIth unmov'd Patience, for the Lord,
I waited hopefully;
He bow'd to me a gracious Ear,
And heard my humble Cry.
2. He brought me from the roaring Pit,
Where plung'd in Mire, I lay;
He ſet my Feet upon a Rock,
And firm he made my Way.

3. With a new Song he fill'd my Mouth;
Praiſe to our God moſt high;
Many ſhall ſee, and learn to fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4. That

4. That Man is bleſt, who on the Lord,
With Confidence, relies;
Who diſregards the Proud, and ſuch
As turn aſide to Lies.

5. O Lord, my God, thy wondrous Works,
Which thou haſt wrought of old;
And Thoughts of Kindneſs towards us,
Are more than can be told.

6. Rich Sacrifice, and Offering,
Thou did'ſt no more deſire;
Nor burnt, nor Sin Off'ring, but ſtrict
Obedience did require.

7. " Then ſaid I, Lo, I come, of me
" Thy ſacred Rolls declare;

8. " My God, Thy Will is my Delight,
" Thy Laws in my Heart are.

9. " I, in the Congregation great,
" Have preached Righteouſneſs;
" Lo, Lord, thou know'ſt, I've not refrain'd
" From publiſhing thy Grace.

10. " I have not hid within my Heart,
" Nor from the World conceal'd,
" Thy Faithfulneſs, and ſaving Health;
" But Grace, and Truth reveal'd.

Second PART.

11. Thoſe tender Mercies I proclaim,
With hold not, Lord, from me;
But let thy Kindneſs, and thy Truth,
My conſtant Keepers be.

12. Numberleſs Evils me ſurround,
My Sins have ſeiz'd me faſt;
They blind me, they exceed my Hairs,
Therefore my Heart's lay'd waſt.

13. Be pleas'd, O Lord, in this Diſtreſs,
To come, and ſet me free;
O gracious God, make no Delays,
But haſt to ſuccour me.

14. Shame, and Confuſion, be their Lot,
Who at my Ruin aim;
May they who wiſh, and ſeek, my Hurt,
Be driven back with Shame.

15. With Deſolation them reward,
Who ſhamefully me treat;
That ſport themſelves, and Triumph make,
At mine afflicted State.

16. Let all that ſeek thy Face rejoice,
In Thee be ſatisfy'd;
Who thy Salvation love, ſtill ſay,
" The Lord be magnify'd.

17. Tho' I am poor, diſtreſs'd, the Lord
Yet thinks on me alway:
For thou my Help, and Saviour, art,
My God, make no Delay.

PSALM XLI.

THrice bleſs'd the Man, whoſe thoughtful [Mind
The Needy doth regard;
With Safety in the evil Day,
The Lord will him reward.

2. From Dangers he'll preſerve his Life,
On Earth he bleſs'd ſhall be;
And none of all his ſpiteful Foes,
On him, their Will ſhall ſee.

3. Upon his Bed of Languiſhing,
The Lord will Strength ſupply;
In Sickneſs, kindly turn his Bed,
That he may eaſy ly.

4. " O

4. " O Lord, be merciful to me,
(I thus myſelf expreſs'd)
" And heal my wounded Soul, for I
" Againſt Thee have tranſgreſs'd.

5. Mine Enemies, maliciouſly,
With Slanders me defame;
In Wrath, they ſay, " When ſhall he die,
" And periſh ſhall his Name?
6. If e'er he comes to viſit me,
His Speech is cloath'd with Fraud;
He gathers Evil to his Heart,
Then ſpreads it all abroad.

Second PART.

7. Who hate me whiſper evil Things,
And do my Hurt deviſe.
8. " His Crimes have caught him faſt, (ſay they)
" He's fall'n, no more to riſe.
9. Yea, my familiar Friend, from whom
I nothing could conceal;
Who ate my Bread, yet baſely has
Againſt me lift his Heel.

10. But thou, O Lord, be merciful,
To me, I humbly pray;
And raiſe me up, that I their Crimes,
With Juſtice, may repay.
11. That me thou favour'ſt, as thou ſaid'ſt,
By this I ſurely know;
Becauſe to triumph over me,
Thou ſuffer'ſt not my Foe.

12. For, as for me, thou doſt uphold
Me, in mine Innocence;
Thou ſetteſt me before thy Face,
Art ever my Defence.

13. The Lord, the God of *Isr'el*'s Houſe,
Be bleſs'd by Sons of Men,
From Age to Age, till Time's no more.
Amen! O Lord, Amen!

PSALM XLII. Second Book.

AS pants the chaſed, thirſty, Hart,
After the cooling Brook;
So pants my Soul for Thee, O God,
For Thee I longing look.

2. My Soul for God, the living God,
Thirſts, while I'm exil'd here;
When ſhall I come, and in thy Courts,
Before my God appear?

3. My mourning Tears, by Day, and Night,
Have been my conſtant Food;
While, with continual Inſult, they
Have cry'd, "Where is thy God?

4. My Soul I pour out, when I think,
How to thy Houſe I went,
With Multitudes; in Joy, and Praiſe,
Thy ſacred Day we ſpent.

5. Why ſo dejected, O my Soul?
Why art thou reſtleſs grown?
Truſt God; I yet ſhall ſing his Praiſe,
For his Salvation ſhown.

6. Tho' O my God, my Soul's caſt down;
Remember Thee I will,
From *Jordan*'s Banks, and *Hermon*'s Mount,
And *Miſar*'s lowly Hill.

Second PART.

7. Deep calls to Deep; thy Thunders roar'd,
And pour'd the Waters down;
So o'er me have, with Force, and Noiſe,
Thy Waves and Billows gone.

8. Thy

8. Thy Loving-kindneſs yet, O Lord,
Shall brighten up the Day;
Each Night I'll Anthems ſing; to Thee,
God of my Life, I'll pray.

9. I'll humbly ſay to God, my Rock,
"Why do'ſt forget me ſo?
"Why go I mourning, for the great
"Oppreſſion of the Foe?

10. It pierc'd my Bones, as with a Sword,
To hear my Foes upbraid;
While daily they with impious Scoffs,
"Where is thy God? have ſaid.

11. Why troubled? why caſt down? my Soul!
Truſt God: Thou yet ſhall ſing
Loud Songs to him, who is thy God,
And Health's unfailing Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

JUdge me, O Lord, who only can
My Cauſe from cruel Men, defend;
From the deceitful, unjuſt Man,
O do thou me Deliv'rance ſend.

2. On Thee, O God, my Strength relies;
Why do'ſt thou caſt me far away?
Oppreſs'd by cruel Enemies,
Why go I mourning, all the Day?

3. O, let thy Light, and Truth, appear;
Conduct my Steps, and be my Guide,
Unto thy holy Hill, and where
Thou, in thy Glory, do'ſt reſide.

4. Then to thine Altars I'll repair,
To God, my moſt exceeding Joy;
To Thee, O God, my God, I'll there,
In Songs of Praiſe, my Harp employ.

5. Why

5. Why ſo caſt down, my Soul, and why
So reſtleſs, in thy frail Abode?
Truſt God; for praiſe him yet ſhall I,
Who's my Deliv'rer, and my God.

PSALM XLIV.

O Lord, our Ears have often heard,
Our Fathers have us told
Thy mighty Works, wrought in their Days,
And in the Times of old.

2. How thou did'ſt puniſh, and eject,
With thine avenging Hand,
The heathen Nations; and did'ſt place
Thy People in their Land.

3. For they, Poſſeſſion of the Land,
Gain'd not, by their own Sword,
Neither could their own Arm them ſave;
But thy Right-hand, O Lord,
Thine Arm, and Preſence, with their Hoſts,
And thy peculiar Grace.

4. Thou art my King; O God, command
Safety for *Jacob*'s Race.

5. Then, in thy Strength, we'll ſtill go on,
To puſh down all our Foes;
And, thro' thy Name, tread under Foot,
Such as ſhall us oppoſe.

6. For I'll not truſt my Bow, nor Sword,
The Victory to gain.

7. But thou haſt ſav'd us from our Foes,
And made their Hopes in vain.

8. Therefore, in Thee, we make our Boaſt,
And glory all Day long;
Forever will we praiſe thy Name,
In our triumphant Song.

Second

Second PART.

9. But, now, thou haſt rejected us,
With Shame, haſt caſt us down;
Our Armies thou no more doſt lead,
Nor us with Vict'ry crown.
10. Therefore, before our Enemies,
Which ſpoil us, we have fled.
11. Thou, ſome, haſt giv'n, as Sheep for Meat,
And others captive led.
12. Thy People thou haſt ſold for nought;
Nor art the richer found.
13. We're to our Neighbours a Reproach;
A Scorn to all around.
14. Thou us among the Heathen, haſt,
A taunting Proverb, made;
By fooliſh People we're contemn'd,
They at us ſhake the Head.
15. Therefore, from Morn, to Night, our Eyes
See nothing but Diſgrace;
And, cover'd with confounding Shame,
I'm forc'd to hide my Face.
16. Becauſe I daily hear the Voice
Of our inſulting Foe;
Who us reproach, and Thee blaſpheme,
And all their Malice ſhow.

Third PART.

17. Yet, we have not forgotten Thee;
Nor falſe in Cov'nant prov'd.
18. Our Heart's not turned back, nor Steps,
From thy juſt Ways, remov'd.
19. Tho' thou haſt ſorely broken us,
Where cruel Dragons roar;
And with the gaſtly Shades of Death,
Thy People cover'd o'er.

20. Had

20. Had we, our God's great Name, forgot,
Or to ſtrange Gods bow'd down;
21. Would'ſt thou not this have ſearched out?
To Thee all Hearts are known.
22. Yea, we're as Sheep for Slaughter mark'd;
For thy Sake, kill'd all Day.
23. Awake, why ſleep'ſt thou, Lord, ariſe;
And caſt us not away.
24. O wherefore do'ſt thou hide thy Face,
Unmindful of our Thrall?
25. Our Soul is bow'd to Duſt, on Earth
Our Bodies proſtrate fall.
26. Ariſe, and for our Help appear,
The heathen Powers ſhake;
Redeem us from our Enemies Hand,
For thy great Mercy's Sake.

PSALM XLV.

SUblimer Thoughts inſpire my Breaſt;
My Tongue, in ſofteſt Notes, to ſing,
Runs like a ready Writer's Pen,
A Poem ſacred to the King.
2. There's none of all the Sons of Men
Can with thy matchleſs Form compare;
All Grace into thy Lips is pour'd,
Thee ever bleſs'd, doth God declare.
3. Gird then, O thou victorious Prince,
Thy conqu'ring Sword upon thy Thigh;
Appear, in all thy glorious State,
Adorn'd with royal Majeſty.
4. In all thy Pomp, ride proſp'rous on,
The Truth, Meekneſs, and Righteouſneſs,
Strongly aſſert; and thy Right-hand
Shall teach Thee Wonders to expreſs.

5. Thy

5. Thy pointed Arrows wing their Way.
And peirce the ſtubborn Hearts of thoſe
That ſet themſelves againſt the King;
They fall, ſubdu'd, who were thy Foes.
6. Thy Throne, O God, thro' ev'ry Age,
Forever unremov'd ſhall ſtand;
Thy righteous Laws, and righteous Works,
Confirm the Scepter in thy Hand.

7. Thou Juſtice lov'ſt, and hateſt Sin;
God, therefore, thine own God, hath ſhed,
Above what all thy Fellows claim,
The Oyl of Gladneſs on thy Head.
8. Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia,
Their Perfumes to thy Robes impart,
As thou from th' Iv'ry Palace cam'ſt;
Whoſe fragrant Smell rejoice thy Heart.

9. The Queen, in well-wrought *Ophir*'s Gold,
Fair Bride, is plac'd at thy Right-hand;
Kings Daughters, in her ſplendid Train,
As Maids of Honour, waiting ſtand.

Second PART.

10. O Daughter hearken, and attend,
And to my Words encline thine Ear;
Thy native Land, and Friends, forget,
Thy Father's Houſe, and Kindred dear.
11. So ſhall the King, with thy freſh Charms,
But have his Love enflam'd the more;
For he is now thy Head, thy Lord,
Him therefore worſhip, and adore.

12. The *Tyrian* Daughters ſhall approach,
And lay their Off'rings at thy Feet;
The wealthy Nations, with their Gifts;
Thy Royal Favour ſhall entreat.

13. The

13. The King's fair Daughter's glorious,
In all Accompliſhments Divine;
Her Garments wrought with *Phrygian* Skill,
With pureſt Gold, illuſtrious ſhine.

14. Thus, to the King, in nuptial Robes,
By th' artful Needle curious wrought,
With Fellow-Virgins foll'wing her,
She ſhall, in royal Pomp, be brought.

15. Thro' ſhouting Crowds, and Peals of Joy,
In State moves on the glitt'ring Train,
Till the King's Palace them receive;
And nought but endleſs Joys remain.

16. From thee, a num'rous royal Race,
Shall, in thy Fathers Stead, deſcend;
Whoſe Fame, as mighty Princes, ſhall
Thro' univerſal Earth extend.

17. This Song ſhall ſpread thy great Renown,
Thro' ev'ry Age, O glorious King;
And Nations ſhall, while Time does laſt,
In Conſort joyn, thy Paiſe to ſing.

PSALM XLV. *2d Meetre.*

MY Breaſt is inſpir'd
With Thoughts more ſublime;
My Tongue, in ſoft Notes,
Is ready to ſing;
No Pen of ſwift Writer
Can with it keep Time;
A Poem moſt ſacred
To *Iſrael*'s great King.

2. Among all the Sons
Of Men, there is none
That can with thy Form,
So matchleſs, compare;

All

All heavenly Grace, in
Thy Lips, is pour'd down;
Thy God Thee forever
Doth bleſſed declare.

3. Thy Sword, on thy Thigh,
Gird, O mighty Prince;
With Glory adorn'd,
And Majeſty crown'd.
4. Of Truth, Peace, and Juſtice,
Ride on the Defence;
Thy Right-hand ſhall teach Thee
Thy Foes to confound.

5. Thy ſharp Arrows pierce
Their Hearts, with great Pain,
Who're Foes to the King;
They fall at thy Feet.
6. Thy Throne, O God ever
Secure ſhall remain;
Thy Kingdom's juſt Laws are
Thy Scepter of State.

7. Thou Wickedneſs hat'ſt,
But Juſtice doſt love;
God, therefore, thy God,
Anointed hath Thee,
With rich Oyl of Gladneſs,
In Meaſure above
All Thoſe that eſteemed
Thy Fellows may be.

8. Thy Garments perfum'd,
Their Fragrance out ſend,
From th' Iv'ry Palace,
With which they are glad.

9. For Maidens of Honour,
Kings Daughters attend
The Queen, at thy Right-hand,
In *Ophir*'s Gold clad.

Second PART.

10. O Daughter, attend,
And hear thou my Word;
Thy Kindred, and Land,
Forget thou muſt quite,
11. Him rev'rence, and worſhip,
Who now is thy Lord;
So the King in thy Beauty,
Shall greatly delight.

12. The Daughters of *Tyre*,
Their Preſents ſhall bring;
The Rich, with their Gifts,
Thy Favour entreat.
13. Within thou'rt all glorious,
Who ſprang from a King;
Thy Garments embroider'd
With Gold, are moſt neat.

14. She's led to the King,
In Needle Work Robes;
With Virgins, her Mates,
That on her attend.
15. They move on thro' Shoutings,
That ring thro' the Globes;
And enter the Palace,
With Joys that ne'er end.

16. In thy Fathers Stead,
From Thee, there ſhall ſpring
A Race, thro' the Earth,
Great Princes in Fame.

17. Thy

17. Thy Name, in this Poem,
All Ages ſhall ſing;
And Nations, forever,
Thy Praiſes proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our Refuge, where we're ſafe,
Our Strength by whom we ſtand;
He is a very preſent Help,
When Troubles are at Hand.

2. Therefore, we will not be afraid,
Tho' th' Earth ſhould be diſplac'd;
Tho' Mountains, torn from their deep Roots,
Were in the Mid-Sea caſt.

3. Should Storms ferment, and rouſe the Deep,
And make the Waters roar;
And the ſwol'n Billows Mountains ſhake,
With Daſhings on the Shore.

4. A River's gentle Streams makes glad
The City of our God;
There the Moſt-High, his ſacred Tent,
Has fix'd, for his Abode.

5. God, in the Midſt of her preſides,
She unremov'd is ſtay'd;
From early Dawn of fitteſt Time,
God will afford her Aid.

6. The Heathen rag'd, Kingdoms were mov'd,
In Tumults were envolv'd;
But God gave forth his pow'rfull Word,
And all the Earth diſſolv'd.

7. The Lord of Hoſts is on our Side,
And will our Cauſe defend;
The mighty God of *Jacob* is
Our Refuge, and our Friend.

8. Come,

8. Come, ſee what wondrous Works, the Lord,
For us, hath newly wrought!
What dreadful Deſolations, he,
Upon the Earth, hath brought!
9. He maketh Wars to ceaſe, our Foes,
No more, our Hurt conſpire;
He breaks the Bow, and Spear, and burns
The Chariot in the Fire.
10. Be ſtill, and know that I am God;
I will exalt my Name,
In heathen Lands, and thro' the Earth,
Extoll'd ſhall be my Fame.
11. The Lord of Hoſts is on our Side,
He will our Cauſe defend;
The mighty God of *Jacob* is
Our Refuge, and our Friend.

PSALM XLVI. *2d. Meetre.*

OUR Refuge is in God,
In him our Strength is found;
He is a very preſent Help,
When Dangers us ſurround.
2. No Fears ſhall us diſmay,
Tho' th' Earth's convuls'd, and torn;
Tho' Mountains, rent from their fix'd Roots,
Were to the Mid-Sea torn.
3. Should Storms enrage the Deep,
And make the Waters roar;
Should ſwelling Billows Mountains ſhake,
That border on the Shore:
4. A River's gentle Streams,
Are to God's City ſent;
Which glads the Place, where the Moſt-High
Has fix'd his ſacred Tent.

5. The

5. The Lord, in *Zion*, dwells,
She ſhall unmov'd abide;
In fitteſt Seaſon, God, for her,
Will ſpeedy Help provide.
6. The heathen Nations rag'd,
Kingdoms, in Wrath, combine;
But God, in hot Reſentments, ſpake,
And melted their Deſign.

7. *Jehovah*, with his Hoſts,
Engages on our Side;
Our Refuge is in *Jacob*'s God,
In whom we ſafe abide.
8. Come, ſee the wondrous Works,
Which God, for us hath wrought!
What fearful Deſolations, he,
Upon the Earth, hath brought!

9. Thro'out the jarring World,
Wars into Peace he turns;
He breaks the Bow, and cuts the Spear,
In Fire the Chariot burns.
10. Be ſtill, and know I'm God;
I will exalt my Name,
In heathen Lands, and thro' the Earth,
I'll be extoll'd in Fame.

11. *Jehovah*, with his Hoſts,
Engages on our Side;
And *Jacob*'s God our Refuge is,
In whom we ſafe abide.

PSALM XLVII.

CLap Hands, all People, ſhout to God;
With Voice of Triumph to him ſing.
2. For God, moſt high, is terrible;
O'er all the Earth, he's a great King.

3. He

3. He makes the People to ſubmit;
And Nations at our Feet couch down.
4. Our Heritage, for us, he choſe;
His loved *Jacob*'s glorious Crown.

5. God is aſcended with a Shout;
Jehovah with the Trumpet's Layes.
6. Sing Praiſes to our God, Praiſe ſing;
Sing Praiſes to our King, ſing Praiſe.
7. For God, of all the Earth, is King;
Your deepeſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown.
8. God reigneth over heathen Lands;
God ſits upon his holy Throne.

9. Princes of Nations freely join,
To ſerve the God of *Abraham*;
For Shields of th' Earth to God belong,
Exalted greatly is his Name.

PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, immenſely great;
Greatly let them his Praiſe confeſs,
In City of our God who dwell,
That Mountain of his Holineſs.
2. Mount *Zion*, Joy of all the Earth,
Moſt beautifully ſcituate;
There the great King, on her North Side,
His City built in royal State.

3. God in her Palaces is known
To be a Refuge ſtrong, and high.
4. For, lo! when Kings againſt her came,
They only paſs'd together by.
5. They came, they ſaw, they were amaz'd;
With Terror fill'd, confus'dly fled.
6. As Women in their Trav'ling Hours,
There were they ſeiz'd with Pain and Dread.

7. So

7. So the fierce boiſt'rous eaſtern Winds,
The Mid-land Sea to Fury wrought;
And the proud Fleets, from *Tarſhiſh* Coaſt,
Were into ſudden Ruin brought.
8. In City of the Lord of Hoſt,
We've ſeen, what us our Fathers told;
God, his lov'd City, ſtill preſerves,
And will, thro' future Times uphold.

Second PART.

9. Therefore, in ev'ry new Diſtreſs,
We, to thy Temple, will repair;
Think on thy wondrous Grace, O God,
And wait for our Deliv'rance there.
10. O God, thy Praiſe, thro' all the Earth,
Extends, far as thy Name is known;
Thy Right-hand's full of Righteouſneſs,
As thou haſt ſaid, ſo thou haſt done.

11. O let Mount *Zion* ſhout for Joy,
And *Judah*'s Daughters loud repeat,
In chearful Songs, thy Judgments, Lord;
Which our Deliv'rance did compleat.
12. Thro' *Zion* walk, go round her Walls,
Her lofty Towers number well;
13. Her Forts, and Palaces obſerve,
And to your Sons this Wonder tell.

14. This God, who our Salvation wrought,
Thro' ev'ry Age, will be our God;
He'll guide us thro' the Vale of Death,
To Realms where none but Saints have trod.

PSALM XLVIII. *2d Meetre.*

GReat is the Lord, ſupreamly great,
And greatly to be prais'd;
In *Zion*, in that holy Mount,
Let high his Fame be rais'd.

2. Mount *Zion*, Joy of all the Earth,
Seated in beauteous wiſe;
Th' imperial Seat of the great King,
On her North Quarter lies.

3. God, in her Palaces is known,
To be a Refuge high.
4. Confed'rate Kings againſt her came,
But haſtily paſs'd by.
5. For when they ſaw, they were amaz'd
And in Confuſion fled.
6. Sudden, as Women with their Pains,
There, were they ſeiz'd with Dread.

7. So the tempeſtuous Eaſtern Winds,
When thou the Word do'ſt ſpeak,
Rouſe up the Mid-land Seas to Rage,
And Ships of *Tarſhiſh* break.
8. In City of the Lord of Hoſt,
We've ſeen, what we had heard;
God, his lov'd City, ſtill preſerves,
And is her conſtant Guard.

Second PART.

9. Therefore we, in thy Temple, bow,
Whenever we're afraid;
Think on thy former Acts of Grace,
And ſilent wait thine Aid.
10. Thy Praiſe, O God, thro' Earth extends,
Far as thy Name is known;
Thy Right-hand's full of Righteouſneſs,
Thou faithfully haſt done.

11. *Zion*, and *Judah*'s Towns, rejoice,
Becauſe thy Works are true.
12. Thro' *Zion* walk, go round her Walls,
And all her Towers view;

13. Mark

13. Mark well her Forts, and Palaces;
Nor from your Sons it hide.
14. This God, forever, is our God;
To Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

HEar this, all People, and give Ear,
All ye that dwell on Earth;
2. You're all concern'd, both high, and low,
Of baſe, or noble Birth.
3. My Mouth ſhall ſpeak of weighty Things,
Which Wiſdom will impart;
Of ſacred Underſtanding are
The Muſings of my Heart.

4. To ſearch out ſecret Parables,
I will incline mine Ear:
And with ſoft Touches of my Harp,
Myſterious Truths declare.
5. Wherefore ſhould I, in evil Days,
Be overwhelm'd with Fears;
When the Tranſgreſſions of my Heels
Encompaſs me with Snares?

6. There's none of thoſe who truſt in Wealth,
And in their Riches boaſt,
7. Their Brother can redeem; or give
To God ſufficient Coſt;
8. (Life's of too great a Price for Wealth,
No Sum can equal be;)
9. That he ſhould ſtill forever live,
And no Corruption ſee.

10. 'Tis daily ſeen, that Wiſe, and Fools,
Alike go to the Grave;
And all their Wealth, tho' ne'er ſo loth,
To their Succeſſors leave.

Second PART.

11. Man vainly thinks, his Houſe ſhall ſtand,
Forever fix'd in Fame;
And therefore calls his dwelling Place,
And Lands, by his own Name.
12. But Man, in Honour, ſoon decays;
And, like the Beaſts, he dies.
13. Their Folly's great; and yet their Sons
Still think their Sayings wiſe.

14. Like Sheep, they're crowded in the Grave,
Death's Prey; o'er them the Juſt
Reign in the Morn; their Strength's conſum'd,
Whoſe Dwelling's in the Duſt.
15. But God will, in that glorious Day,
Me from the Grave retrieve;
Redeem me from the Pow'r of Death,
And to himſelf receive.

16. Then be'nt concern'd if Men grow rich;
Their Houſe in Glory riſe.
17. Death ſtrips them of their former Pomp,
Their Glory, with them, dies.
18. Tho' while he liv'd, he bleſs'd himſelf;
And Men his Skill ſhall praiſe.
19. He ſhall go to his Father's Race;
And ne'er ſee happy Days.

20. Man, that to Honour is advanc'd,
And is not truly wiſe;
As void of Underſtanding lives,
So like a Beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

THE mighty God, *Jehovah* ſpake,
To the whole Earth did call;
From early'ſt Riſing of the Sun,
Unto it's lateſt Fall. 2. From

2. From *Zion*, famous in Renown,
Whoſe Beauty is compleat;
The mighty God hath clearly ſhin'd,
In all his royal State.

3. Silent no more; our God ſhall come,
Before him Flames devour;
And Troops of raging Tempeſts, round
About him, fiercely pour.

4. Thro' Heav'n above, and Earth beneath,
His Summons he ſhall ſend;
That all his People, ev'ry where,
Before their Judge attend.

5. " Gather together, unto me,
" My Saints, (*Jehovah* ſaid,)
" Thoſe that, with me, a Cov'nant firm,
" By Sacrifice, have made.

6. The heav'nly Hoſt, his Righteouſneſs,
Shall clearly ſee, and own;
His ſpotleſs Juſtice ſhall appear;
For God is Judge alone.

Second PART.

7. " Hear, O my People, and I'll ſpeak;
" I'll ſwiftly teſtify
" Againſt Thee, O my *Iſrael*;
" God, ev'n thy God, am I.

8. " I'll not reprove thee with Neglects
" Of legal Sacrifice;
" Or Burnt Off'rings; the Smoke of theſe,
" Before me, daily riſe.

9. " No Bullocks from thy Stall, or Goats
" From Fold, will I accept.

10. " The Forreſt Beaſts are mine, and Herds
" On Thouſand Hills are kept.

11. " I know the Mountain Fowl ; I claim
" The wild Beaſts of the Fields.
12. " If hungry, need I beg ? The World
" Is mine, and all it yields.
13. " Or eat the Fleſh of Bulls, or drink
" The Blood of Goats, will I ?
14. " Give Thanks to God, and daily pay
" Your Vows to the Moſt-high.
15. " In thy Diſtreſs, thy Heart to me,
" In Prayer, devoutly raiſe ;
" Then I'll deliver from thy Fears,
" And thou my Name ſhall praiſe.

Third PART.

16. " But to the Wicked, God doth ſay,
" How dar'ſt thou to proclaim
" My Statutes ? or, with thy vile Mouth,
" My ſacred Cov'nant name ?
17. " Seeing thou do'ſt Inſtruction hate ;
" And caſt my Word behind.
18. " When Thieves thou ſaw'ſt ; thou did'ſt [conſent ;
" And with Adult'rers join.
19. " Thy Mouth, in Slander, is employ'd ;
" Thy Tongue doth Falſhood frame.
20. " Thou'rt pleas'd thy Brother to reproach,
" Thy Mother's Son defame.
21. " This thou haſt done ; I ſilence kept ;
" Thou did'ſt of me ſurmiſe,
" I'm like thyſelf ; I'll thee reprove,
" And rank them in thine Eyes.
22. " Now then, conſider this, ye Fools,
" Who God forgotten have ;
" Leſt I in Pieces ſhould your tear,
" And there be none to ſave.

23. " The

23. " The Man, that offers hearty Praiſe,
" Beſt glorifieth me ;
" And him that ord'reth right his Ways,
" Shall God's Salvation ſee.

PSALM L. *2d Meetre.*

THE mighty God, *Jehovah* ſpake,
Did thro' theEarth his Summons make,
From riſing to the ſetting Sun.

2. From *Zion*, his peculiar Seat,
Whoſe Beauty's perfect and compleat,
God ſhines in glorious Renown.

3. Our God ſhall come, ſilent no more ;
Devouring Fire ſhall march before,
And raging Tempeſts round him fly.

4. His ſolemn Judgment to attend,
Thro'out all Heav'n, and Earth, he'll ſend
His awful Summons, from on high.

5. " Let all my Saints aſſembled be,
" That Cov'nant have confirm'd with me,
" By Sacrifice ; with Hopes t' attone.

6. The heav'nly Hoſts, who preſent are,
His ſpotleſs Juſtice ſhall declare ;
For God himſelf is Judge alone.

Second PART.

7. " Attend my People, *Iſr'el* hear ;
" While I againſt thee Witneſs bear ;
" I'm God, thy Cov'nant God am I.

8. " Of Sacrifice, and Burnt-Off'ring,
" I'll no Complaint againſt thee bring ;
" Theſe daily ſmoak before mine Eye.

9. " Theſe Off'rings noAmends can make :
" No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
" Nor any He-Goat from thy Fold.

10. " The Beaſts in Forreſts more confin'd,
" And Herds on thouſand Hills combin'd,
" They all belong to me of old.

11. I number all the Mountain-Fowl ;
" Wild Beaſts that in the Deſart prowl,
" All ſubject ſtand my Face before.
12. " If I be pinch'd with Hunger cou'd,
" I need not aſk of thee my Food ;
" The World is mine, with all it's Store.

13. That I the Fleſh of Bulls, do'ſt think,
Could eat ? or Blood of Goats ſhould drink ?
14. Thy Heart in Thanks to God up raiſe ;
Thy Vows unto the Higheſt pay.
15. Devoutly in thy Troubles pray ;
I'll ſave ; and thou my Name ſhalt praiſe.

Third PART.

16. The Wicked thus doth God impeach ;
" What Right haſt thou my Laws to teach ?
" Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take ?
17. " Tho' thou of ſacred Things may'ſt prate ;
" Yet my Inſtruction thou do'ſt hate,
" And caſt my Word behind thy Back.

18. " When thou did'ſt ſee a Thief, thy Care
" Was to agree, and with him ſhare ;
" And with Adulterers did'ſt join.
19. " Thy Mouth thou gaveſt to Reproach,
" Thy Tongue Deceit, and Lies, did broach ;
" And Miſchief was thy chief Deſign.

[Name,
20. " With Joy thou wound'ſt thy Brother's
" Do'ſt thine own Mother's Son defame.
21. " This thou haſt done ; and did'ſt ſurmiſe,
" While

" While ſilent, I was like to thee ;
" Now thou my ſharp Reproof ſhalt ſee ;
" I'll rank thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Mark this, ye who forgetful are
Of God ; leſt I in Pieces tare,
And there to ſave ſhall none be found.
23. He honours me who offers Praiſe ;
And he, who orders right his Ways,
With God's Salvation ſhall be crown'd.

PSALM LI.

O God, to me let Mercy flow,
For thou delight'ſt in Acts of Grace ;
Thy many tender Mercies ſhow,
And all my Treſpaſſes eraſe.
2. Me throughly waſh from all my Stains ;
And from my Guilt me purify.
3. I own my Fault ; my Sin remains,
With piercing Grief, before mine Eye.

4. I've ſin'd againſt Thee, Thee alone,
And done this Evil in thy Sight ;
Thy Sentence, Lord, is juſt, I own,
Thy heavy'ſt Judgments would be right.
5. I'm born defil'd, in ev'ry Part ;
My Mother me conceiv'd in Sin.
6. Thou, Lord, deſireſt Truth of Heart ;
O make me Wiſdom know within.

7. With ſprinkling Hyſop purge my Soul,
Then ſhall I pure, and ſpotleſs, grow ;
O waſh away my Stains, moſt foul,
I then ſhall whiter be than Snow.
8. Let me, with Joy, hear thy kind Word ;
So ſhall the Bones thou'ſt broken ſhout.
9. Hide from my Sins thy Face, O Lord ;
And all my many Crimes blot out.

Second PART.

10. Create, O God, in me clean Heart;
My Spirit right, within me, make.
11. Drive me not from thy Face apart;
Nor thy good Spirit from me take.
12 Salvation's Joy, to me, renew;
With thy free Spirit me ſuſtain.
13. Tranſgreſſors then, thy Ways, I'll ſhew;
And they ſhall turn to God again.

14. Deliver me from Guilt of Blood,
O God, thou my Salvation's God;
My joyful Tongue ſhall then ſing loud,
And ſpread thy gracious Acts abroad.
15. O Lord, my cloſed Lips inſpire;
Then ſhall my Mouth thy Praiſes ſing.
16. No Sacrifice, tho' burnt with Fire,
Could pleaſe; or elſe I would it bring.

17. A broken Spirit, in God's Sight,
Is the moſt pleaſing Sacrifice;
An Heart that's broken, and contrite,
O God, thou never wilt deſpiſe.
18. Be *Zion*'s Sons with Goodneſs fill'd,
In thy good Pleaſure ſuccour them;
Defend thy Church, and firmly build
The Walls of thy *Jeruſalem.*

19. Then ſhalt thou, with right Sacrifice,
Be pleas'd, while Saints ſhall Thee invoke;
Then, from burnt Off'rings, Steams ſhall riſe,
And Bullocks on thine Altars ſmoke.

PSALM LII.

WHerefore, O mighty Man, doſt thou,
Thyſelf, in Miſchief boaſt?
Uninterupted daily flows
God's Goodneſs, without Coſt. 2. Thy

2. Thy Tongue, the Malice of thy Heart,
In Falſhoods, ſpreads around;
Like a keen Raſor, gives a deep,
And unexpected, Wound.

3. Thou loveſt Evil more than Good,
Than right, more to ſpeak wrong;
4. Devouring Words are thy Delight,
O thou deceitful Tongue.

5. Thee utterly ſhall God deſtroy,
And ſnatch thee from thy Place;
O'er throw thy Houſe, and from the Earth.
Root thee, and all thy Race.

6. With Fear, the Righteous ſhall behold,
And thus, thy Fall, deride:
7. "Lo! this the Man! who God contemn'd,
"Nor on his Strength rely'd;
"But, in th' Abundance of his Wealth
"Himſelf ſecure he thought,
"And ſtrengthen'd by his wicked Arts;
"Lo! how he's brought to nought!

8. But I ſhall to God's Houſe return,
Fruitfull as th' Olive Tree;
For I have ever fix'd my Truſt,
In God's Benignity.

9. I'll ever celebrate thy Praiſe,
For what thou did'ſt effect;
And patient wait thy promis'd Grace,
Which all thy Saints expect.

PSALM LIII.

FOOLS, in their Heart, ſay there's no God;
They ſo corrupt, and baſe, are grown;
They ſcatter loathſome Sin abroad,
Among them, that doth Good, there's none.

2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n above,
On Sons of Men, with ſtrict Survey;
To ſee, if Reaſon they approve,
And ſeek the Lord, in his right Way.

3. But lo! they all were gone from God,
They wholly filthy were, and baſe;
Not one the Paths of Virtue trod,
Of all that vile degen'rate Race.

4. Are then thoſe Fools ſo blindly led?
Do they ſo far from Reaſon ſtray?
That they my People eat as Bread,
And unto God no Homage pay?

5. When God diſpers'd and broke their Strength,
That fearleſs Crew were then ſurpris'd
With horrid Fears; and ſham'd at length;
For God their boaſted Force deſpis'd.

6. Who'll *Iſr'el* Help, from *Zion*, ſend?
When God ſhall back his Captives bring,
Then *Jacob*'s Voice, in Shouts, aſcend,
Glad *Iſr'el*, loud, thy Praiſe, ſhall Sing.

PSALM LIV.

SAVE, me, O God, for thy Name's Sake;
Me by thy Pow'r defend,

2. Lord, hear my Pray'r; and let thine Ear,
Unto my Words, attend.

3. For Strangers, cauſeleſs, have combin'd,
They up againſt me riſe;
Feirce Men thirſt for my Life, who ſet
Not God before they Eyes.

4. The Lord's my Help, he'll head my Friends,
Who for my Life have ſtood;

5. My watchful Foes with Ill reward,
And all his Threats make good.

6. So

6. So will I Free-will Off'rings bring,
And to Thee ſacrifice;
Thy Name I'll ever praiſe, O Lord;
'Tis pleaſing in thine Eyes.

7. For he hath freed me from my Straits,
Which very great have been;
Mine Eyes, with Pleaſure, thy Rebukes,
On all my Foes have ſeen.

PSALM LV.

GIVE Ear, O God, unto my Pray'r;
Nor hide from my Requeſt.

2. Attend, and hear my mournful Cry;
I roar, I'm ſo diſtreſs'd.

3. My Foes reproach me, I'm oppreſs'd,
By a vile impious Crew;
Who load me with foul Crimes, in Wrath,
And Hatred, me purſue.

4. My Heart within me's greatly pain'd;
Death's Terrors ſeize me faſt;

5. Trembling, and Fear, beſet me round;
Horror is o'er me caſt.

6. "Oh! had I Wings, like to a Dove,
(I ſaid, while thus diſtreſt,)
"Then would I fly from hence away
"And ſeek a Place of Reſt:

7. "Far would I wander, and remain
"In ſome Deſart alone;

8. "There ſwiftly 'ſcape, till furious Winds,
"And Tempeſts were o'er blown.

Second PART.

9. Confound, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
Their plotting Tongues divide;
For Violence, and raging Strife,
I've in the City ſpy'd.

10. Theſe

10. Theſe, Day and Night, upon the Walls,
Compaſs the City round;
Miſchief, and Sorrow, ſpring from thence,
In Midſt thereof abounds.

11. There, Wickedneſs, in various Shapes,
An hearty Welcome meets;
There open Fraud, and practis'd Guile,
Depart not from her Streets.

12. Had a known Foe reproached me,
This I could bear with Eaſe;
Should open Haters me inſult,
I might have ſhunned theſe.

13. 'Twas thou, perfidious Man, my Friend,
My Guide, mine Intimate.

14. Sweet Counſel took we, jointly went,
And in God's Houſe we ſat.

Third PART.

15. Death ſhall ſeize on them unawares,
And ſink them quick to Hell;
For Wickedneſs doth in their Hearts,
And in their Houſes, dwell.

16. But I will call on God; the Lord
Will for my Help appear.

17. At Ev'ning, Morn, and Noon, I'll pray,
And he my Voice will hear.

18. The Battle was againſt me aim'd,
But he hath ſet me free;
My Soul in Peace, and Safety, dwells,
For many join'd with me.

19. God, who abides of old, ſhall hear,
And ſmite them with his Rod;
Becauſe they have no Changes felt,
Therefore they fear not God.

20. Againſt

20. Againſt the Man at Peace with him,
His Hands he did extend,
In Wrath; and moſt profanely broke
His Cov'nant, with his Friend.
21. Smoother than Butter was his Speech,
But War in's Heart was found;
His Words were ſofter than the Oyl,
Yet, like drawn Swords, they wound.
22. Thy Burden caſt upon the Lord,
Who will ſuſtain his own;
He'll never ſuffer righteous Men,
Tho' ſhook, to be o'er thrown.
23. God, to Deſtruction's Pit, ſhall bring
Men of Deceit, and Blood;
They ſcarce ſhall live out half their Days;
But I will truſt in God.

PSALM LVI.

HAVE Pity, upon me, O God,
For Men would me devour;
He daily ſtriving for my Hurt,
Oppreſſes me with Pow'r.
2. My watchful Foes do, ev'ry Day,
To ſwallow me, deviſe,
For they are many, O Moſt-high,
That up againſt me riſe.
3. When I'm afraid, I'll truſt in Thee.
4. In God I'll praiſe his Word;
Nor fear what Fleſh can do to me,
For I truſt in the Lord.
5. Each Day, they wreſt my Words to ſpeak,
A Senſe I never meant;
And, my Deſtruction to contrive,
Their Thoughts are wholly bent.

6. They

6. They meet together, and consult,
And secretly debate;
They strictly all my Actions watch,
While for my Soul they wait.
7. Shall they, by all their Wickedness,
Escape thy dreadful Frown;
O God, in thy just Anger, cast,
This wicked People down.

8. Thou number'st all the wandring Steps,
From Place, to Place, I've took;
Are not my Tears all safe preserv'd,
And entred in thy Book?
9. When'er I cry, my Foes shall flee,
I know; for God's mine Aid.
10. In God, the Lord, I'll praise his Word,
On which my Hopes are stay'd.

11. In God I trust; and will not fear
What Man can do to me.
12. Thy Vows are upon me, O God,
I'll render Praise to Thee.
13. Thou, who hast sav'd my Soul from Death,
My Feet from Falls defend;
That I may live, and all my Days
In thy bless'd Service spend.

PSALM LVII.

HAVE Mercy, Lord, Mercy I crave;
I cast my Soul on Thee;
Till these Calamity's are past,
To thy Wings Shade I flee.
2. To God, who over all presides,
I'll make my fervent Cry;
The God that well for me performs,
And will not me deny.

3. From

3. From Heav'n he'll ſend, and me protect,
Shame who would on me prey;
God will his Mercy, and his Truth,
On my Behalf diſplay.

4. Fierce Lions, Men inflam'd with Rage,
My Soul doth dwell among;
Whoſe Teeth are Spears, and Arrows keen,
And as ſharp Swords their Tongue.

5. Let thy great Name be high extoll'd,
Above the Heav'ns, O God;
And let thy Glory be diſplay'd
Thro' all the Earth abroad.

6. They, for my Steps, had ſpread their Net,
My Soul almoſt diſpair'd;
But they are fall'n into the Pit,
Which they for me prepar'd.

7. O God, my Heart's prepar'd, and fix'd,
I'll ſing; and give Thee Praiſe.

8. Awake my Glory, Pſalt'ry, Harp,
Myſelf I'll early raiſe.

9. Among the Tribes, and Nations, Lord,
Thy Praiſes ſing will I.

10. Thy Mercy, Heav'ns high Arch, tranſcends,
Thy Truth, the ſtarry Sky.

11. Be thou, above the Heav'nly Spheres,
Exalted high, O God;
And let thy Glory be diſplay'd
Thro' all the Earth abroad.

PSALM LVIII.

DO ye ſpeak Righteouſneſs, indeed,
While ye confederate ſit?
Or is, ye Sons of earthly Men,
Your Judgment juſt, and fit?

2. Yea

2. Yea, rather foul, malicious Deeds,
Your wicked Heart intends;
Thus ſway'd, you openly weigh out
The Violence of your Hands.

3. Degen'rate Race! that, from the Womb,
Strangers to Virtue, riſe;
As ſoon as born, they go aſtray,
And give themſelves to Lies.

4. Their Words, like Serpent's Poiſon, wound;
Deaf Aſps, they ſtop their Ear;

5. The Charmer's wiſeſt Charms are vain,
They'l no Inſtruction hear.

6. O God, their Mouth, ſo us'd to Blood,
Of their ſharp Teeth diſarm;
Break the young Lyon's Teeth, O Lord,
Nor leave them Pow'r to harm.

7. Let them diſſolve, as Mounts of Snow,
Away whoſe Waters ſoak;
May all his Arrows, when he brings
Them to his Bow, be broke.

8. As ſlimy Snails, which melt away,
So may they waſte each one;
Like an untimely Birth, that dies,
And never ſees the Sun.

9. Quicker than Thorns can ſeeth the Pot,
He'll ſeize on them alive;
In his hot Wrath away them chaſe,
And with a Whirlwind dri[illegible]

10. Such righteous Vengeance will excite,
The Triumphs of the Good;
Who, Victors o'er ſuch wicked Men,
Shall waſh their Feet in Blood.

11. Then

11. Then Men ſhall ſay, " ſure for the Juſt,
" There is a kind Reward;
" Sure, there's a God, who judgeth right,
" And doth the Earth regard.

PSALM LIX.

SAVE me, my God, from all my Foes;
Thy high Defence I crave,
2. From evil Workers ſet me free;
From bloody Men me ſave.
3. Lo! for my Soul they lye in wait,
And mighty Men combine
Againſt my Life; not for my Fault,
Lord, nor Offence of mine.

4. They run upon me unprovok'd,
And all their Force prepare;
See, Lord, my Danger, ſtir thyſelf,
And for mine Aid appear.
5. Wake, Lord of Hoſts, thou *Iſr'el*'s God,
None of the Heathen ſpare;
No longer let thy Patience, with
Such bold Tranſgreſſors, bear.

6. When Ev'ning comes, they freſh return,
Their Rage admits no Change;
They bark, and ſnarle, and growl, like Dogs,
And round the City range.
7. Their Mouth impetouſly pours out
Words bitter, hard to bear;
Between their Lips are pointed Swords;
" For who (ſay they,) doth hear?

8. But thou, O Lord, ſhall laugh at them;
And all the Heathen ſcorn.
9. O thou my Strength, I'll on Thee wait;
For God's my Safety's Horn.

Second

Second PART.

10. The God of all my Mercy will,
To help me, interpoſe;
He ſhall, with Pleaſure, let me ſee
His Juſtice on my Foes.

11. Leſt we too ſoon forget thy Works,
Them ſlay not with one Blow;
But, Lord, our Shield, by thy great Pow'r,
Diſperſe, and bring them low.

12. Becauſe their Mouth, and Lips, abound
With grievous Sin; ſurpriſe,
And take them in their Pride, who ſpeak
Such hideous Oaths, and Lies.

13. Conſume, and waſte them, in thy Wrath,
And all their Pow'r reſtrain;
That they may know, in *Jacob*, God,
And thro' the Earth doth reign.

14. At Ev'ning, then, let them, like Dogs,
Return, and meet, and howl;
And, tir'd with Ramblings, may they ſtill
Around the City growl.

15. With Hunger, let them ſtrole about,
To get their Wants ſupply'd;
And ſpend whole Nights in fruitleſs Search,
And not be ſatisfy'd.

16. But I, each Morn, will ſing thy Pow'r,
And loud thy Grace confeſs;
Thou haſt my Tow'r, and Refuge, been,
In Day of my Diſtreſs.

17. Therefore to Thee, O thou my Strength,
I'll never ceaſe to ſing;
For God is my Defence, the God
Whence all my Mercies ſpring.

PSALM

PSALM LX.

THOU haſt caſt off, and ſcatter'd us,
O God, thou waſt diſpleas'd;
Oh, turn thyſelf to us again,
And ſhew thyſelf appeas'd.

2. To tremble thou haſt made our Earth,
With ſore Diviſions rent;
Oh, heal the Breaches thou haſt made;
It ſhakes, to Ruin bent.

3. Thou hard, and grievous Things to bear,
Thy People did'ſt aſſign;
And of Aſtoniſhment has made
Us drink the deadly Wine.

4. But now, to them that fear thy Name,
A Banner thou haſt rear'd;
And it in Triumph is diſplay'd,
So hath thy Truth appear'd.

5. That thy Belov'd, as heretofore,
May ſtill Deliv'rance have:
O hear the fervent Pray'rs we make,
And let thy Right-hand ſave.

6. God, in his Holineſs, hath ſpoke,
My Joy it cannot fail;
I'll portion out fair *Sichem*'s Soil,
And meet out *Succoth*'s Vale.

7. Fam'd *Gilead*, and *Manaſah*, both,
Already own my Cauſe;
The gallant *Ephr'im*'s Tribe's my Strength,
And *Judah* gives forth Laws.

8. *Moab* ſhall ſerve to waſh my Feet,
O'er *Edom* I will tread;
The proud *Philiſtian* Lords ſhall ſtoop,
And to my Triumphs add.

9. But

9. But who ſhall their ſtrong City take,
And bring to our Command?
Who ſhall to Vict'ry lead our Arms,
Thro' *Edom*'s rocky Land?
10. Tho' thou, O God, haſt caſt us off,
Refus'd our Arms to bleſs;
Wilt thou not, now, our Armies head,
And crown them with Succeſs?
11. From all our Troubles give us Help;
Man's Help is vain we own.
12. Thro' God we ſhall do valiant Acts;
'Tis he our Foes treads down.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hearken to my Cry,
And to my Pray'r attend.
2. From th' Earth's remoteſt Parts, to Thee,
My Cry ſhall ſtill aſcend;
When ſadly overwhelm'd,
My Heart does fainting lye:
Conduct me to the Rock of Strength,
That higher is than I.
3. My Shelter thou haſt been,
From Foes my pow'rful Aid.
4. I'll ever in thy Courts abide,
And truſt in thy Wing's Shade.
5. For thou, O God, haſt heard;
My Vows before Thee came;
Thou haſt appointed me the Lot
Of thoſe that fear thy Name.
6. Thou to the King wilt add
Long Life, and happy Reign;
As many Generations ſtill,
His future Years maintain.

7. He

7. He ſhall forever ſit,
O God, before thy Face,
Upon his Throne, ſecured by
United Truth, and Grace.

8. So to thy Name I'll ſing,
My endleſs Songs of Praiſe;
And chearfully perform my Vows,
Thro' all my future Days.

PSALM LXII.

TRULY, my Soul doth wait on God,
Salvation comes from him alone.
2. My Rock, my Safety, high Abode,
He is, I ſhall not be o'er thrown.
3. How long, againſt a Man, will ye
Plot Miſchief? as a bowing Wall,
Or a looſe Fence, you all ſhall be;
And into ſudden Ruin fall.

4. Their great Conſult is, to ſuppreſs
My Dignity with lying Arts;
If e'er their Mouth is forc'd to bleſs,
Yet Curſing rages in their Hearts.
5. My Soul wait thou on God alone;
From him my Hopes have ſtedfaſt prov'd.
6. My Rock, and Safety, him I own;
My high Tow'r, I ſhall not be mov'd.

7. In God my Safety is ſecure,
My future Glory and Renown;
The Rock in whom my Strength is ſure,
My Refuge is in God alone.
8. Ye People, in his Pow'r, and Grace,
At all Times your fix'd Truſt repoſe;
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
God is our Refuge from our Foes.

9. The

9. The vulgar are but vain, we know,
And great Men are Deceit, and Lies;
If both you in the Ballance throw,
Lighter than Vanity they riſe.
10. Truſt not in Methods of Deceit,
Or Violence; be not ſo vain;
If by juſt Means your Wealth grows great,
Set not your Heart on ſuch low Gain.

11. Once ſpoken hath the God of Might,
Twice have I heard this Word aloud;
That boundleſs Pow'r by ſov'rain Right,
Doth appertain alone to God.
12. Not only Pow'r but wondrous Grace,
Alſo, O Lord, belongs to Thee;
Therefore, to all the human Race,
Thou render'ſt, as their Works ſhall be.

PSALM LXIII.

O God thou art my Gracious God,
I'll early ſeek thy Face;
My Soul doth thirſt, my Fleſh doth long,
For thy refreſhing Grace;
As in a dry, and thirſty Land,
Where Waters rare have been;
2. Thy Pow'r and Glory, to behold
As in thy Courts I've ſeen.

3. Becauſe thy Love doth Life excell,
My Lips ſhall ſpeak thy Praiſe.
4. I'll bleſs Thee, while I live; my Hands,
To Thee, adoring raiſe.
5. Then ſhall my Soul be ſatisfy'd,
As with rich Dainties fed;
My Mouth her joyful Lips employ,
Thy Praiſes wide to ſpread.

6. Mean

6. Mean Time, while on my Bed I ly,
I will remember Thee;
My Thoughts, in Watches of the Night,
On Thee ſhall muſing be.
7. Since thou haſt been my Help, with Joy,
I'll to thy Courts reſort.
8. My Soul purſues hard after Thee;
Thy Pow'r doth me ſupport.
9. But thoſe ſhall to th' Abyſs go down,
That ſeek my Life to ſlay:
10. Their Carcaſſes, fall'n by the Sword,
Shall be the Foxes Prey.
11. Yet ſhall the King in God rejoice,
And all that by him ſware,
Shall glory; but their Mouths be ſtop'd.
That full of lying are.

PSALM LXIV.

MY Voice, O God, in my Pray'r hear;
Preſerve me from the Foes I fear.
2. From Plots of wicked Men me hide;
And Safety from their Rage provide.
3. Who whet their Tongues, like keeneſt Swords,
And caſt their Darts, ev'n bitter Words.
4. To wound the Juſt they ſecret ly,
And, fearleſs, ſudden Shafts let fly.
5. They ſtrengthen one another's Heart,
To act the falſe, malicious Part;
Their private Snares to lay agree,
And vainly cry, "Who ſhall us ſee.
6. Unweary'd Pains, with Craft they ſpend,
To drive their wicked Plots an End;
Their inward Thoughts, which they purſue,
And Hearts, ly deeply hid from View.

7. But God his Vengeance ſhall let fly,
And wound them unexpectedly.
8. Upon themſelves their Tongues ſhall prey;
And all that ſee them, flee away.
9. Then all around them, ſtruck with Fear,
Shall this the Work of God declare;
For they ſhall wiſely underſtand
The Operations of his Hand.

10. The Righteous then, ſhall, in the Lord,
Rejoice; and firmly truſt his Word;
And all, whoſe Hearts are right with God,
Shall glorioufly triumph aloud.

PSALM LXV.

THo' th' Earth ſit ſilent, yet thy Praiſe,
O God, in *Sion*'s heard;
There they perform, with chearful Lays,
The Vows they have prefer'd.
2. O thou, who do'ſt thy liſt'ning Ear
To our Requeſt encline,
All Nations ſhall, to thee repair,
And in thy Praiſes join.

3. Prevailing Sins, an heavy Load,
Might flowing Mercy ſtay;
But thou our Crimes, O gracious God,
Shalt wholly purge away.
4. Bleſs'd Man! thy Choice; who near to Thee,
May in thy Courts reſide;
With Goodneſs of thy Temple, we
Shall then be ſatisfy'd.

5. Thy Juſtice, Lord, in dreadful Styles,
Anſwers in our Defence;
Of diſtant Lands, and fartheſt Iſles,
Thou art the Confidence.

6. The

6. The Mountains, by thy mighty Pow'r,
Fix'd on their Baſis ſtand.
7. The Seas, and People, ceaſe to roar,
When ſtill'd by thy Command.

Second PART.

8. Nations, in the remoteſt Land,
Revere thy Tokens Voice;
The op'ning Morn, at thy Command,
And cloſing Eve, rejoice.
9. The thirſty Earth, with fat'ning Rain,
From God's full Springs above,
Thou viſiteſt; prepareſt Grain,
And mak'ſt it fruitfull prove.

10. Thou, on the Ridges, Rain do'ſt pour,
And on the Furrows bring;
It's ſoften'd with thy gentle Show'r,
Thy Bleſſing makes it ſpring.
11. The various Months thro'out the Year,
Thou do'ſt with Goodneſs crown;
Thy Paths, which in the Clouds appear,
Drop plenteous Fatneſs down.

12. They drop on Deſert's until'd Ground,
And cloath them in their Pride;
The little Hills are girt around,
With Joy on ev'ry Side.
13. The Paſtures bleating Flocks adorn,
With lowing Herds they ring;
The Vales are cover'd o'er with Corn,
They ſhout for Joy, and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

LET all the Earth, in Shouts, to God,
Their chearful Voices raiſe;
2. Sing forth the Honour of his Name,
And glorious make his Praiſe.

3. Say unto God, "In thy great Works,
"How terrible art thou?
"Thy Foes, by thine almighty Pow'r,
"To thee, are forc'd to bow.

4. All Earth ſhall worſhip Thee, and ſing
The Glories of thy Name.
5. Come, ſee the Works of God, his Deeds
Struck Terror where they came.
6. He turn'd the Sea into dry Land,
Our Fathers paſs'd the Flood,
Secure on Foot; there we began
To triumph in our God.

7. He ever ruleth by his Pow'r,
His Eyes the Nations ſpy;
Then let not mortal Rebels dare,
Themſelves to magnify.
8. O all ye People, bleſs our God;
And loudly ſhout his Praiſe.
9. 'Tis he who holds our Soul in Life,
And ſtabliſheth our Ways.

10. For thou, O God, haſt proved us;
As Fire the Ore refines.
11. Thou brought'ſt us into Straits; and laid
Affliction on our Loins.
12. Thou mad'ſt Men o'er our Heads to ride,
With Inſult, and Diſgrace:
Thou us, thro' Fire and Water, led'ſt
Safe to a wealthy Place.

Second PART.

13. I'll to thy Houſe, with Off'rings, go;
And Thee my Vows will pay:
14. Which my Lips utter'd, and Mouth ſpoke,
When Troubles on me lay.

15. I'll

15. I'll offer Thee burnt Sacrifice,
The very beſt that are;
The Fat of Rams, the choiceſt Bulls,
And Goats, I will prepare.

16. Come, hear, all ye that fear the Lord;
To you I will make known,
The many wondrous Acts of Grace,
The Lord, for me hath done.

17. My Mouth, to him that rules above,
Pour'd out it's fervent Cry;
He heard; and then my joyful Tongue
Extol'd his Name on high.

18. God would not hear; if in my Heart,
I any Sin regard:
19. But, verily, he bow'd his Ear,
And all my Pray'r hath heard.

20. O bleſſed be the ſov'reign Lord,
Who hath not turn'd his Face
From my Requeſt; nor yet with-held,
From me his wondrous Grace.

PSALM LXVII.

BLeſs, Lord, thine Heritage,
In thine abundant Grace;
Let, on thy Servants, ever ſhine,
The Brightneſs of thy Face.

2. That ſo thy righteous Ways
May, thro' the Earth, be known;
And all the Nations of the World
May, thy Salvation, own.

3. In Praiſe, to Thee, O God,
Let thine own People join;
And may the *Gentile* World, in Songs
Of Praiſe, to Thee, combine.

4. O let the Nations all
Be glad, and chearful ſing;
For thou art, over all the Earth,
A juſt, and gracious King.

5. In Praiſe, to Thee, O God,
Let thine own People joyn;
And may the *Gentile* World, in Songs
Of Praiſe, to Thee, combine.

6. Then th' Earth ſhall Plenty yield;
And God ſhall bleſs our Store.

7. Our own God ſhall us bleſs; the World
Shall fear, and, him, adore.

PSALM LXVIII.

RISE, Lord, and let thine Enemies,
Abroad diſperſed be;
Let them, that impiouſly Thee hate,
Before thy Preſence flee.

2. As Smoke is driven with the Wind,
So, Lord, the Wicked chaſe;
As Fire melts Wax, ſo let thy Foes
Diſſolve, before thy Face.

3. But let the Righteous all be glad,
Before the Lord rejoice;
With Gladneſs may their Hearts be fill'd,
With Shouts of Joy their Voice.

4. Sing unto God, Oh! ſing his Praiſe,
With Joy exalt his Name;
Who by the Name *Jehovah* rides
On Heav'ns extended Frame.

5. God, from his holy dwelling Place,
Is, as a Father, kind
To Orphans; and a righteous Judge,
In him, the Widows find.

6. God

6. God, for the lonely, Houſes builds,
He breaks the Captives Chain,
And ſets them free; but Rebels, plagu'd,
In a dry Land remain.

Second PART.

7. When God the Lord, from *Egypt* went,
And did our Armies Head,
Their Marches, in the Wilderneſs,
Thro' all their Wand'rings lead;
8. The Earth did ſhake, the Heav'ns drop'd,
And thus thy Preſence own;
Sinai itſelf then ſhook, for God,
Ev'n *Iſr'el*'s God, came down.

9. Thou Lord did'ſt ſhake the wat'ry Clouds,
And ſend a plenteous Rain;
When tir'd with Drought, thou kindly did'ſt
Thine Heritage ſuſtain.
10. Thou gaveſt *Canaan* to thy Flock,
And fix'd their Dwelling there;
Thou Goodneſs, Lord, did'ſt for the Poor,
Abundantly prepare.

11. In all our many Victories,
'Twas thou that gav'ſt the Word;
And Virgin-Troops, thus, loud proclaim'd
The Wonders of the Lord:
12. "Great Captains, with their num'rous Hoſts,
"Struck with a Panick, fled;
"And ſhe that ſtay'd at Home, their Spoils
"Did part, and on them fed.

13. Tho' ye were *Egypt*'s ſully'd Slaves,
Yourſelves ye now behold,
Shine, as Dove's Wings, with Silver tipt,
And Plumes, with yellow Gold.

14. When there th' Almighty ſcatter'd Kings,
Ye ſhone as *Salmon*'s Snow.
15. God's Hill, Mount *Baſhan*, far excells;
Which many Heads can ſhow.

16. Why do ye leap, ye lofty Mounts?
God hath deſir'd this Hill
For his Abode, inhabit here
Jehovah ever will.
17. The ſhining Chariots of our God,
Miriads of Angels are;
With them, as once on *Sinai*'s Mount,
Our God is preſent there.

Third PART.

18. Thou haſt aſcended up on high,
Thy Churches glorious Head;
Thou haſt, Captivity itſelf,
Captive, in Triumph, led:
Rich Gifts, for Men, thou haſt receiv'd,
Ev'n Rebels have their Share;
That God, the Lord, might with them dwell,
And take them in his Care.

19. Bleſs'd be the Lord, each Day we live,
Who daily doth us load
With his rich Bounties from above,
Who's our Salvation's God.
20. For he, that is our God, has all
Salvations at Command;
And all our near Eſcapes from Death,
Flow from *Jehovah*'s Hand.

21. But God, with deadly Wounds, ſhall ſmite
The Head of all his Foes;
Their Chief, who, in his Treſpaſſes,
Still on preſumptuous, goes.

22. God

22. God ſaid, " The Conqueſt I'll repeat
" You gain'd o'er *Baſhan*'s King ;
" You, ſafely, thro' the Depths of Seas,
" Whene'er 'tis needful, bring.

23. That you, your Feet, may deeply ſtain
With the high crimſon Flood,
Pour'd from your ſlaughter'd Enemies ;
And Dogs may lick their Blood.

Fourth PART.

24. Now, Lord, we've ſeen what ſolemn State,
Did thy Proceſſion grace ;
The Progreſs of my God, and King,
Into his holy Place.

25. Sweet Singers led the Way, then thoſe
On Inſtruments who play'd ;
With Damſels, who to Timbrels ſung,
And pleaſing Conſort made.

26. Theſe, as they march'd, in Chorus join'd,
" Bleſs ye our God, (they ſung,)
" In your Aſſemblies praiſe the Lord,
" Ye who from *Iſr'el* ſprung.

27. The Chiefs of little *Benjamin*,
And *Judah*'s Lords, combin'd
With *Zebulun*, and *Napthali*,
And the Proceſſion join'd.

28. Thy God, O *Iſr'el*, Strength commands,
And thee to Union brought ;
And now, O God, confirm the Work
Which thou, for us, haſt wrought.

Fifth PART.

29. In Honour to thy Temple, Lord,
In *Salem*'s choſen Seat,
May thither Kings their Preſents bring,
And worſhip at thy Feet.

30. Rebuke the Spear-Men, Bulls, and Calves,
Wild Herds of Rage, and Might;
'Till with rich Preſents, they ſubmit;
Cruſh thoſe in War delight.

31. *Egypt*'s, and *Cuſhes* Princes then
Shall God their Off'rings bring.
32. Sing unto God, ye diſtant Realms;
To God your Praiſes ſing.
33. To him that rideth on the Heav'ns,
In ancient Times that were;
Lo! thence he ſends his awful Voice,
A mighty Voice we hear.

34. Aſcribe ye boundleſs Pow'r to God,
Whoſe glorious Dignity
Is over *Iſr'el*; and his Strength
Shines in the cloudy Sky.
35. O God! how terrible art thou,
Out of thy holy Place!
God, Strength and Pow'r, his *Iſr'el*, gives;
To him be all the Praiſe.

PSALM LXIX.

SAve me, O God, for mighty Floods
Ruſh in unto my Soul.
2. In Depths of Mire, and Seas, I ſink,
Where Surges o'er me rowl.
3. I'm weary with my conſtant Cries,
My Throat is parch'd with Heat;
Mine Eyes, with Expectation, fail,
While for my God I wait.

4. More than the Hairs upon my Head,
My cauſeleſs Haters are;
They're mighty, who, moſt wrongfully,
To ſhed my Blood would dare:

5. Then,

5. Then, what I took not, I reſtor'd,
For Peace gave up my Right.
O God, thou know'ſt my Fooliſhneſs,
My Sins are in thy Sight.

6. Lord, God of Hoſt, let none, that wait
On Thee, be put to ſhame,
For my ſake; nor, O *Iſr'el*'s God,
Deſpair, that ſeek thy Name.
7. For thy ſake, I have borne Reproach;
My Face with Shame is ſpread.
8. My Brethren, of my Mother born,
Of me a Stranger made.

Second PART.

9. Zeal, for the Honour of thy Houſe,
Hath quite conſumed me;
On me hath fallen the Reproach,
Which they have aim'd at Thee.
10. When I, with Faſts, my Soul chaſtis'd,
Before Thee wept, and mourn'd;
My many Tears, and Abſtinence,
To my Reproach they turn'd.

11. I Sackcloth made my Robes; for this
I was their Proverb long.
12. The Judges me revil'd, and I
Was made the Drunkard's Song.
13. But, Lord, in an accepted Time,
To Thee, I made my Pray'r;
O God, in thy Salvation's Truth,
And many Mercies hear.

14. Deliver me out of the Mire,
Let it not prove my Grave;
From all my Haters reſcue me,
And from deep Waters ſave.

15. Nor Floods to overflow, nor Deeps
To ſwallow me, permit;
Nor let the Mouth, upon me cloſe,
Of the voracious Pit.

16. Thy Loving-kindneſs doth excel,
Hear then, O Lord, my Pray'r;
O turn to me, as manifold
Thy tender Mercies are.
17. Hide not thy Face, for I'm diſtreſs'd;
But ſpeedily me hear.
18. And to redeem me from my Foes,
Unto my Soul draw near.

Third PART.

19. All my Reproach is known to Thee,
My Shame, and my Diſgrace;
My Adverſaries, and their Plots,
Are all before thy Face.
20. Reproach hath broke my heavy Heart;
And when I look'd around,
For ſome to pity, there was none,
No Comforter I found.

21. Thirſty, they Vinegar to drink,
And Gall, gave me, for Food.
22. Their Table ſhall become their Snare;
Their Trap, what ſhould be good.
23. Their Eyes be dark, leſt they ſhould ſee;
Their Loins be made to ſhake.
24. Thy Fury ſhall on them be pour'd,
Thy Wrath hold on them take.

25. Their Palace, and their Tents, be waſte;
That they may none receive.
26. They perſecute whom thou haſt ſmote;
With Words thy wounded grieve.

27. They

27. They Sin to Sin ſhall add, till they
No Part in Mercy claim.
28. Thou, from the Book of Life, ſhalt blot,
And from the Juſt, their Name.

Fourth PART.

29. I'm poor, diſtreſs'd, Salvation grant;
Set me, O God, on high.
30. I'll praiſe the Name of God, with Songs,
With Thanks, him magnify.
31. This ſhall be pleaſing to the Lord,
And better in his Eyes,
Than any Ox, or Bullock young,
That's ripe for Sacrifice.

32. The Meek, with Gladneſs, ſhall behold
The Safety I obtain;
Your Heart, who truly ſeek the Lord,
Shall Life, and Comfort gain.
33. Becauſe the Lord will hear the Poor,
And ſet his Priſ'ners free:
34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Seas, and all therein,
To praiſe his Name agree.

35. For God will *Judah*'s Cities build,
And his lov'd *Sion* ſave;
His People there ſhall ſafely dwell,
And ſure Poſſeſſion have.
36. His Servant's Seed inherit ſhall
What falleth to their Share;
And they that love his Name ſhall dwell,
In Peace, and Safety there.

PSALM LXX.

DEliver me, O God;
To help me, Lord, make haſt.
2. Shame, and Confuſion, be their Lot,
Who ſeek my Soul to waſte.

De-

Defeat, and put to Rout,
All that desire my Hurt.
3. Be Disappointment their Reward,
Who make my Grief their Sport.

4. Who seek Thee, let rejoice,
In Thee be satisfy'd;
Who thy Salvation love, still say,
"The Lord be magnify'd.
5. I'm poor, distress'd, O God,
Make haste to me, I pray;
My Help, and my Deliv'rer, thou,
O Lord, make no Delay.

PSALM LXXI.

IN Thee, O Lord, I place my Trust;
Me never put to Shame.
2. Hear, save, and cause me to escape,
For righteous is thy Name.
3. Be thou my dwelling Place most strong,
Where I may still resort;
Thy promis'd Safety, Lord, I plead,
Thou art my Rock, and Fort.

4. Save me, O God, from wicked Hands,
The cruel, and unjust.
5. For thou, Lord, God, hast been my Hope,
And, from my Youth, my Trust.
6. By Thee, I've always been sustain'd,
From my most early Days;
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb;
I'll ever sing thy Praise.

7. To many, I'm a Wonder grown;
But on thy Strength I stay.
8. Let, with thy Praise, my Mouth be fill'd,
And Honour all the Day.

Second PART.

9. Caſt me not off, now, in the Time,
Old Age doth me aſſail;
O do not thou forſake me, Lord,
When Strength, and Vigour, fail.

10. For my malicious Enemies
Againſt me falſly ſpeak;
And they, who for my Life lay wait,
Together Counſel take.

11. "Now God, (ſay they,) has him forſook,
"Purſue, and on him ſeize;
"There's none to ſave him from our Pow'r,
"He'll fall our Prey with Eaſe.

12. But thou, O God, be not far off
From me, oppreſs'd with Grief;
O thou, my God, with timely Speed,
Appear for my Relief.

13. Confound, and bring to Nought, my Foes,
Who, for my Life, combine;
Reproach, and Infamy, be heap'd,
On thoſe my Hurt deſign.

14. My ſtedfaſt Hope ſhall ſtill remain,
On Thee, fix'd all my Days;
To ſpread thy Glory, more and more,
I'll add new Songs of Praiſe.

15. Thy Truth, and thy Salvation, Lord,
My Mouth ſhall daily ſhow;
Whoſe growing Numbers far ſurmount
The utmoſt I can know.

16. Depending on thy Strength, O God,
I'll chearfully go on;
Thy Righteouſneſs I'll celebrate,
I'll mention thine alone.

Third

Third PART.

17. Thou, O my God, haſt from my Youth,
Unto this Day, me taught;
And I have openly declar'd,
The Wonders thou haſt wrought.

18. And now, O God, forſake me not,
When old, and gray, I'm grown;
Till this, and to the future Age,
Thy Strength, and Pow'r, I've ſhown.

19. Thy Juſtice, Lord, in Height tranſcends
All that we can declare,
Who mighty Works haſt done; O God,
Who may with Thee compare;

20. Thou, Troubles great, and ſore, haſt made
Me, by Experience, know;
Yet ſhalt thou me revive, and bring
Up from the Depth of Woe.

21. Thou ſhalt my Greatneſs far increaſe;
And to me Comfort bring.

22. Thy Truth, O *Jacob*'s God, on Harp,
And Pſaltery, I'll ſing.

23. Then ſhall my Lips, with Joy, abound
While I chant forth thy Praiſe;
My grateful Soul, by Thee, redeem'd,
Shall joyn thy Fame to raiſe.

24. My chearful Tongue, thy Righteouſneſs
Shall ev'ry Day proclaim;
For they're diſgrac'd, that ſought my Hurt,
And brought to endleſs Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

GIve, Lord, the King, thy cleareſt Light
Thy Righteouſneſs give to his Son,

2. That he may judge thy People right,
And to the Poor, ſee Juſtice done.

3. Then

3. Then, from the lofty Mounts, ſhall flow
Sweet Peace, and all thy People bleſs;
The little Hills ſhall like them grow,
In happy Fruits of Righteouſneſs.

4. He'll vindicate the injur'd Poor,
And ſave the Off-ſpring of the Juſt;
But, the Oppreſſor's haughty Pow'r,
Shall break, and crumble into Duſt.

5. They ſhall Thee fear, while Sun and Moon,
Perform their Courſe, thro' Ages all,
6. He'll come, as Rain on Graſs new mown,
As wat'ring Show'rs on dry Land fall.

7. The Juſt ſhall flouriſh, in his Day;
And Peace abound, 'till there's no Moon.
8. From Sea to Sea, ſhall reach his Sway,
From River, to the ſetting Sun.
9. They who in Deſerts, have their Seat,
In Homage, bow before him muſt;
His Foes ſhall, couching at his Feet,
In low Proſtrations, lick the Duſt.

10. The Kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and the Iſles,
Shall coſtly Preſents to him bring;
Sheba's high Lords ſhall offer Spoils,
And rich Gifts *Saba*'s wealthy King.
11. Before him, all the Kings on Earth
Shall fall, and Homage to him pay;
All Nations, from the South, to North,
As ſov'reign Lord, ſhall him obey.

Second PART.

12. For, ſuch as want, and helpleſs are,
He'll free; when they his Help implore.
13. The deſtitute, in Pity, ſpare;
And ſave the Souls ſhall of the Poor.

14. From

14. From Fraud, and Violence, he will
Redeem their Soul, by his great Might;
Their Blood, unjuſtly ſought to ſpill,
Shall very dear be in his Sight.

15. And he ſhall live; and *Sheba*'s Gold,
To Him as Tribute ſhall be paid;
Daily his Name ſhall be extol'd,
While conſtant Pray'rs are for him made.
16. Corn, ſprinkled on the Mountains Top,
Like *Lebanon*, ſhall ſhake, and ſound,
So full the Ears, ſo thick the Crop;
In Cities Men, like Graſs, abound.

17. His Name forever ſhall endure,
And be tranſmitted with the Sun;
All Nations Bliſs, from him, procure,
And him proclaim the bleſſed One.
18. Bleſs'd be *Jehovah*, God moſt High,
The God of fav'rite *Iſr'el*'s Seed;
From him alone, in Earth, and Sky,
The Things that wond'rous are proceed.

19. And bleſſed be his glorious Name
Forever; let the whole Earth then
Be filled with his glorious Fame.
To which we ſhout, Amen; Amen.

PSALM LXXIII. Third Book.

YET truly God to *Iſr'el*'s good,
To all the clean in Heart.
2. Altho' my Feet did nigh decline,
My Steps almoſt depart.
3. My Envy at the Fooliſh roſe,
To ſee the Wicked's Peace.
4. Becauſe their Strength is firm, no Bands,
In Death, does on them ſeiſe.

5. With

5. With Troubles they are not diſtreſs'd;
Nor plagu'd like other Men.
6. They're cloath'd with Violence; and Pride
Hangs round them like a Chain.
7. Their Eyes ſtand out with Fatneſs; they
Have more than Heart could ſeek.
8. They are corrupt, their Crimes defend;
And loftily they ſpeak.
9. Againſt the Heav'ns they ſet their Mouth;
Their Tongue walks thro' the Earth.
10. Thy People, here, return, and joyn
In their full Cups, and Mirth.
11. "How doth God know? in the moſt High,
"(They ſay,) is Knowledge found?
12. Lo! theſe, th' Ungodly, proſper here,
In Riches they abound.
13. Sure then, (ſaid I,) I've cleans'd my Heart,
And waſh'd my Hands, in vain.
14. For, all Day long, I plagu'd have been;
Each Morn renew'd my Pain.
15. But if I openly aſſert.
What thus I raſhly ſay,
Lo; then th' Experience of thy Saints,
Each Age, I ſhould betray.

Second PART.

16. When this I ſought to underſtand,
It was too deep for me:
17. Till to the Houſe of God I went,
Then I their End did ſee.
18. Sure them thou'ſt ſet on ſlipp'ry Ground,
And down to Ruin caſt.
19. How, in a Moment, are they fall'n!
With Terrors they're laid waſte!

20. As

20. As a vain Dream, when one awakes,
Away their Glory flies;
So, Lord, when thou do'ſt riſe to judge,
Their Show thou wilt deſpiſe.
21. Thus did my Heart in Ferment glow;
Pain in my Reins encreas'd.
22. I was ſo fooliſh, ignorant,
Before Thee, like a Beaſt.
23. Yet, ſtill I'm with Thee; thou Support
By my Right-hand didſt give.
24. By Counſel thou ſhalt guide me, then
To Glory me receive.
25. In Heav'n, whom have I? What, on Earth,
Can I deſire, but Thee?
26. Tho' Fleſh, and Heart, ſhould fail, God will
My Strength, and Portion be.
27. Lo; they that far from Thee depart,
Shall into Ruin fall;
Thoſe who apoſtatiſe from Thee,
Thou wilt deſtroy them all.
28. But, as for me, it's good I ſhould,
Still, near to God, repair;
I in *Jehovah* truſt, that I
May all thy Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

WHY haſt forever caſt us off,
O God? againſt thy Flock,
In thy delightful Paſtures fed,
Why does thine Anger ſmoke?
2. Thine ancient purchas'd Flock remind,
The Lot thou did'ſt poſſeſs,
And haſt redeem'd; this *Sion*'s Mount,
Thy famous dwelling Place.

3. Come

3. Come, ſee, and ſpeedily requite,
The laſting Ruins wrought;
All that thy Foes, with impious Rage,
Have on thy Temple brought.
4. Thine En'mies roar, where once thy Tribes
For ſacred Worſhip met;
In Token of their Victory,
Their Banners high they've ſet.
5. The Man that hew'd the Mountain Oak,
Was had in great Renown.
6. But now they Ax, and Hammer, join,
To break it's carv'd Works down.
7. Thy holy Temple they have caſt
Into devouring Flame;
And, level with the Ground, defil'd
The Dwelling of thy Name.
8. At once, our holy Rites, and us,
To root out, they preſum'd;
The Synagogues of God, with Fire,
All, thro' the Land, conſum'd.
9. We ſee no more our hopeful Signs,
No Prophet calms our Woes;
How long our ruin'd State ſhall laſt,
There's none among us knows.

Second PART.

10. How long ſhall our inſulting Foes,
O mighty God, defame?
Forever ſhall the Enemy
Blaſpheme thy holy Name?
11. Why is thy Hand with-held? Stretch, from
Thy Boſom, thy Right-hand.
12. For God's my Rock of old; who works
Salvation thro' the Land.

13. By

13. By thy reſiſtleſs Strength, thou did'ſt
The raging Sea divide;
And cruſh'd the furious Dragon's Head,
Beneath the refluent Tide.
14. The Heads of the Leviathan,
Are broken, by thine Arm;
And to the People giv'n for Meat,
That in the Deſarts ſwarm.

15. Thou clav'ſt the Fountain, and the Flood;
Thou dry'ſt up Rivers Might.
16. Thine is the Day, the Night is thine;
Thou form'ſt the Sun, and Light.
17. Earth's Limits, with her various Climes,
Are fix'd by thy ſtrong Hand;
The Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,
Obey thy wiſe Command.

Third PART.

18. Mind, O *Jehovah*, how the Foe
Has loaded us with Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
Blaſphem'd thy ſacred Name.
19. The Soul of thy poor Turtle-Dove,
To Herds of Prey give not;
Nor let th' Aſſembly of the Poor
Be evermore forgot.

20. Thy faithful Cov'nant, Lord, regard;
For the dark Parts, we ſee,
Of th' Earth, are fill'd with rueful Seats
Of monſtrous Cruelty.
21. O let not the Oppreſs'd return,
Unheard, and fill'd with Shame
But let the Poor, and Needy, ſtill
Have Cauſe to praiſe thy Name.

22. Ariſe,

22. Ariſe, O God, plead thine own Cauſe;
And bear in Memory,
With what Contempt, the fooliſh Man,
Daily, reproacheth Thee.
23. Forget not, Lord, the ſcornful Voice
Of thine inſulting Foes;
Their Tumult conſtantly aſcends,
And more blaſphemous grows.

PSALM LXXV.

WE thank, and praiſe Thee, God;
For that thy Name is near,
Thy Pow'r, and Grace, which ſuccours us,
Thy wondrous Works declare.
2. When I receive the Tribes,
Strict Juſtice I'll maintain.
3. Our Land, and People, are diſſolv'd;
It's Pillars I ſuſtain.

4. Let Fools from Folly ceaſe;
And wicked curb their Pride.
5. I ſaid, lift not your Horn on high;
Lay your proud Talk aſide.
6. For from Eaſt, Weſt, or South,
Promotion never ſprings.
7. But God is Judge, who lifts up one,
And down another flings.

8. For in *Jehovah*'s Hand,
There is a dreadful Cup;
The Wine is red, with bitter Drugs
'Tis fully mixed up:
9. From thence he poureth out,
To each as he doth pleaſe;
But th' Impious all ſhall wring the Dregs,
And drink the very Lees.

9. I'll

9. I'll ever ſpeak, and ſing,
The God of *Jacob*'s Praiſe.
10. I'll cut off all the Wicked's Horns,
The Juſt to Honour raiſe.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN *Judah*, God's moſt clearly known;
In *Iſr'el*, great is his Renown.
2. His ſacred Tent's in *Salem* plac'd;
And *Sion*'s with his Dwelling grac'd.
3. Thou break'ſt the Arrow, Bow, and Shield,
The Sword, and Battle in the Field.
4. Thy Glory ſhines with brighter Ray,
Excelling far the Mounts of Prey.

5. The ſtout of Heart are wholly ſpoil'd;
Death, in their Sleep, has them beguil'd;
And none of all their braveſt Bands,
Could find the Vigour of their Hands.
6. When *Jacob*'s God, in Anger, frown'd,
Chariot, and Horſe, in Heap were drown'd.
7. Thou, thou alone, demand'ſt our Fear;
Who can thine angry Preſence bear?

8. Thou mad'ſt, from Heav'n, thy Judgments heard;
TheEarth ſtood ſtill, and greatly fear'd.
9. When God, to ſave the Meek aroſe,
And ſcatter'd Judgments on his Foes.
10. Man's Wrath ſhall Praiſes to Thee gain;
The Reſidue thou ſhalt reſtrain.
11. Vow then, and pay, to God, your King;
Let all fear him, and Preſents bring.

12. From Princes he cuts off their Breath,
By an avenging Stroke of Death;
He, to the mighty Kings on Earth,
Diſpenſeth Terrors, in his Wrath.

PSALM

PSALM LXXVII.

With mournful Voice, and ardent Cries,
To God, I made my Pray'r;
I oft to God my Suit renew'd,
And he to me gave Ear.

2. In my ſad Day, I ſought the Lord,
My Hands ſtretch'd forth by Night,
And ceaſed not; my burden'd Soul
No Comfort could admit.

3. I thought on God, the great and good,
But yet I found no Reſt;
I pour'd out my Complaint, and ſtill
My Mind remain'd oppreſs'd.

4. Thou hold'ſt mine Eyes awake; my Grief's
So great I cannot ſpeak.

5. From former Days, and ancient Times,
I then Relief did ſeek.

6. I call'd to Mind my Songs, by Night
I commun'd with my Heart;
My Spirit ſearch'd the hidden Cauſe,
And End, with all her Art.

7. "Forever, will the Lord caſt off?
"Will he no more be kind?

8. "Is Mercy wholly ſpent; his Word
"Forever out of Mind?

9. "Has God forgot to ſhew his Grace?
"Doth Wrath his Love reſtrain?

10. "I ſaid, the Change in God's Right-hand,
"'Tis this that gives me Pain.

11. But I'll remind *Jehovah*'s Works,
Thy Wonders wrought of old:

12. On all thy Works I'll meditate,
Thy Doings ſhall be told.

Second PART.

13. Thy Way, O God, is in the Height;
Great as our God, there's none.
14 Thou God do'ſt Wonders; thou, thy Strength,
Haſt to the People ſhown.
15. Thy People, by thy mighty Arm,
Thou haſt from Bondage freed;
The Offspring of thy Favorites,
Jacob's and *Joſeph*'s Seed.

16. The Waters ſaw Thee, mighty God,
Thee did the Waters ſee;
They fled for Fear, the Depths retir'd,
Struck with the Awe of Thee.
17. The Clouds abundant Waters pour'd,
The Sky ſent forth a Sound;
Thy pointed Arrows arm'd with Wrath,
In Vengeance flew around.

18. Thy awful Voice, from Heav'n above,
In roaring Thunders, broke;
The lower World with Light'nings blaz'd,
The Earth was mov'd and ſhook.
19. Thy Way is in the rowling Sea;
(A wondrous Way we own!)
Thy Path thro' mighty Waters lyes,
Thy Footſteps are unknown.

20. Thou led'ſt thy People, like a Flock,
By *Moſes*'s ſkilful Hand,
And *A'ron*'s, thro' the Wilderneſs,
Safe to the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII.

MY People cloſe Attention give,
And my Inſtruction wiſely hear;
To wholſome Words, which I ſhall ſpeak,
Bow an obedient, liſt'ning Ear. 2. My

2. My Mouth ſhall Parables relate;
And ancient Myſteries unfold;
3. Which we our ſelves have heard, and known;
And what our Fathers have us told.

4. We'll not conceal them from their Sons.
But to the future Race make known,
Jehovah's Praiſe, his mighty Strength,
And wondrous Works which he hath done.
5. A Witneſs he, in *Jacob*, fix'd,
In *Iſr'el* his good Laws ordain'd;
And charg'd our Fathers, all their Seed,
In Knowledge of them, ſhould be train'd.

6. That Generations yet to come,
Piouſly taught, theſe Things might know;
Their Children, yet unborn, might riſe,
And them to their Deſcendants ſhow.
7. That they their Hope, on God alone,
Thro' ev'ry Age, might firmly ſtay;
The Works of God might not forget,
But learn his Precepts to obey.

8. And might not, like our Fathers, proye
A ſtubborn, and rebellious, Race:
Whoſe Heart was not ſincere with God,
Nor Spirit ſtedfaſt in his Grace.
9. The armed Sons of *Ephraim*,
Train'd to the Uſe of Dart, and Bow,
In Day of Battle turn'd their Backs,
And meanly fled before the Foe.

10. They broke the Cov'nant of their God,
And did his ſacred Laws deſpiſe:
11. Forgat his Works, and Miracles,
Which he had wrought before their Eyes.

Second PART.

12. He Wonders to their Father's ſhew'd,
In *Zoan*'s Field, in *Egypt*'s Land.
13. He clave the Sea, thro' which they paſs'd,
And made, in Heaps, the Waters ſtand.
14. He led them with a Cloud, by Day,
And Fire, by Night; their Way to keep.
15. He in the Deſert, clave the Rocks,
And gave them Drink, as from the Deep.
16. He fetch'd out Streams, from flinty Rocks,
They ran, like Rivers, by their Path.
17. Yet, in the Deſert, more they ſinn'd;
And the Moſt-High provok'd to Wrath.
18. For God they tempted in their Heart,
By aſking Meat, as Luſt them led.
19. Yea, againſt God they ſpake, and ſaid,
" Can God, in Deſerts, Tables ſpread?
20. " 'Tis true; he ſmote the Rock, and thence
" The Waters guſh'd, and Streams o'erflow;
" But can he give Supplys of Bread?
" Or Fleſh, on all this Hoſt, beſtow?
21. *Jehovah* heard, was very wroth,
And flaming Fire on *Jacob* fell;
His burning Anger fiercely roſe,
Againſt unthankful *Iſrael*.
22. Becauſe they God would not believe;
Nor in his Care, and Help, confide.
23. Tho' his Command, the Clouds above,
And Doors of Heav'n, had open'd wide.
24. He rain'd down *Manna*, for their Bread;
And gave them Corn, from Heav'n, to eat.
25. Thus Man was fed with Angel's Food!
And to the Full he gave them Meat.

26. In

26. In Heav'n he made the East Wind blow,
And rais'd the South, by his Command.
27. On them he rain'd down Flesh, like Dust;
Wing'd Fowl, as Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28. He let it fall within their Camp;
And with it spread their Tents around.
29. So they did eat, and were well fill'd;
For thus their own Desire he crown'd.

30. Their Lusting still remain'd uncur'd;
But while the Meat was in their Throat,
31. God's Wrath arose, and slew their Chiefs;
Down *Isr'el*'s chosen young Men smote.

Third PART.

32. Yet, for all this, they sinned still;
His wondrous Works gain'd no Belief.
33. Thence he their Days consum'd in vain,
Their Years in terrifying Grief.
34. When some he slew, they sought him then;
And turn'd to God, with early Cry.
35. They call'd to Mind he was their Rock,
And their Redeemer, God Most-High.

36. But him they flatter'd with their Mouth;
And with their Tongues they basely ly'd.
37. For still their Heart was not sincere;
Nor in his Cov'nant did abide.
38. Yet full of Mercy, he forgave;
Nor brought them to Destruction quite:
Yea, oft he turn'd his Anger by;
Nor once did all his Wrath excite.

39. For he remember'd, they were frail,
Weak Flesh, whose greatest Strength is vain;
A Puff of Wind, which flyes away,
And never more returns again.

40. How oft they God provok'd, and griev'd,
In Deſerts, where his Pow'r was ſhown?
41. They turned back, and tempted God,
Did limit *Iſr'el*'s holy One.

Fourth PART.

42. They thought not on the Hand, nor Day,
Which from their Foes Deliv'rance brought.
43. How God his Signs, in *Egypt*'s Land,
In *Zoan*'s Field, his Wonders, wrought,
44. He turn'd their Rivers, and their Streams,
To Blood; they could not drink the Gore.
45. Huge Swarms of divers Flies, and Frogs,
He ſent to plague, and to devour.

46. To Caterpillars, he, their Store,
And Labours to the Locuſt, doom'd.
47. Their chearing Vines, he kill'd with Hail;
Their Sycomores with Froſt conſum'd.
48. He gave their Cattle to the Hail;
Their Flocks hot Thunder-Bolts devour'd.
49. On them he caſt his fierceſt Wrath,
And Troops of evil Angels pour'd.

50. He weigh'd his Anger's Path, nor ſpar'd
From Death; the Plague upon them came.
51. *Egypt*'s Firſt-born he ſmote, the chief,
And Strength, of all the Land of *Ham*.
52. But forth, like Sheep, he led his Tribes;
Thro' Deſerts his own Flock did guide.
53. He led them ſafely, without Fear,
Where, on their Foes, he rowl'd the Tide.

54. He them conducted, till they reach'd
The Borders of his holy Land;
Till to this Mountain they arriv'd,
The Purchaſe of his own Right-hand.

55. The

55. The heathen Tribes, he did expel,
Before their Face; to them divide
Their Lots by Line; and made the Tribes
Of *Iſr'el* in their Tents reſide.

Fifth PART.

56. They tempted ſtill, and God Moſt-high
Provok'd; nor did his Laws obey.
57. They, like their Fathers, falſly dealt;
Like a falſe Bow, they turn'd away.
58. His Anger their high Places ſtir'd;
Their Idols mov'd his Jealouſy.
59. When God heard this, then he was wroth,
And loathed *Iſr'el* vehemently.

60. Then *Shiloh*'s Tent he quite forſook;
Where he was wont with Men to dwell:
61. Th' Ark of his Strength he captive ſold;
In Hands of Foes his Glory fell.
62. He gave his People to the Sword;
Againſt his Heritage he flam'd.
63. Their youngMen were with Fire conſum'd;
The Nuptial Songs were rarely nam'd.

64. Their guilty Prieſts fell by the Sword;
Nor did their Widows ſcarce repine.
65. *Jehovah* rous'd, as one from Sleep;
As ſtrong Men ſhout, enflam'd with Wine.
66. Then, in the hinder Parts, he ſmote,
And put to endleſs Shame, their Foes.
67. Yet did he *Joſeph*'s Tent refuſe;
Nor more the Tribe of *Ephraim* choſe.

68. But he ſelected *Judah*'s Tribe;
The Mountain *Sion*, which he lov'd.
69. There rais'd his Temple up on high;
And fix'd it, like the Earth, unmov'd.

70. He chose his Servant *David*, whom
He from the Sheepfold did advance;
71. From tending Ewes, *Jacob* to feed,
And *Isr'el*, his Inheritance.

72. So he the Tribes of *Isr'el* led,
With great Integrity of Heart;
And guided all their State-Affairs,
With skilfull Hands, and prudent Art.

PSALM LXXIX.

THE Heathen, Lord, thy Heritage,
Did furiously invade;
Defil'd thy Temple, and in Heaps,
Jerusalem have laid.
2. The Bodies of thy Servants slain,
For Meat to Fowls of Heav'n;
And thy Saints Flesh, to savage Beasts,
They cruelly have giv'n.

3. They round about *Jerusalem*,
Their Blood, like Water, shed;
And none was found to pay the last
Kind Office to the Dead.
4. Our Neighbours load us with Reproach,
Our Fame they deeply wound;
We're made the very Scorn, and Mock
Of all the Nations round.

5. How long, *Jehovah!* Shall thy Wrath
Against us ne'er expire?
Shall thy inflamed Jealousy,
Burn like devouring Fire?
6. On heathen Tribes, who know not Thee,
Thy wrathful Vengeance pour;
On impious Kingdoms, which thy Name
Ne'er rev'rence, and adore.

7. For

7. For they have greedily devour'd
Thy Fav'rite *Jacob*'s Race;
Their Rage has utterly laid waſte
His ancient dwelling Place.

Second PART.

8. Mind not againſt us former Sins,
Let tender Mercy flow;
Our Ruin ſpeedily prevent,
We're brought exceeding low.

9. Help us, O our Salvation's God,
For th' Honour of thy Name;
For thy Name's Sake, deliver us,
And purge our Souls from Blame.

10. Why ſay the Heathen, "Where's their God?
Among the Nations ſpread
Thy Fame, in Vengeance, in our Sight,
For Blood of Saints they've ſhed.

11. O let, before thy Face, aſcend
The ſighing Priſ'ner's Cry;
By thy great Pow'r, preſerve the Sons
Of Death, condemn'd to die.

12. Into their Boſom ſeven-fold,
Our Neighbour's Spite reward,
And the Reproach, wherewith they have
Reproached Thee, O Lord.

13. Then we thy Flock, thy Paſture's Sheep,
Will give thee Thanks always;
From Age to Age, we will ſhew forth
Our great Redeemer's Praiſe.

PSALM LXXX.

THOU, who led'ſt *Joſeph*, like a Flock,
O *Iſr'el*'s Shepherd hear;
Who dwell'ſt between the Cherubims,
Shine forth in Glory there.

2. Before *Manaſſeh*, *Benjamin*,
With *Ephraim*, thy Rearward;
Stir up thy Strength, and ſpeedy come,
Our Saviour, and our Guard.

3. Turn us again, O God, and cauſe
Thy Face, ſo us'd to ſave,
To ſhine forth upon us, then we
Deliverance ſhall have.

4. How long, *Jehovah*, God of Hoſts,
Wilt thou, in Anger, ſmoke
Againſt thy People's mournful Pray'r,
And they in vain invoke.

5. Thou do'ſt abundant flowing Tears,
For Meat, and Drink, impoſe.

6. A Strife we're to our Neighbours made;
A Laughter to our Foes.

7. Turn us, O God of Hoſts, and cauſe
Thy Face, ſo us'd to ſave,
To ſhine forth upon us, then we
Deliverance ſhall have.

Second PART.

8. From *Egypt*, thou did'ſt bring a Vine,
Under Oppreſſion bred;
The Heathen, noxious Weeds, caſt out,
And plant it in their Stead.

9. Before it thou prepared'ſt Room,
Where it was meant to ſtand;
There thou did'ſt make it take deep Root,
It grew, and fill'd the Land.

10. It's Shade did Mountains over-caſt,
And Boughs God's Cedars hide.

11. Her Arms ſtretch'd to the Weſtern Sea,
Her Branch *Euphrates* Side.

12. Oh!

12. Oh! why then haſt thou broken down
Her Hedge, and laid her bare?
That all the Paſſengers that Way,
Do her in Pieces tear.

13. The Boar, out of the Wood, doth root,
And ſadly lay it waſte;
The wild Beaſts of the Field do make
Her Cluſters their Repaſt.

Third PART.

14. Return, O God of Hoſts, we pray,
And let thine Heart incline,
To look from Heav'n, and behold,
And viſit ſoon this Vine.

15. The Vineyard, which thine own Right-hand
Did plant, and guard ſo long;
The Branch, which for thy ſelf alone,
Thou mad'ſt ſo very ſtrong.

16. Behold, thy Vine is burnt with Fire,
It's Branches are cut down;
They periſh do at thy Rebuke,
Becauſe thy Face doth frown.

17. Upon the Man of thy Right-hand,
Let thy Hand be diſplay'd;
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong, for thyſelf, haſt made.

18. So we will not from Thee revolt,
Nor more incur thy Blame;
Oh, do thou us revive, and we
Will call upon thy Name.

19. Lord, God of Hoſts, turn us, and cauſe
Thy Face, ſo us'd to ſave,
To ſhine forth upon us, then we
Deliverance ſhall have.

PSALM LXXXI.

With raiſed Voice, to God, our Strength,
Aloud his Praiſes ſing;
With Shouting, make a joyful Noiſe,
To *Jacob*'s God, and King.

2. Strike up a Pſalm, the Timbrel bring,
And with your Voices join;
The pleaſant Harp, and Pſaltery,
In Conſort ſweet combine.

3. The Trumpet blow, in the New-Moon;
When our Feaſt-Days arrive.

4. To *Iſr'el*, for a Statute Law,
This *Jacob*'s God did give.

5. This Witneſs he, in *Joſeph*, ſet,
When thorough *Egypt*'s Land
He went; where we a Language heard,
We could not underſtand.

6. Then, from his Shoulders, I remov'd,
The Burden on him lay;
His Hands then ceaſed from the Pots,
And working in the Clay.

7. In thy Diſtreſs, thou call'dſt on me,
And I thy Griefs remov'd;
In Thunders ſecret Place reply'd,
At *Maſſah*'s Stream thee prov'd.

Second PART.

8. "Hear, O my People, my Proteſt;
"O *Iſr'el* hear my Word.

9. "No ſtrange God ſhall in thee be found;
"No foreign Lord ador'd.

10. "*Jehovah*, I thy God, thee brought
"From *Egypt*'s miry Clays;
"Thy Mouth wide open, I'll it fill,
"With Plenty, and with Praiſe.

11.

11. " But *Isr'el* would not hear my Voice;
" Nor me their Choice would make.
12. " So I them left to their Heart's Lusts,
" Their own Advice to take.
13. Oh, that my People me had heard,
And walk'd in my Command.
14. I would have soon subdu'd their Foes,
And on them turn'd my Hand.
15. From them that hate the Lord, I would
A forc'd Submission gain;
But as for them, their happy Times
Forever should remain.
16. I would have fed them with the best,
And finest of the Wheat;
Of Honey, from the Rock distill'd,
They, to their Fill, should eat.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD, in the Congregation, stands,
Among the Men of Might;
The earthly Gods he strict surveys,
Their Actions judges right.
2. " How long, (said he) then, will you dare
" False Judgment to award;
" The Wicked's Person to accept,
" And partially regard?
3. " Defend the Poor, and Fatherless,
" And right the Weak distress'd.
4. " From wicked Hands, deliver those,
" With Tyranny, oppress'd.
5. They know not, nor will understand,
But walk perversly blind;
The Earth's Foundations all are mov'd,
And greatly undermin'd.

6. " I

6. "I ſaid, Ye're Gods; all of you Sons
"Of the Moſt-High did call.
7. "But ye ſhall die, like common Men,
"Like other Princes fall.
8. Ariſe, O God, and judge the Earth,
Reſtore loſt Righteouſneſs:
For thou, the Nations of the World,
As Sov'reign ſhalt poſſeſs.

PSALM LXXXII. *2d Meetre.*

AMidſt th' Aſſemblies of the Great,
The World's great Ruler takes his Seat,
And earthly Gods doth judge; (and ſays)
2. "How long will ye pervert the Laws,
"Accept the Perſon, plead the Cauſe,
"Of ſuch as walk in wicked Ways.
3. "Defend the Poor, and Fatherleſs;
"To ſuch as are in deep Diſtreſs
"Impartial Juſtice let be done.
4. "Looſe the Oppreſſed's heavy Bands;
"And, from the Wicked's griping Hands,
"Deliver ye the needy one.
5. They know not, nor will underſtand,
They walk in Darkneſs; thro' the Land,
The Earth's Supports are overthrown.
6. "You I have honour'd with my Name,
"And ſtyl'd you Gods; ye all, in Fame,
"For Sons of the Moſt-High have ſhone.
7. "But ye ſhall die, like common Men,
"Like other Princes fall; and then
"Account to me, for all your Wrongs.
8. Ariſe, O God, to judge the Earth;
For ev'ry Nation from it's Birth,
To Thee, by ſov'reign Right belongs.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIII.

O GOD, to our repeated Cries,
No longer Silence keep;
Hold not thy Peace, as unconcern'd,
Nor let thy Vengeance sleep.

2. For lo, thine Enemies, O God,
Have a fierce Tumult made;
And those, that impiously Thee hate,
In Pride lift up the Head.

3. Against thy People they consult,
And all their Craft employ;
Their chief Design's thy hidden ones
Intirely to destroy.

4. "Come, said they, let us wholly root
"The Nation from the Ground;
"That *Isr'el's* hated Name, no more
"Be in Remembrance found.

5. Together they, with one Consent,
In Counsel, have combin'd;
These diff'ring Nations, close in League,
Against Thee, Lord, are join'd.

6. There's *Esau's* Sons, who dwell in Tents,
Ishm'el's rejected Line,
Moab, of Incest eldest Brood,
With *Hagar's Arabs* joyn.

7. Strong *Gebal*, *Ammon*, *Moab's* Kin,
With *Amalek* conspire;
The Lords of *Palestine's* Sea Coast,
And with them wealthy *Tyre*.

8. Proud *Ashur's* pow'rfull Troops, the League,
And common Cause, espouse;
These prove the strongest Arm of Strength,
To *Lot's* apostate House.

Second

9. But let ſuch Vengeance on them fall,
As *Midian* overtook;
As *Siſera*, and *Jabin*, felt,
At *Kiſhon*'s fatal Brook.

10. Where all their mighty num'rous Hoſt,
Were put to Rout, and ſlain;
Who left their Carcaſſes for Dung,
On *Endor*'s fertile Plain.

11. As *Zeb*, and *Oreb*, make their Chiefs,
Like Vengeance ſeiſe them all:
As *Zeba*, and *Zalmunna*, fell,
May all their Princes fall.

12. Who boaſting, ſaid, "Let's ſeiſe for ours
"Each Houſe of God we find.

13. My God, to Ruin whirl them round,
As Chaff before the Wind.

14. As raging Fire conſumes the Woods,
With Flames the Mountains blaze.

15. So with thy Tempeſt them purſue,
And with thy Storm amaze.

16. Their Faces fill with Shame, that they
May ſeek *Jehovah*'s Name.

17. Or them confound, and terrify,
Until they dye in Shame.

18. The Nations then ſhall know, that thou;
To whom alone pertains
The Name *Jehovah*, art Moſt-high,
O'er Earth's extended Plains.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable, Lord of Hoſts,
How pleaſant is the Place,
Where thou, on Earth, art wont to ſhew
The Glories of thy Face?

2. My

2. My Soul doth long, yea, faint to ſee
Jehovah's choſen Seat;
My Heart, and Fleſh, ſpring up for Joy,
The living God to meet.

3. The Birds, near to thine Altars, build
Their Neſts, for their Abode;
There hatch their Young; O Lord of Hoſts,
My Sov'reign, and my God.

4. O happy Men, who in thy Houſe
Abide; ſtill they'll Thee praiſe:
5. Whoſe Strength's in Thee, and Hearts are bent
To travel *Sion*'s Ways.

6. Who, paſſing *Baca*'s thirſty Vale,
Provide themſelves with Wells,
And Ciſterns; which the Rain from Heav'n,
For their Refreſhment, fills.

7. Strengthen'd they go, till they, with God,
In *Sion*'s Mount appear.

8. Lord, God of Hoſts, my Pray'r regard,
O *Jacob*'s God give Ear.

Second PART.

9. O God, who art our only Shield,
Look graciouſly on me;
And, with thy wonted Smiles, the Face
Of thine anointed ſee.

10. For in thy ſacred Courts, a Day,
A Thouſand does excell.
My God's Houſe Doors I'd rather keep,
In wicked Tents, than dwell.

11. *Jehovah* is our Sun, and Shield,
Will Grace, and Glory, give;
And, no Good Thing, will he deny,
Thoſe who uprightly live.

12. O

12. O thou, the ſov'reign Lord of all
The Hoſts in Heav'n, Earth, Sea;
That Man is truly bleſs'd, who puts
His Truſt alone in Thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

THOU, Lord, thy Land haſt Favour ſhown:
And back thy captiv'd *Jacob* led.
2. Thy People's Guilt haſt lifted off;
And all their Sin haſt covered.
3. Thou all thine Anger haſt remov'd;
Thy flaming Wrath thou do'ſt appeaſe.
4. Turn us, O our Salvation's God;
And let thine Anger wholly ceaſe.

5. Wilt thou, with us, be angry ſtill?
Thro' Ages ſhall thy Wrath remain?
6. Wilt thou not us again revive;
That we may Joy in Thee regain?
7. *Jehovah*, graciouſly appear,
And tender Pity to us ſhow;
All the Salvation which we need,
Upon us bounteouſly beſtow.

Second PART.

8. I'll wait to hear what God will ſay,
For to his People he'll ſpeak Peace,
And to his Saints; but let not them
Return again to Fooliſhneſs.
9. To them that fear his ſacred Name,
Sure, his Salvation's near at Hand;
That th' ancient Glory may return,
And firmly ſettle in our Land.

10. Mercy, and Truth, ſhall friendly meet;
Juſtice, and Peace, kindly embrace
11. Truth ſprings from th'Earth, while Righte-[ouſneſs
From Heav'n looks down with ſmiling Face.

12. Yea, what is Good the Lord will give;
Our Land it's yearly Fruits diſplay.
13. Before him, Righteouſneſs ſhall march;
And guide our Steps in his juſt Way.

PSALM LXXXVI.

BOW down, O Lord, thine Ear, hear me;
Oppreſs'd, and Poor, am I.
2. Keep thou my righteous Soul, which doth
On Thee, my God, rely.
3. To Thee, I daily make my Pray'r;
Have Mercy, Lord, on me,
4. Joy, to thy Servant's Soul, reſtore;
Who liſts his Heart to Thee.

5. For thou, O Lord, art good and kind,
Ready to pardon all;
Plenteous in Mercy unto them,
In Truth, that on Thee call.
6. Lord, hear my Pray'r, and to the Voice
of my Requeſt attend.
7. In Straits, I'll call on Thee, who wilt
A gracious Anſwer ſend.

8. Among the Gods there's none like Thee;
Nor any Works like thine.
9. The Nations all, whom thou haſt made,
Shall in ſweet Conſort join;
Themſelves ſhall bow before thy Face,
And glorify thy Name.
10. For thou art great; thy wondrous Works
Thee, God alone, proclaim.

Second PART.

11. Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
In Truth will perſevere;
Unite, and fix, my wand'ring Heart,
Thy ſacred Name to fear. 12. With

12. With all my Heart, I'll praiſe Thee, Lord,
Thy Glories ever tell.
15. For thy great Mercy has my Soul,
Freed from the loweſt Hell.

14. O God, the Proud againſt me riſe,
And pow'rfull Troops have ſought
To take my Life; who ne'er employ,
On Thee, one ſerious Thought.
15. But thou, O Lord, a merciſull,
And gracious God, art found:
Thine Anger is not ſoon provok'd,
Thy Grace, and Truth, abound.

16. O turn to me thy placid Face,
Let Pity now be ſhown;
Thy Strength, unto thy Servant, give,
And ſave thine Hand-Maid's Son.
17. Such Marks of Favour to me ſhow,
As all my Foes may ſee,
Oppreſs'd with Shame; becauſe, Lord, thou
Doſt help, and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

JEhovah, in the holy Mounts,
Has his Foundation laid.
2. His Love's, to *Sion*'s Gates, more than
All *Jacob*'s Tents, diſplay'd.
3. Moſt glorious Things are ſpoke of thee,
And ſpread thy Fame abroad,
O thou *Jeruſalem*; which art
The City of our God.

4. *Eygpt*, and *Babylon*, I'll name,
(They ſomewhat have me known,)
Philiſtia, *Tyre*, and *Cuſh*; lo there
Sprang ſome of great Renown.

5. But

5. But this of *Sion* ſhall be ſaid,
There many ſuch were born;
And the Moſt-High himſelf ſhall her
Eſtabliſh, and adorn.

6. The Lord, when he makes up the Roll,
Shall note, There born was he.
7. There Singers, and ſweet Harpers, join;
My Springs are all in Thee.

PSALM LXXXVII. *2d Meetre.*

Jehovah his Foundations laid,
On the renowned ſacred Hills;
2. To *Sion*'s Gates, his Love's diſplay'd,
More than the Tents were *Jacob* dwells.
3. Moſt glorious Things are ſpoke abroad,
Of thee, O City of our God.

4. I'll *Rahab* name, and *Babylon*,
(Which know me,) with *Philiſtia*,
And *Tyre*, and *Cuſh*; perhaps there's one,
Sprang from them, famous in their Day.
5. But *Sion*'s fam'd for bringing forth
Many renowned Men of Worth:

The Higheſt ſhall eſtabliſh her,
With future Worthies her adorn.
6. When God ſhall the grand Roll prefer,
He'll note, There ſuch an one was born.
7. Singers, and Harpers, there abound;
And all my Springs in thee are found.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

LORD, God of my Salvation, I
To Thee, by Day, and Night, do cry.
2. Before Thee, let my Pray'r appear;
And to my Cry encline thine Ear.

3. Troubles

3. Troubles, my Soul, ſo filled have,
My Life draws nigh unto the Grave.
4. I'm number'd with the Dead; as one
Whoſe Strength is loſt, and Spirit gone.

5. As free among the dead am I,
Like ſlain Men, in their Graves that ly,
Whom thou in Mind no more do'ſt bear;
Who by thy Hand conſumed are.
6. Thou'ſt plung'd me in the Pit moſt low,
In Darkneſs in the Depth of Woe.
7. On me thy Wrath has heavy lain?
And all thy Waves encreas'd my Pain.

8. Yea, thoſe that mine Acquaintance were,
From me thou haſt removed far;
A loathſome Spectacle I'm made;
Shut up, to walk abroad afraid.
9. Mine Eye, the Marks of Sorrow, wears,
And ſpends itſelf in flowing Tears;
To Thee *Jehovah*, I have pray'd,
And daily ſtretch'd my Hands, for Aid.

Second PART.

10. Wilt thou ſhew Wonders to the Dead?
Shall dead Men riſe, thy Praiſe to ſpread?
11. Shall thy great Love the Grave confeſs?
Deſtruction ſpeak thy Faithfulneſs?
12. In Darkneſs ſhines thy mighty Hand?
Thy Juſtice in Oblivion's Land?
13. Tho', Lord, I've cry'd in vain, each Day,
Before Thee; ſtill I'll early pray.

14. Why, Lord, caſt'ſt thou my Soul from Thee?
Why hid'ſt thy gracious Face from me?
15. Diſtreſs'd from Youth, brought nigh the Grave,
Thy Terrors me Amazement gave.

16. Thy

16. Thy fierce Wrath over me hath paſt;
Thy Terrors held, and bound me faſt.
17. Daily, around me, like the Tide,
They flow, and compaſs ev'ry Side.

18. Lover, and Friend, I dearly lov'd,
Thou from my Sight haſt far remov'd;
And thoſe that my Acquaintance were,
In Darkneſs hide themſelves, for Fear.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THE Mercies of the Lord, I'll ſing,
And never ceaſe the Song;
From Age to Age, thy Faithfulneſs
I'll publiſh with my Tongue.
2. For I have ſaid, that Mercy ſhall
Forever built remain;
Thy Faithfulneſs, thou, in the Heav'ns,
And like them, wilt maintain.

3. " With mine Elect, I form'd a League,
" An Oath to *David* ſwore;
4. " I'll fix thy Seed, and build thy Throne,
" Secure forevermore.
5. The Heav'ns, for thy great Wonder, Lord,
Shall with thy Praiſes ring;
While thine aſſembled Saints, on Earth,
Thy Faithfulneſs ſhall ſing.

6. But who of all the heav'nly Hoſts,
May with the Lord compare?
What Sons of all the earthly Gods,
Vie with *Jehovah*, dare?
7. God's Terror ſtrikes his Saints below,
With a religious Fear;
And awful Rev'rence guards the Minds,
That round his Throne appear.

Second

Second PART.

8. Lord, God of Hosts, who's arm'd with Pow'r,
Or girt with Truth, like Thee?
9. Proud Waves arise, are still, and calm,
As thou do'st rule the Sea.
10. Thou, *Egypt*'s Pow'r, with deadly Wounds,
Hast into Pieces broke;
Thine Arm of Strength dispers'd thy Foes,
With an avenging Stroke.
11. Thine are the Heav'ns, the Earth is thine,
Which thou alone hast made;
As for the World, with all it's Stores,
God it's Foundation laid.
12. The northern, and the southern Poles,
Thou, by thy Pow'r, did'st frame;
Tabor, and *Hermon*, famous Mounts,
Rejoice shall in thy Name.
13. Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Thy Right-hand's fam'd in Deed.
14. Justice and Judgment, found thy Throne,
While Grace and Truth, precede.
15. Blest Men! who know the joyful Sound;
They in thy Favour walk.
16. All Day, they in thy Name, rejoice;
Justice shall them exalt.
17. Thou, Glory of their Strength, shalt raise
Our Horn, thro' Favour shown.
18. *Jehovah*'s our Defence; our King
Is *Isr'el*'s holy One.

Third PART.

19. " In Vision, to thine holy One.
" Thou said'st, I'll Help impose
" On one that's mighty; whom I've rais'd,
" And from the People chose. 20.

20. " I've found my Servant *David*; him
" With holy Oil anoint.
21. " Him ſhall my Hand confirm; mine Arm
" Support whom I appoint.

22. " No En'mies Arts ſhall him deceive;
" Nor wicked Men controul.
23. " I'll cruſh his Foes, before his Face,
" And plague the ſpiteful Soul.
24. " My Truth, & Grace, with him, ſhall raiſe
" His Horn high, in my Name:
25. " His Left-Hand Bounds, I'll fix the Sea;
" His Right, *Euphrates* Stream.

26. " To me my Father, God, and Rock
" Of Safety, he ſhall cry.
27. " I'll place him my Firſt-born, above
" All earthly Kings, moſt high.
28. " I'll ever Mercy for him keep;
" My Cov'nant ſtandeth faſt.
29. " His Seed ſhall never fail, his Throne,
" As Days of Heav'n, ſhall laſt.

Fourth PART.

30. " But if his Sons forſake my Law,
" And from my Judgments ſtray;
31. " If they my Statutes break, and dare
" My Precepts diſobey:
32. " Their Sin I'll viſit with a Rod;
" With Stripes, as Crimes prevail.
33. " But from him I'll not take my Love;
" My Truth ſhall never fail.

34. " My Cov'nant I will never break;
" Nor, what I've ſaid, deny.
35. " Once, by my Holineſs, I've ſworn;
" I'll not to *David* lye.

36. " His Race ſhall never fail; his Throne
" Shall, as the Sun, endure:
37. " Fix'd ever, as the Moon; in Heav'n,
" Which, Witneſſes, are ſure.

38. But thine Anointed, thou, in Scorn,
And Anger, off haſt caſt.
39. Thou mad'ſt thy Servant's Cov'nant void,
In Duſt his Crown debas'd.
40. Thou, all his Hedges, haſt broke down;
His Forts in Ruin laid.
41. He's ſpoil'd by all that by him paſs;
His Neighbour's Scorn he's made.

42. His Foes thou cauſeſt to rejoice;
Confirming their Right-Hand.
43. His Sword was blunted, nor could he
In Day of Battle ſtand.
44. His Throne thou level'ſt with the Ground;
And haſt eclips'd his Fame.
45. His Youth, and Reign, thou ſhort haſt cut;
And cover'd him with Shame.

Fifth PART.

46. How long, O Lord, wilt thou abſcond,
And we thy Abſence mourn?
Forever? Shall thy Wrath, like Fire,
Againſt thy People burn?
47. Oh, call to Mind, what is the Age
Thou doſt for Man ordain?
Wherefore haſt thou created all
The Sons of Men in vain.

48. What Man that lives, can Death eſcape?
What Skill, or Pow'r, can ſave
His Soul from his ſtrong griping Hands?
Or reſcue from the Grave?

49. Where's,

49. Where's Lord, thy former Love, thou didſt,
In Truth, to *David*, ſwear?
50. Remember, Lord, with what Contempt,
Thy Servants treated are:
I've, in my Boſom, the Reproach
Of mighty People borne;
51. Wherewith thine Enemies, O Lord,
Have poured out their Scorn;
They thine Anointed's Steps traduc'd,
And thus reproached Thee.
52. Bleſs'd be the Lord forevermore;
Amen; Amen; ſay we.

PSALM XC. Fourth Book.

THro' all the changing Scenes, have paſt
Over thy choſen Race;
Thou, Lord, alone, from Age to Age,
Haſt been our dwelling Place.
2. Before the Mountains, Earth, or World,
Were formed by thy Nod;
Thou Lord, from everlaſting art,
To everlaſting, God.
3. 'Tis thou, to Rottenneſs, and Duſt,
Doſt turn weak mortal Man;
For thou haſt ſaid, "Ye *Adam*'s Sons,
"Return to Earth again.
4. And ſhould he reach a Thouſand Years,
It would be, in thy Sight,
But as a Day, that's paſt, and gone;
Or a ſhort Watch by Night.
5. As with a Flood's moſt rapid Stream,
Thou doſt them ſweep away;
Like Dreams they vaniſh; in the Morn,
As Graſs, look fair, and gay:

6. But howſoe'er it looks, away
It's Morning Beauty flies;
When Ev'ning comes, 'tis all cut down,
It withereth up, and dies.

7. We, by thine Anger, are conſum'd;
Thy Wrath does us affright.
8. Thou ſet'ſt our Crimes, and ſecret Sins,
All plain before thy Sight.
9. Thence, all our Days, in thy hot Wrath,
To ſpeedy End are brought;
We ſpend our Years, as quick as Speech,
Swift as a Breath, or Thought.

10. Our Days are Threeſcore Years and Ten;
If Strength to Fourſcore ſtay,
'Tis Grief, and Pain; we're ſoon cut off,
And hence we fly away.

Second PART.

11. Oh! Who doth know thine Anger's Force!
Wrath, as thy Fear, is great!
12. Teach us to number ſo our Days,
That we may Wiſdom get.
13. Return, *Jehovah*, O return;
How long ſhall be the Space?
And let thy yearning Bowels move,
To ſhew thy Servants Grace.

14. Oh, let thy Mercy early fill
Our Souls, and Spirits raiſe;
That we may triumph, and rejoice,
Thro' all our future Days.
15. May our ſucceeding Days, and Years,
Abundant Comfort yield:
As all our former Ones have been,
With great Affliction fill'd.

16. Let

16. Let this thy ſpecial Work of Love,
Be to thy Servants ſhown;
The Glory of thy promis'd Grace,
To all their Offspring known.
17. The Beauty of the Lord, our God,
Let on us ever ſhine;
Guide, and confirm, our handy Work,
And proſper our Deſign.

PSALM XCI.

HE that, the Higheſt's ſecret Place,
His ſure Retreat, has made,
Secure ſhall reſt, from threat'ning Ills,
Beneath th' Almighty's Shade.
2. Of this *Jehovah*, I will ſay,
"He is my Refuge high,
"My ſtrong Munition, and my God;
"On him I will rely.

3. Surely; he ſhall deliver thee,
Out of the Fowler's Snare;
And ſave thee, when the noiſome Plague
Infects the vital Air.
4. His Feathers ſhall thee cover o'er,
His Wings Protection yield;
His never-failing Truth ſhall be
Thy Buckler, and thy Shield.

5. Thou ſhalt no nightly Terrors fear;
Nor Shafts that fly by Day:
6. No fatal Plague, that darkly walks;
Nor Noon's malignant Ray.
7. Thouſands ſhall fall around thee ſlain;
Yet ſhall it not touch thee.
8. Thine Eyes ſhall only this behold,
And Sinners Portion ſee.

Second PART.

9. Becauſe my Refuge, God, Moſt-high,
Thy Dwelling thou haſt made;
10. Therefore, no Ill ſhall thee befall,
Nor Plague thy Houſe invade.
11. He'll charge his Angels, thee to keep,
In all thy Ways, from Harms,
12. They, leſt a Stone offend thy Feet,
Shall bear thee in their Arms.

13. On th' Aſp, and Lyon, thou ſhalt tread,
Fearleſs, when e'er ye meet;
The Lyon young, and Dragons fierce,
Shalt trample under Feet.
14. "Becauſe his Love is fix'd on me,
"His Freedom I proclaim;
"I'll ſet him high, from Dangers ſafe,
"For he hath known my Name.

15. "When e'er he calls, I'll anſwer him;
"In Troubles I'll be nigh,
"To reſcue him from ev'ry Ill;
"And raiſe his Honour high.
16. "With Length of Days, as beſt ſhall be,
"I'll ſatisfy his Soul;
"Then my Salvation to him ſhew,
"Where endleſs Pleaſures rowl.

PSALM XCII.

1. TIS good, and ſweet, to thank the Lord;
Praiſe to thy Name to ſing, Moſt-high.
2. Each Morn, thy Kindneſs, to record;
And ev'ry Night, thy Verity.
3. Upon a Ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument,
With Pſaltery, in ſweet Compound;
On ſprightly Harp, in one Conſent,
With ſacred Songs, and ſolemn Sound.

4. Thou, thro' thy Work of Pow'r, and Grace,
O Lord, haſt made my Heart rejoice;
The Works thine Hand hath wro't, ſhall raiſe
My ſhout to Thee, with thankful Voice.
5. How wondrous great thy Works are, Lord!
And how profoundly deep thy Thought!
6. A brutiſh Man knows not thy Word;
Nor Fools perceive what thou haſt wrought.

7. When, like the Graſs, the Wicked ſpring,
And flouriſhing, look freſh, and fair;
It is, that thou may'ſt on them bring
An endleſs Ruin, and Deſpair.
8. But thou, Lord, ever art Moſt-high.
9. For lo, thy Foes ſhall quite decay;
And all that work Iniquity,
In Wrath, ſhall be diſpers'd away.

10. But thou, mine Horn, on high ſhalt raiſe,
Fix'd as the Unicorn's, ſecure;
Thy freſh anointing Oyl conveys
New Joys to me, unmix'd, and pure.
11. Mine Eyes ſhall ſee th' expected Doom,
Mine Ears the diſmal End ſhall hear,
That on my ſecret Foes ſhall come;
And thoſe me open Malice bear.

12. The Juſt, like fruitful Palms, ſhall thrive;
Like *Lebanon*'s tall Cedars grow.
13. They in the Lord's Houſe planted, live,
And flouriſh, in his Courts below.
14. They ſtill bear Fruit, when aged grown;
With Vigour fill'd, and Verdure crown'd.
15. The Lord, my Rock, thus upright's known;
In him there's no Injuſtice found.

PSALM XCII. *2d Meetre.*

'TIS good to thank the Lord,
And ſing thy Praiſe, Moſt-high:
2. Each Morn, thy Kindneſs to record,
Each Night, thy Verity.
3. On Ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument,
With Pſalt'ry's tuneful Wind;
On ſprightly Harps, in one Conſent,
With ſolemn Voices joyn'd.

4. Thy Work of Pow'r, and Grace,
Lord, makes my Heart rejoice;
I, in thy handy-Works, will raiſe,
With Shouts of Praiſe, my Voice.
5. How great thy Works are, Lord!
How very deep thy Thought!
6. A brutiſh Man knows not thy Word;
Nor Fools what thou haſt wrought.

7. When wicked Men do ſpring,
Like Graſs, look freſh, and fair,
'Tis that to Ruin thou may'ſt them bring,
And cover with Deſpair.
8. Thou'rt ever, Lord, Moſt-high.
9. For lo, thy Foes ſhall fall;
And they that work Iniquity,
Shall be diſperſed all.

10. But thou mine Horn ſhalt raiſe,
As Unicorn's, on high;
And with freſh Oyl, thro' all my Days,
Anointed be ſhall I.
11. Mine Eye ſhall ſee the Doom,
Mine Ear the End ſhall hear,
That on my Spies, and Foes, ſhall come;
And ſuch as Malice bear.

12. The

12. The Juſt, like Palms, ſhall thrive,
Like *Leb'non*'s Cedars grow:
13. Thoſe in the Lord's Houſe planted, live,
In's Courts they glorious ſhow.
14. In Age, their Fruit is bright,
With Strength, and Verdure, crown'd.
15. To ſhew the Lord, my Rock, 's upright;
In him no Falſhood's found.

PSALM XCIII.

Jehovah reigns with Strength begirt,
And Majeſty array'd,
The World immovably he fix'd,
On ſure Foundations laid.
2. Thy Throne is founded thence, thou art
From all Eternity.
3. The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice;
They toſs their Waves on high.
4. The Lord, who dwells above, tranſcends,
In Strength, the roaring Voice
Of many Waters, or the Seas
Moſt fiercely raging Noiſe.
5. *Jehovah*'s Teſtimonies are
Moſt ſure, they cannot lye;
And everlaſting Holineſs
Thy Houſe ſhould beautify.

PSALM XCIII. *2d Meetre.*

Jehovah ever reigns,
With Majeſty array'd;
And Strength begirts his Reins.
The World unmov'd is ſtay'd.
2. Thy Throne on high
Hath firmly ſtood,
For thou art God,
Eternally.

3. The Floods lift up their Voice,
The Sea in Tumult ſwells:
4. The Lord the fierceſt Noiſe
Of raging Waves excells.
5. Moſt ſure's thy Word:
Strict Holineſs
Will ever grace
Thy Houſe, O Lord.

PSALM XCIV.

Jehovah, God of Vengeance, ſhine
Forth, in thy Juſtice, bright,
2. Ariſe, thou Judge of all the Earth;
Thy haughty Foes requite.
3. How long, O Lord, ſhall wicked Men,
How long, triumph, ſhall they?
4. How long throw out, and hard Things ſpeak,
And glory in their Way?
5. Thy People, Lord, they grind to Duſt;
Thy Heritage oppreſs;
6. The Widow, and the Stranger, ſlay;
And murder, Fatherleſs.
7. "Yet ſay they, God doth not behold;
"Nor *Jacob*'s God diſcern.
8. Ye bruitiſh People think; ye Fools,
When will ye Wiſdom learn.
9. Shall he, who plants the Ear, not hear?
Nor ſee, who form'd Man's Eyes?
10. He that whole Nations doth rebuke,
Fools ſhall not he chaſtiſe?
Shall not he know, who teacheth Men
The Knowledge they attain?
11. *Jehovah* knows the Tho'ts of Man,
That they are very vain.

Second

Second PART.

12. Bleſt is the Man ! the Lord corrects,
And in his Law has taught.
13. In evil Days he reſts ; till Pits
Are for the Wicked wrought.
14. The Lord will not caſt off his Flock ;
Nor Heritage quite leave.
15. Judgment to Juſtice ſhall return ;
To it the Good ſhall cleave.
16. Againſt the Wicked and Unjuſt,
Who'll on my Side appear ?
17. My Soul had ſoon, in Silence, dwelt,
Had not the Lord, been near.
18. When e'er I cry'd, my Foot ſlips ; Lord,
Thy Mercy held me right.
19. Amidſt my many troubled Thoughts,
Thy Comforts me delight.
20. Shall unjuſt Thrones have Part with Thee,
Which Miſchief frame by Law ?
21. They meet, and join, the guiltleſs Blood
Of righteous Men to draw.
22. But thou, *Jehovah*, ſtill haſt been,
To me, a Refuge high ;
My God, who art my only Rock,
Where I for Shelter fly.
23. He ſhall, their own Iniquity,
Upon their Heads, repay ;
The Lord, our God, in their own Guilt,
Them utterly ſhall ſlay.

PSALM XCV.

O Come, let us, in Conſort, join
In Songs to great *Jehovah's* Name.
The Praiſe of our Salvation's Rock,
With joyfull Hearts, aloud proclaim.

2. Let us, with Thanks, approach his Face;
And our loud Anthems to him ſing.
3. Becauſe *Jehovah*'s a great God;
Above all Gods he's a great King.

4. the Earth's deep Caverns, with the Strength
Of lofty Hills, are in his Hand.
5. His is the Ocean, which he made;
His Hands have form'd the firmer Land.
6. Come, let us worſhip, and bow down;
Our Knees to our Creator bend.
7. For he's our God, and we the Flock,
His Paſtures feed, and Hands defend.

8. To Day, if ye will hear his Voice,
Then harden not your Hearts; as they
In Time of Provocation, did,
On *Meribah*, and *Maſſa*'s, Day.
9. Your Fathers did me tempt, and prove,
While my great Works ſhone in their Face.
10. For Forty Years, I patient bore,
Tho' weary'd, with that ſtubborn Race.

11. "This People err in Heart, I ſaid,
"My Ways they know not, tho' the beſt;
"Therefore I ſware to them, in Wrath,
"They ne'er ſhould come into my Reſt.

PSALM XCV. *2d Meetre.*

O Come, let us unite, and ſing
Unto *Jehovah*'s Name;
The Praiſe of our Salvation's Rock,
With Joy, aloud proclaim.
2. With grateful Thanks, before him come;
And joyful Hymns loud ſing.
3. Becauſe *Jehovah*'s a great God;
O'er all Gods a great King.

4. The

4. The Earth's deep Caverns, lofty Hills,
Are in his ſov'reign Hand.
5. His is the Sea, which he hath made,
His Hands form'd the dry Land.
6. Come, let us worſhip, and bow down,
Before our Maker kneel.
7. For he's our God, and we his Sheep,
He doth us feed, and heal.

8. To Day, if ye will hear his Voice,
O grow not hard, as they
In Deſert did, on *Meribah*'s,
And *Maſſa*'s woful Day.
9. Your Fathers did me tempt, and prove;
My Works ſhone in their Face.
10. I, forty Years, was grieved with
That ſtubborn, faithleſs Race.

11. I ſaid, this People err in Heart,
My Ways they will not know;
To them I ſware, in Wrath, if they
Into my Reſt ſhould go.

PSALM XCVI.

SING to *Jehovah* a new Song;
In this agree let ev'ry Tongue.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name;
Daily his ſaving Health proclaim.
3. His Glory to the Heathen ſhow;
Make all their Tribes his Wonders know.
4. God's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Fear, above all Gods, he's rais'd.

5. For Heathen Gods are but a Name;
But Heav'n's wide Arch the Lord did frame.
6. Majeſtick Honours on him wait:
Beauty, and Strength, adorn his Seat.

7. O all ye Kingdoms, ev'ry Tribe,
Glory, and Pow'r, to God aſcribe.
8. Give him the Glory, to him due;
With Off'rings to his Courts come you.

9. To worſhip, in his Houſe, repair,
Let all the Earth him rev'rence there.
10. To all the Nations this rehearſe,
Jehovah reigns thro' th' Univerſe;
The World unmov'd ſhall ſtabliſh'd be,
The People juſtly judge ſhall he.
11. Let Heav'n, and Earth, thereat rejoice,
Seas, and their Stores, with roaring Voice.

12. Let fertile Fields, and all Things there,
Their Joy, in chearful Shouts declare;
Then all the Trees ſhall leap and ſing,
And Joy, thro' all the Woods, ſhall ring.
13. Before the Lord, who comes to bleſs
The World, with Truth, and Righteouſneſs;
With Truth, and Juſtice, he ſhall come,
To paſs on all their final Doom.

PSALM XCVII.

JEhovah reigns, let all the Earth,
Triumphantly rejoice;
And let the Multitude of Iſles
Unite their chearful Voice.
2. Thick Clouds and Darkneſs him ſurround,
His Counſels are unknown;
But Righteouſneſs, and Judgment, are
The Baſis of his Throne.

3. Fire march'd before; his Foes around
Sink in the burning Flood.
4. His Light'nings blaz'd thro'out the World;
Earth ſaw, and trembling ſtood.

5. The

5. The ſolid Mountains melt, like Wax,
Before *Jehovah*'s Face;
Before that Lord, whoſe ſov'reign Rule,
O'er all the Earth, takes Place.

6. Th' extended Heav'ns, his Righteouſneſs,
Have publiſh'd all abroad;
And all the World have clearly ſeen,
The Glories of our God.

7. May all that graven Idols ſerve,
And boaſt in earthly Clods,
Of all their Folly be aſham'd;
Him worſhip all ye Gods.

8. *Sion*, and *Judah*'s Daughters, heard,
With Joy, thy Judgments, own'd.

9. For o'er the Earth, thou, Lord, art high,
Above all Gods enthron'd.

10. O ye that love, and fear, the Lord,
All Evil diſeſteem;
The holy Souls he'll guard, and them
From wicked Hands redeem.

11. For juſt, and upright Men, are ſown,
Immortal Light, and Bliſs.

12. Rejoice, ye Juſt, in God; with Thanks,
Record, his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

SIng, to *Jehovah*, a new Song,
For Wonders he hath wrought;
His Right-hand, and his holy Arm,
The Victory have got.

2. His great Salvation, to the World,
Jehovah hath made known;
He, all the Nations, openly,
His Righteouſneſs, hath ſhown.

3. His

3. His Grace, and Truth, to *Iſr'el*'s Houſe,
Fully perform'd have been;
The utmoſt Bounds of all the Earth,
Have God's Salvation ſeen.

4. Let all the Earth, their Voice, to God,
In Songs of Triumph, raiſe;
Make the Air ring, with their loud Shouts,
And jointly ſing his Praiſe.

5. Sweet Harps, and tuneful Voices join;
In Pſalms, the Lord's Praiſe ſing.
6. Trumpet, and Cornet, take, and ſhout
Before the Lord, the King.
7. Let Seas loud roar, the Earth and all
In them, in Shouts combine,
8. Let Floods clap Hands, and all the Hills
In joyful Conſort joyn.

9. Before the Lord; to judge the Earth,
He comes, in Majeſty;
The World with Juſtice, and it's Tribes,
To judge, with Equity.

PSALM XCIX.

Jehovah ſov'reign King doth reign,
Let guilty Sinners quake;
He ſits between the Cherubims,
The Earth let reel, and ſhake.
2. The Lord, in *Sion*, great appears,
High o'er all People rais'd.
3. By them, thy great, and dreadful Name,
Which holy is, be prais'd.

4. The King, in all his Strength, delights
In Judgment; he ordains
What's right; in *Jacob*, Juſtice he,
And Equity, maintains.

5. *Jehovah*,

5. *Jehovah*, our great God, exalt,
And worſhiping bow down;
Proſtrate, before his Foot ſtool, fall,
For he's the holy One.

6. *Moſes*, and *A'ron*, with his Prieſts,
Sam'el, with thoſe addreſt
His ſacred Name, call'd on the Lord;
Who anſwer'd their Requeſt.

7. God, from the Pillar of a Cloud,
Declar'd to them his Will;
Then they his Teſtimonies kept,
And Statutes did fullfill.

8. Thou anſwer'dſt them, O Lord, our God;
Thy People for their Sake,
Forgaveſt oft, yet on their Works,
Did'ſt juſt Revenges take.

9. Therefore exalt the Lord, our God,
And in his Courts adore;
Becauſe *Jehovah*, our great God
Is Holy evermore.

PSALM C.

SHout to *Jehovah* all the Earth;
2. Serve him with chearful, Heart and Voice;
Approach his Houſe with ſacred Mirth,
Before him triumph, and rejoice.

3. Know that *Jehovah*'s God alone,
Who us and all did Being give;
We are his People, not our own,
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

4. Enter his Gates with thankful Joy,
And, in his Courts, his Praiſe proclaim;
Your grateful Songs, in Thanks employ,
And ever bleſs his holy Name.

5. Becauſe

5. Becauſe *Jehovah* he is good,
His Mercy is forever ſure;
His Truth, thro' Ages paſt, has ſtood,
And ſhall, thro' ev'ry Age, endure.

PSALM C. *2d Meetre. as the old* 122.

TO God, let all the Earth
Agree, with ſacred Mirth,
In Shouts, to raiſe their chearful Voice.

2. With Gladneſs ſerve the Lord,
And come, with one Accord,
Before his Preſence, and rejoice.

3. For this you can't but own,
Jehovah's God alone;
He Life and Breath, to all did give;
His People us he choſe,
The Flock his Folds encloſe,
And we on his fat Paſtures live.

4. Enter his Gates with Joy,
In Thanks your Hearts employ,
And make his Courts reſound his Fame;
Strike up a grateful Song,
From ev'ry Heart, and Tongue,
To bleſs his great, and holy Name.

5. Becauſe the Lord is kind,
His Mercy, you ſhall find,
Is everlaſtingly ſecure;
His Truth, thro' Ages paſt,
Has ſtood unſhaken faſt,
And ſhall, thro' ev'ry Age, endure.

PSALM CI.

MErcy, and Judgment, claim my Song,
From Thee alone they ſpring:
Therefore, O Lord, my thankfull Heart
Thy Praiſe ſhall ever ſing.

2. I'll

2. I'll wiſely act, by perfect Rules,
When I the Crown receive;
The Pattern of an honeſt Heart,
To all my Court, I'll give.

3. No perverſe Thing will I intend;
I hate their ill Deſign,
Who turn aſide from ſacred Laws;
Their Works ſhall not be mine.

4. The froward, refractory Heart,
Shall from my Preſence go;
With bad Men I'll no Friendſhip make,
Nor Favour to them ſhow.

5. The private Sland'rer, I'll cut off,
Who ſeeks his Neighbour's Hurt;
The haughty Look, and proud in Heart,
I'll baniſh from my Court.

6. I'll ſearch the Land for faithful Men,
That they may dwell with me;
And he that walks in perfect Ways,
My Favourite ſhall be.

7. But artful Men of Fraud, and Guile,
In my Houſe ſhall not dwell;
Thoſe that addict themſelves to Lies,
I'll from my Sight repel.

8. My early Care ſhall be, to root
The Wicked from the Land;
That from thy City, Lord, I may
Cut off that impious Band.

PSALM CII.

JEhovah to my Pray'r attend;
Before Thee let my Cry aſcend.

2. Hide not thy Face from me, while I,
Daily oppreſs'd, in Trouble ly:

Encline

Encline thine Ear to me, with Speed,
And Anſwer give, in Time of Need.
3. My Days, like Smoke, conſume away;
Like the burnt Hearth my Bones decay.

4. MyHeart, likeGraſs, that's ſmit with Heat,
Withers; that I forget to eat.
5. By Reaſon of my conſtant Groans,
I am reduc'd to Skin, and Bones.
6. I'm like the Pelican, and Owl,
That lonely, in the Deſerts, ſtrole.
7. As mournful Sparrow, percht alone
On the Houſe Top, I watch, and moan.

8. My Foes, me daily, treat with Scorn;
Againſt me madly they have ſworn.
9. I've eaten Aſhes with my Bread;
And mix'd my Drink with Tears I ſhed,
10. For thou haſt thy hot Anger ſhown,
In Wrath thou do'ſt upon me frown;
Thou firſt did'ſt lift me up on high,
Then down moſt low haſt made me ly.

Second PART.

11. My Days decline, like th'Ev'ning Shade;
Like wither'd Graſs, my Strength's decay'd.
12. But thou, Lord, ever ſhalt endure;
Thy Mem'ry thro' all Ages ſure.
13. Riſe, Lord, for *Sion*'s Help appear;
Th' appointed Time of Favour's near.
14. Thy Servants in her Stones delight;
Her Duſt is precious in their Sight.

15. The *Gentiles*, Lord, thy Name ſhall fear;
Earth's Kings thy Glory ſhall revere.
16. When God ſhall *Sion*'s State repair,
He'll ſhine moſt bright in Glory there.

17. The

17. The Poor's Requeſt he'll then regard,
And their Petition ſhall be heard.
18. To future Ages this record;
That th' unborn Race may praiſe the Lord.
19. For he look'd down, from's Throne on high;
The Lord from Heav'n the Earth did ſpy;
20. To hear the Pris'ners Groans; and give
Leave to the poor condemn'd to live:
21. In *Sion*, to declare his Name,
His Praiſe thro' *Salem* to proclaim;
22. When *Iſr'el* there, with one Accord,
And Kingdoms meet, to ſerve the Lord.

Third PART.

23. My Strength he weaken'd in the Way;
And of my Life cut ſhort the Day.
24. I ſaid, my God, let not my Sun.
In Darkneſs, ſet, while yet 'tis Noon;
Thy Years, no run of Time can waſte,
Which thro' all endleſs Ages laſt.
25. Thou firſt the Earth's Foundations laid;
The Heav'ns are Works thine Hands have made.
26. They periſh ſhall, but thou ſhalt laſt;
They all, like Robes, decay, and waſte;
Thou as a Veſt ſhalt change them all;
And, at thy Word, be chang'd they ſhall.
27. But thou the ſame do'ſt ſtill remain;
No Bounds thy endleſs Years reſtrain.
28. Thy Servants Race ſhall yet reſide;
Their Seed, before Thee, fix'd abide.

PSALM CIII.

JOin all thy Powers, O my Soul,
God's holy Name to bleſs.
2. The Lord bleſs, O my Soul; forget
None of his Acts of Grace.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis he doth all thy Sins forgive;
And Sickneſſes remove.
4. He from the Grave redeems thy Life;
And crowns thee with his Love.
5. He fills thy Mouth with Good; thy Youth,
As th' Eagle's, he renews.
6. Judgment, and Juſtice, for th' Oppreſs'd,
The Lord himſelf purſues.
7. His Ways, to *Moſes*, he made known;
His Acts to *Iſr'el*'s Race.
8. The Lord is good, and kind; he's ſlow
To Wrath, but full of Grace.
9. He will not always chide; nor mark
Forever, when we ſwerve.
10. He chaſtens not for ev'ry Crime;
For none as we deſerve.
11. The Height of Heav'n's extended Arch,
Above this earthly Frame,
Is far exceeded by his Grace,
To them that fear his Name.
12. Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt;
So far, his pard'ning Love
Doth, our Tranſgreſſions manifold,
Diſtant, from us, remove.

Second PART.

13. A Father pities his young Son;
So doth the Lord the Juſt.
14. He knows how feeble is our Frame,
Remembers we are Duſt.
15. Man's Days like Graſs; he flouriſheth,
As a Field-Flow'r new blown.
16. The Wind ſweeps o'er, it diſappears;
It's Place no more is known.

17. But

17. But, Lord, thy Mercy ever was,
And ever will endure,
To them that fear Thee; and thy Truth
To Children's Children's ſure:
18. To ſuch as keep his Covenant,
And his Commands obey.
19. The Lord, in Heav'n prepar'd his Throne;
O'er all extends his Sway.
20. Ye holy Angels, mighty Pow'rs,
Bleſs ye *Jehovah* ſtill:
Who hear his Voice attentively,
And conſtant do his Will.
21. Bleſs God, his Hoſts, and Miniſters,
That do his Pleaſure whole.
22. Thro' his wide Empire, bleſs the Lord;
The Lord bleſs, O my Soul.

PSALM CIV.

MY Soul, *Jehovah* bleſs; my God,
Thy Greatneſs knows no Bounds;
Unrivall'd Honours compaſs Thee,
Thee Majeſty ſurrounds.
2. Who haſt array'd thyſelf, with Light,
As with a ſplendid Robe;
The beauteous Heav'ns, thy royal Tent,
Haſt ſtretch'd beyond the Globes.
3. His Palace Beams in fluid Air,
Who lays, and firmly binds;
The Clouds his Chariot form'd; and walks
On Wings of rapid Winds.
4. Spirits his Angels, Flames of Fire
His Miniſters, he makes.
5. The Earth he founded on it's Baſe,
Which from it's Place ne'er ſhakes.

6. Thou,

6. Thou, as a Garment, o'er the Earth,
Did'ſt ſpread the mighty Flood;
Above the Mountains loftieſt Heads,
The rowling Waters ſtood.
7. At thy Rebuke, thy Thunder's Voice,
They haſted, and they fled;
8. The Mountains roſe, the Valleys ſunk;
To their appointed Bed.
9. Thou there, to Bounds unpaſſable,
Confin'ſt the wat'ry Main;
That it ſhould never more return,
To cover Earth again.

Second PART.

10. He ſendeth Springs into the Vales;
Which from the Mountains burſt.
11. There ev'ry Field-Beaſt drinks his Fill,
Wild Aſſes quench their Thirſt.
12. The Birds dwell there; among the Sprigs,
They tune their chearful Voice.
13. The Hills he watereth from his Clouds;
Thy Fruits the Earth rejoice.
14. He makes the Graſs to grow for Beaſts,
And Herbs for Humane Uſe;
That he, abundant Food for all,
May from the Earth produce.
15. Thence ſprings the gen'rous Wine, rich Juice,
The Heart of Man, that chears;
The Oyl, which makes his Face to ſhine,
And Bread, which Strength repairs.
16. God's Trees abound with Sap; he ſet
Thy Cedars, *Leb'non*, there:
17. Where Birds do build their Neſts; her Houſe
The Stork makes in the Fir.

18. The

18. The wild Goats climb the craggy Hills,
And theſe their Refuge make:
While Rabbets, with the feebler Kind,
The Rocks for Shelter take.

Third PART.

19. He made the Moon for ſtated Times,
The Sun knows his fix'd Rout.
20. He Darkneſs makes, and it is Night;
Then Foreſt Beaſts crawl out.
21. Young Lyons roar, and hunt their Prey;
From God they ſeek their Meat.
22. The Sun ariſeth, they unite,
And cloſe in Dens retreat.

23. Man to his Work, and Culture, goes,
Till th' Ev'ning gives him Reſt.
24. How various, Lord! how wiſe thy Work!
Th' Earth's with thy Riches bleſt.
25. The Sea too, whoſe wide Arms contain
Numberleſs creeping Things;
With Animals, both ſmall and great,
That ſwim by unknown Springs.

26. There paſs the gallant Ships, which cut,
Thro' trackleſs Paths, their Way;
There huge Leviathan, thou mad'ſt;
Diverts himſelf with Play.
27. All wait on Thee, thou in due Time,
Doſt give to each their Food:
28. They gather from thine open'd Hand,
And all are fill'd with Good.

29. If thy enliv'ning Face thou hid'ſt,
In deep Diſtreſs they mourn;
Thou tak'ſt away their Breath, they die,
And to their Earth return.

30. Thy quick'ning Spirit thou ſend'ſt forth,
And a new Life takes Place;
The Earth renew'd, with Vigour blooms,
And Beauty in her Face.

Fourth PART.

31. *Jehovah*'s Glory ſhall endure,
Forevermore moſt bright.
When God reviews his various Works,
He's pleaſed with the Sight.
32. If he, upon this ſolid Earth,
But caſt an angry Look,
It trembles; if he touch the Mounts,
They vaniſh into Smoke.

33. Unto *Jehovah* I will ſing,
As long as I ſhall live;
While I my Breath, and Being, have,
Praiſe to my God I'll give.
34. This ſhall be grateful to the Lord,
To hear my thankful Voice;
While in *Jehovah*, and his Works,
I greatly will rejoice.

35. Let Sinners fail from off the Earth,
And th' Impious ceaſe to be:
My Soul, bleſs thou the Lord, let all
To praiſe the Lord agree.

PSALM CV.

GIVE Thanks to God, call on his Name;
And make his Deeds toNations known:
2. Sing ye, in ſacred Hymns, his Praiſe;
Let all his wondrous Works be ſhown.
3. Praiſe in his holy Name; and let
Your Hearts rejoice, that ſeek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his Strength, and Face;
Thus ever be the Lord ador'd. 5. Re-

5. Remember what great Works he wrought;
What Judgments from his Mouth proceed;
6. O ye his Servants, *Abr'am*'s Race,
And ye his choſen *Jacob*'s Seed.
7. He's 'ſpecially the Lord, our God;
His Judgments thro' the Earth extend.
8. His Cov'nant firm has ever ſtood;
Nor ſhall a Thouſand Ages End.

9. Which Cov'nant he with *Abr'am* made;
And with an Oath to *Iſaac* ſwore:
10. With *Jacob* fix'd it for a Law,
And with his Heirs forevermore.
11. "*Canaan*, ſaid he, to thee I'll give,
"The Lot your Children ſhall command:
12. When they, in Number, were but few,
Yea, few, and Strangers in the Land.

13. When they among the Nations went,
And ſtill from Realm to Realm remov'd;
14. He ſuffer'd none to do them wrong;
Yea, Monarchs, for their Sakes, reprov'd.
15. Touch not, ſaid he, my Servants dear,
Whom I've anointed by mine Arm;
And, at your Peril, ſee that ye,
Not, in the leaſt, my Prophets harm.

Second PART.

16. At length, a Famine thro' the Land,
He ſent; which brake the Staff of Bread.
17. He firſt a Man, ev'n *Joſeph*, ſent;
Who, ſold a Slave, to *Ham* was led.
18. His Feet they hurt with heavy Chains;
It pierc'd his Soul to wound his Name.
19. Until the Time his Word took Place;
God's Word, which try'd, and clear'd his Fame.

20. The King his royal Edict gave,
To set him free from all his Bands.
21. He made him Lord of all his House;
And Ruler over all his Lands.
22. Princes at Pleasure to controul;
Wisely his Senators to guide.
23. Then *Isr'el* down to *Egypt* came;
Did there a Sojourner reside.

24. His People greatly he encreas'd,
And bless'd with num'rous Families:
He made them soon in Strength exceed
Their proud oppressing Enemies:
25. For he had turn'd their Hearts to hate
His People, they in Love receiv'd;
They sought his Servants to destroy,
Them oft by subtile Arts deceiv'd.

Third PART.

26. His Servant *Moses* then he sent,
With chosen *A'ron*, in his Name;
27. Confirm'd their Word, with pow'rful Signs,
And Wonders, in the Land of *Ham*.
28. Darkness he call'd, thick Darkness came;
Nature the sov'reign Orders knew.
29. He turn'd their Waters into Blood;
Which the amazed Fishes slew.

30. Their Land abundant Frogs produc'd;
Which climb'd the Chambers of their Kings.
31. He spake, came Swarms of diverse Flies;
Dust, thro' their Land, to Lice up springs.
32. For Rain, he pour'd down Storms of Hail;
And flaming Fire their Land annoy'd.
33. Their fruitful Vines, and Fig-Trees, smote;
And, thro' their Coasts, their Trees destroy'd.

34. Lo-

34. Locuſts, and various Reptiles came,
At his Command; their Swarms abound.
35. Each green Herb, thro' the Land, they eat;
And naked left the fruitleſs Ground.
36. Then, by one fatal Mid-night Stroke,
Which, thro' each Town, and Village, flew,
He all their Firſt-born ſudden ſmote;
The Flow'r of all their Strength he ſlew.

Fourth PART.

37. With Gold and Silver Spoils, he brought,
Them, forth from *Egypt*'s hated Ground;
None feeble, in their num'rous Tribes;
No, not ſo much as one was found.
38. *Egypt* rejoic'd, when they with-drew;
For on them ſeized *Iſr'el*'s Dread.
39. A cov'ring Cloud he ſpread, by Day;
And Fire, by Night, their Marches led.
40. They aſk'd; he bro't ſweet Quails; & they,
With Bread from Heav'n, were ſatisfy'd.
41. He clave the Rock; the Waters guſh'd,
And Rivers in dry Land ſupply'd.
42. On's Promiſe, made to *Abraham*,
Bound by his Holineſs, he thought.
43. With Joy his People, his Elect,
With Songs of Triumph, forth he brought.
44. To them he gave the Heathen's Soil,
Ev'n promis'd *Canaan*'s fertile Lands;
The People's Labours they enjoy'd,
All built, and planted, to their Hands.
45. That thus oblig'd, his Statutes they
Might carefully obſerve always;
And ne'er forget to keep his Laws:
Therefore let all *Jehovah* praiſe.

PSALM CVI.

PRaiſe ye the Lord, give Thanks to him;
He's good; his Mercy ne'er decays.
2. Who can his mighty Acts declare?
Or who can ſhew forth all his Praiſe?
3. Bleſſed are they that keep his Laws;
And always do the Thing that's right.
4. Think on me Lord, and Favour me,
As one in whom thou doſt delight.

5. With thy Salvation viſit me,
To ſee thy Choſen's good Advance;
That I thy Nations Joy may ſhare,
Glory with thine Inheritance.
6. We, from our Fathers Days, have err'd,
And, like them, from thy Paths have gone;
Our Deeds have been perverſly wrong,
Againſt thee impiouſly we've done.

7. Thy Wonders, they in *Egypt* ſaw,
Our Fathers did not underſtand;
Thy many Mercies they forgot,
Provok'd Thee, at the Red Sea's ſtrand.
8. Yet them he ſav'd, for his Name's ſake;
The Fame of's mighty Pow'r to ſpread.
9. He check'd the Sea, and up it dry'd;
And them, thro' Deeps, as Plains, he led.

10. So, from the Malice of their Foes,
Who cloſe purſu'd, he them did ſave;
And from their En'mies 'vengeful Arm,
To them compleat Redemption gave.
11. But o'er their Foes the Waters rowl'd;
Not one of them eſcap'd alive.
12. Then they, a while, believ'd his Word,
And Praiſe, in Songs, to him did give.

Second

Second PART.

13. But ſoon they all his Works forgot;
Nor would they for his Counſel wait.
14. They luſted in the Wilderneſs;
And tempted God, by aſking Meat.
15. He granted their too raſh Requeſt;
But Leanneſs in their Soul was thrown.
16. They envy'd *Moſes* in the Camp,
And *Aaron* God's choice holy one.

17. The gaping Earth *Dathan* devour'd;
Clos'd on *Abiram*'s factious Crew.
18. The Fire on their Companions ſeiz'd;
The Flame their bold Abettors ſlew.
19. Then they a Calf, in *Horeb* made;
And did the Idol Homage pay:
20. Their Glory, to the Likeneſs, chang'd,
Of a dull Ox, that eateth Hay.

21. Their God, and Saviour, they forgot;
Who had, in *Egypt* great Things done:
22. Wrought Wonders, in the Land of *Ham*;
His Terrors, by the Red Sea, ſhown.
23. He ſaid, he would deſtroy them quite;
But *Moſes*, then, before him ſtood,
And fill'd the Breach, to turn his Wrath;
Leſt he his Threat'ning ſhould make good.

24. Yea; they the pleaſant Land deſpis'd;
And gave no Credit to his Word:
25. But murmur'd in their Tents; nor heard
The Voice of their moſt gracious Lord.
26. Then ſware he, there, they ne'er ſhould come;
But periſh in the Deſert Sands:
27. Nations ſhould prey upon their Seed,
And ſcatter them in diſtant Lands.

Third PART.

28. Yea, they to *Baal-Peor* joyn'd;
And eat the Off'rings of the dead.
29. Theſe Works did ſo provoke his Wrath,
The dreadful Plague among them ſpread.
30. Then *Phineas* roſe, and Judgment wro't;
The Plague was ſtay'd, the guilty ſlain.
31. This Juſtice was in him eſteem'd;
His Race the high Rewards did gain.

32. They anger'd him, at *Meribah*;
That *Moſes* ſuffer'd for their Sake.
33. For they his Spirit ſo provok'd,
With unadviſed Lips he ſpake.
34. The Nations they did not deſtroy;
As God had given them Command.
35. But mingled with the Heathen were,
And learnt the Manners of their Land.

36. Yea, their vain Idol Gods they ſerv'd;
Which them, in woful Miſchief, ſnar'd.
37. In Sacrifice to Dæmons, they,
Their Offspring, cruelly prepar'd.
38. And guiltleſs Blood they ſhed; the Blood
Of their own Sons, and Daughters, ſlain
In Sacrifice to *Canaan*'s Gods;
The Gore did the whole Land diſtain.

39. Thus greatly were their Souls defil'd,
While they on their own Works were bent;
After their own Inventions, they,
With luſtful Hearts, a whoring went.

Fourth PART.

40. For this, againſt his People, flam'd,
The Indignation of the Lord;
That thoſe who, his Inheritance,
Before had been, he now abhor'd, 41. He

41. He gave them up to heathen Pow'rs;
Their Haters rul'd with Rods of Steel.
42. Their Foes then greatly them oppreſs'd;
And made them ſubject to their Will.

43. He ſav'd them oft, but they as oft,
Thro' their bad Counſels, did rebell,
And mov'd his Wrath; until, beneath
The Weight of their own Crimes, they fell.
44. Yet, in the Time of their Diſtreſs,
His kind Regards to them were ſhown;
His Bowels with Compaſſion mov'd,
When e'er he heard their piteous Moan.

45. His Cov'nant he recall'd to Mind;
In his great Goodneſs did relent.
46. He made them pitied be of all,
Where they, as Captives had been ſent.
47. Now ſave thou us, O Lord, our God,
And from among the Heathen bring;
That we may thank thine holy Name,
And Songs of Praiſes to Thee ſing.

48. Bleſs'd be *Jehovah*, *Iſr'el*'s God,
Eternally; with one Accord,
Let all the People hearty join,
And ſay, Amen. Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII. Fifth Book.

To Travellers.

GIVE Thanks to God, for he is good
His Mercy ever flows.
2. So let the Lord's Redeemed ſay,
Whom he releaſt from Foes;
3. And gather'd them from foreign Lands,
From North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt.
4. They ſtrol'd thro' Deſert's untrod Ways;
And found no Place of Reſt.

5. Hunger, and Thirſt, their fainting Souls
Did grievouſly oppreſs.
6. To God, in Trouble, then they cry'd,
Who freed them from Diſtreſs.
7. He led them forth in a right Way,
And was their faithful Guide;
Till they arriv'd at Cities, where
Their Wants were all ſupply'd.
8. Let all with Thanks, *Jehovah* praiſe,
And make his Goodneſs known;
For he among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.
9. The ſtrong Deſire of longing Souls
He kindly ſatisfies;
With Fruits of his Benignity,
The hungry Soul ſupplies.

Second PART. *To Priſoners.*

10. Who ſit in Darkneſs, and Death's Shade,
With Grief, and Chains, bow'd down:
11. Becauſe God's Word, and Council they
Diſpis'd, and would not own:
12. He humbled their proud Hearts with Toil,
They fell, and none could ſave.
13. To God, in Trouble, then they cry'd,
And he Deliv'rance gave.
14. Their Darkneſs, & Death's Shade, he chang'd
To Light, by his kind Word;
He broke their gauling Bands in Twain,
And Liberty reſtor'd.
15. Let all, with Thanks *Jehovah* praiſe
And make his Goodneſs known;
For he, among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.

16. For

16. For by his Strength, the Gates of Braſs
Are into Pieces broke;
The maſſy Bars of Iron are cut,
Aſunder by his Stroke.

Third PART. To the Sick.

17. Fools raſhly break thro' ſacred Laws,
To gratify their Senſe;
Till with Diſeaſes they're chaſtis'd,
To puniſh their Offence.

18. Their Soul a painful Loathing feels
To ev'ry Kind of Meat;
And they, their near Approaches make
To Death's unfriendly Gate.

19. To God, in Trouble, then they cry;
Who their Diſtreſs relieves.

20. His ſov'reign Word their Sickneſs heals,
And them from Death reprieves.

21. Let all, with Thanks, *Jehovah* praiſe,
And make his Goodneſs known;
For he among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.

22. To him, let all their Sacrifice,
With thankful Hearts, be brought;
Declare with Joy, to all the World,
What God, for them, hath wrought.

Fourth PART. To Mariners.

23. Who ſail in Ships o'er mighty Seas,
And hope great Gain to reap:

24. Theſe do behold *Jehovah*'s Works;
His Wonders in the Deep.

25. He ſpeaks; and ſtormy Winds ariſe;
Like Mounts, the Billows rear.

26. To Heav'n they climb, then ſink in Gulphs;
Their Soul diſſolves with Fear.

27. They reel, and ſtagger, Drunkard like;
Terrors their Minds oppreſs.
28. To God in Trouble, then they cry,
Who frees them from Diſtreſs.
29. He ſtills the Winds, and calms the Seas,
And quells their rougher Sport.
30. They're glad of Reſt; he brings them ſafe
To their deſired Port.

31. Let all, with Thanks, *Jehovah* praiſe,
And make his Goodneſs known;
For he, among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.
32. Let them, in private Companies,
His Honour highly raiſe;
And where th' aſſembled Elders meet,
Unite to ſpread his Praiſe.

Fifth PART. To Planters.

33. Rivers he turns to Deſert Sands;
And dries the Fountains Heads.
34. Provok'd by daring Crimes, with Salt,
The fruitful Soil he ſpreads.
35. He turns the Deſert into Pools;
Dry Ground, a ſpringing Well.
36. The Hungry there he ſeats, who build
A City where they dwell.

37. They ſow their Fields, and Vineyards plant,
Which bring encreaſed Stocks.
38. His Bleſſing multiplies their Race;
Nor leſſens he their Flocks.
39. But when they ſin, they're greatly thinn'd,
And ſoon brought low again;
By foreign, and domeſtick Ills,
Oppreſs'd, and fill'd with Pain.

40. On

40. On Princes, who provoke his Wrath,
He pours Contempt, and Scorn;
He makes them traverſe trackleſs Waſtes,
Unpity'd, and forlorn.
41. The humble Poor he ſeats on high,
And doth from Trouble keep;
He makes his Families encreaſe,
Like fruitful Flocks of Sheep.
42. The Juſt ſhall ſee, and ſhall rejoice;
But th' Impious ſilent grow.
43. The Wiſe will theſe Events obſerve;
And God's great Goodneſs know.

PSALM CVIII.

O GOD, my Heart is fix'd;
My Tongue ſhall ſing thy Praiſe.
2. Awake both Pſaltery, and Harp;
Myſelf I'll early raiſe.
3. Among the People, Lord,
I'll praiſe thy glorious Name;
And to the Nations round about,
I'll ſing, and ſpread thy Fame.
4. Thy Mercy, Lord, the Heav'ns,
Thy Truth, the Clouds, tranſcend.
5. O let thy Glory, Heav'ns above,
And o'er the Earth, extend.
6. That thy Beloved, ſtill,
Deliverance may have;
O hear the fervent Pray'rs I make,
And let thy Right-Hand ſave.
7. God ſpake in's Holineſs,
My Joy's it cannot fail;
Fair *Shechem*'s Soil, I will divide,
And meet out *Succoth*'s Vale.

8. *Gilead*

8. *Gilead* is on my Side,
Manaſſah owns my Cauſe;
Ephr'im's large Tribe's my chiefeſt Strength,
And *Judah* gives forth Laws.

9. *Moab* ſhall waſh my Feet,
O'er *Edom* I will tread;
The proud *Philiſtian* Lords ſhall ſtoop,
And to my Triumphs add.

10. Who to the City ſtrong,
And *Edom*'s Tow'rs ſhall lead?

11. Lord, wilt not thou, who caſt us off,
Our Armies now ſucceed?

12. From Trouble give us Help,
Man's Help is vain we own.

13. Thro' God, we ſhall do valiant Acts;
'Tis he, our Foes treads down.

PSALM CIX.

GOD of my Praiſe, hold not thy Peace.

2. For open'd, to my Wrong,
Are wicked, and deceitful, Mouths;
Which ſpeak with lying Tongue.

3. Words full of Hatred they throw round;
Cauſeleſs my Life enſnare.

4. They, for my Love, my Foes, become;
But I reſort to Pray'r.

5. They have rewarded me with Ill,
For all the Good I've done;
And for my undiſguiſed Love,
Haye cruel Hatred ſhown.

6. Some wicked one ſhall o'er him rule;
And cloſe at his Right-hand,
To undermine his dang'rous Plots,
The Adverſary ſtand.

7. When

7. When judg'd, he ſhall be guilty found,
His very Pray'r diſpleaſe.
8. His Days be few, and on his Charge,
Shall then another ſeize.
9. His Children Orphans, and his Wife
A Widow ſhall be made.
10. His Offspring ſhall from Ruins creep,
And ſtrole, and beg their Bread.

Second PART.

11. Gripers ſhall ſeize on all was his;
Strangers his Labours rend.
12. None ſhall their Pity to him ſhow,
Nor to his Seed extend.
13. His Race ſhall ceaſe, and the next Age,
Their Names be quite forgot.
14. The Lord ſhall mind his Father's Crimes;
Nor out his Mother's blot.
15. They ſhall continually appear
Before *Jehovah*'s Face;
'Till he, from off the burden'd Earth,
Their Memory erace.
16. Becauſe it ne'er came in his Mind,
Compaſſion to impart;
The Poor, and Needy, he purſu'd,
To ſlay the broken Heart.
17. As he lov'd Curſing, it ſhall come,
And fall on his own Head;
The Bleſſing, he deſpis'd, ſhall far
Away from him be fled.
18. Since Curſing, as a Robe, he wore,
It ſhall, like Water, flow
Thro' all his Bowels; and in his Bones,
Like piercing Oil, ſhall go.

19. As

19. As Garments, it ſhall cover him ;
As Girdles him controul.
20. Thus will the Lord reward my Foes ;
Who ſpeak againſt my Soul.

Third PART.

21. But thou, O God, the Lord, deal well,
For thy Name's Sake, with me ;
Becauſe thy Mercy's very great,
Appear, and ſet me free.
22. For I am poor, and deſtitute ;
My Heart, with Grief, doth ſwoon.
23. I paſs, like Ev'ning-Shades ; I'm toſt,
Like Locuſts, up and down.
24. My Knees, with Faſting, weak are grown ;
Fat from my Fleſh is fled.
25. I'm their Reproach ; and when they look
On me, they ſhake the Head.
26. Help me, O Lord, my God, ſave me ;
And make thy Mercy known.
27. That all may ſee, this is thy Hand ;
Thou, Lord, this Thing haſt done.
28. Let them curſe on ; but, Lord, bleſs thou ;
And when they raiſe their Voice
With Inſult, let them be aſham'd ;
Thy Servant let rejoice.
29. May all my Foes be cloath'd with Shame,
To ſee their Meaſures broke ;
And, in their own Confuſion, wrapt
Around, as with a Cloak.
30. So will I greatly praiſe the Lord,
And with my Mouth aloud ;
My grateful Thanks I'll to him ſing,
Among the Multitude.

31. Becauſe

31. Becauſe the Lord, at their Right-hand,
Will ſtand, to help the Poor;
To ſave him from th' unrighteous Judge,
Who would his Soul devour.

PSALM CX.

JEhovah ſaid unto my Lord,
" Sit thou enthron'd at my Right-hand;
" Till I thy Foes thy Foot-ſtool make,
" And them ſubject to thy Command.

2. The Lord, from ſacred *Sion*'s Seat,
The Scepter of thy Strength, ſhall ſend;
Thence, in the Midſt of all thy Foes,
Thy conquering Pow'r ſhall wide extend.

3. Thy People, that victorious Day,
To glorious Liberties are led;
Adorn'd with Holineſs thy Seed,
As Dew from Morning's Womb, ſhall ſpread.

4. *Jehovah*, by himſelf, hath ſworn,
An Oath which he will never break;
" Thou art an everlaſting Prieſt,
" Of th' Order of *Melchiſedeck*.

5. The Lord, who is at thy Right-hand,
Shall, in the Day of Vengeance ſmite,
The greateſt Monarchs on the Earth,
Who dare his Government to ſlight.

6. He ſhall among the Heathen judge,
And with dead Bodies fill their Plains;
He'll ſorely wound the potent Head,
Who over many Nations reigns.

7. The Torrent he ſhall ſtoop to drink,
While he the glorious Way ſhall tread;
Then, as Reward of all his Pains,
To endleſs Glories raiſe his Head.

PSALM

PSALM CXI.

PRaiſe ye the Lord, with my whole Heart,
I will *Jehovah* praiſe;
With private Friends, and the whole Choir,
Who tread his righteous Ways.
2. God's Works are great; ſought out by all
Who Pleaſure in them taſte.
3. They glorious ſhine; his Righteouſneſs
Forever more ſhall laſt.
4. His Wonder's fix'd Memorial ſhows
The Lord is Good, and kind.
5. To them that fear him, he gave Food;
His Cov'nant keeps in Mind.
6. He ſhew'd his People, by his Works,
The Pow'r of his Right-hand;
To give them, for an Heritage,
The Heathen's promis'd Land.
7. His Works are all moſt true, and juſt,
All his Commands ſhall laſt.
8. They're done in Truth, and Righteouſneſs,
And ſtand forever faſt.
9. His People he Redemption ſent;
His Cov'nant with the ſame,
He fix'd forever; reverend,
And holy is his Name.
10. *Jehovah*'s Fear true Wiſdom is;
They heav'nly Skill procure,
Who his Commands obſerve; his Praiſe
Forever ſhall endure.

PSALM CXII. *Hallelujah.*

THAT Man is bleſs'd, who fears the Lord,
And in his Law takes great delight.
2. His Seed, on Earth, ſhall mighty be;
Bleſs'd ſhall the Race be of th'Upright. 3. His

3. His Houſe, with Plenty, ſhall abound;
His Juſtice no Decays ſhall find.
4. His Light, in Darkneſs, ſhall ariſe;
He's juſt, compaſſionate, and kind.

5. A good Man Favour ſhows, and lends;
And his Affairs, with Prudence, guides.
6. Surely, he never ſhall be mov'd;
Forever ſweet his Name abides.
7. Fearleſs, he evil Tidings hears;
His Heart is fix'd, on God relies.
8. Secur'd from Fear, he waits to ſee,
Juſt Vengeance, on his Enemies.

9. His lib'ral Hand diſpers'd his Alms,
And gave the Poor a meet Supply;
His Juſtice ever ſhall be prais'd,
His Horn, in Glory, rais'd on high.
10. The Wicked this ſhall ſee, and grieve,
Gnaſh with his Teeth, and melt away;
While their Unjuſt, and baſe Deſigns,
Blaſted, ſhall utterly decay.

PSALM CXII. *2d Meetre.*

COme, let us praiſe the Lord:
He's bleſs'd the Lord that fears;
Whoſe Heart the greateſt Love,
To his Commandments bears.

2. His Seed renown'd,
On Earth, ſhall be;
His Progeny
With Bleſſings crown'd.

3. His Houſe with Wealth ſhall flow;
His Juſtice never fails.
4. The Light ſhall on him ſhine,
When Darkneſs moſt prevails.

His

His gentle Mind
The Poor's Grief feels,
He juſtly deals
With all Mankind.

5. A good Man Favour ſhows,
And lends, nor hopes for Gain;
His Buſineſs wiſely guides;
6. He ſhall unmov'd remain:
The juſt Man's Name,
With Fragrance, ſhall,
Thro' Ages all,
Still live in Fame.

7. No evil Tidings ſhall,
His Mind, with Fear, ſurprize,
His Heart is firmly fix'd,
And on the Lord relies:
8. With ſweet Repoſe,
Fearleſs, to ſee
The high Decree,
Seize on his Foes.

9. He wide diſpers'd his Alms,
And gave the Poor Supplies;
His Righteouſneſs ſhall laſt,
His Horn, in Glory, riſe.
10. Sinners ſhall ſee,
Grieve, gnaſh, and pine,
But their Deſign
Shall blaſted be.

PSALM CXIII.

YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
Your joyful *Hallelujah*'s ſing,
With Praiſe his glorious Name confeſs.

2. Now

2. Now raiſe your Hearts, as heretofore,
Till Time itſelf ſhall be no more,
Jehovah's ſacred Name to bleſs.

3. From the firſt Riſing of the Sun,
Unto it's lateſt going down,
Jehovah's Name is to be prais'd.

4. For o'er all Nations is his Sway;
Above the Realms of endleſs Day,
Jehovah's Glory's highly rais'd.

5. Who, like the Lord, our God, excells?
He in the higheſt Heav'n dwells:

6. Who condeſcends, when he ſurveys
The Heav'n, and Earth, with all their Hoſt;

7. He lifts the Poor out of the Duſt.
From Dunghills doth the Needy raiſe.

8. That him, with Princes, he might ſeat;
With his own People's Princes great.
To equal Dignity might bring.

9. The Barren he confines at Home,
A joyful Mother to become.
O therefore *Hallelujah* ſing.

PSALM CXIII. *2d Meetre.*

PRaiſe ye the Lord; his Servants, praiſe,
His ſacred Name adore.

2. Oh! bleſſed be *Jehovah*'s Name,
Both now, and evermore.

3. From the Sun's Riſing, to it's Fall,
The Lord's Name's to be prais'd.

4. The Lord all Nations rules, above
The Heav'ns his Glory's rais'd.

5. Who's like the Lord, our God, who ſits
Enthron'd above the Sky?

6. He condeſcends, on Things in Heav'n,
And Earth, to caſt his Eye.

7. The

7. The Poor he raiſeth from the Duſt.
From Dunghills Needy brings:
8. Ranks them with Princes, o'er his Tribes,
Seats them on Thrones of Kings.

9. The Barren he confines at Home,
Her Offspring to afford
A joyful Mother's tender Care.
Sing Praiſes to the Lord.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN *Iſr'el* was from *Egypt* freed,
And from ſtrange Language *Jacob*'s Seed;
2. Then *Judah* bore his ſacred Name,
And King in *Iſr'el* he became.
3. The Sea ſaw this; amazed fled;
Jordan drove backward to it's Head.
4. The Mountains ſkipt about, like Rams;
The little Hills, like frighted Lambs.

5. What ail'd thee, O thou roaring Sea,
That thou, in ſuch a Fright, did'ſt flee?
Wherefore old *Jordan*, did thy Tide,
Rowl back, and to it's Fountain glide?
6. What Terrors, ye fixt Mountains, ſtruck;
That ye, like Rams, ſo ſkip't and ſhook?
Why leap't ye little Hills, like Lambs,
That fly for Shelter to their Dams?

7. Well may the Mounts, and ev'ry Flood,
Bow, and retire, before their God.
Tremble, O all the Earth, with Fear;
Jehovah, *Jacob*'s God, is here.
8. Who, by his Pow'r, the Rocks can brake,
And turn them to a watry Lake;
From flinty dry Rocks, by a Word,
Fountains of Waters can afford.

PSALM

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, Lord; not to us,
But Glory to thy Name
We render; for thy matchleſs Grace,
And Truth, this Homage claim.

2. Why ſhould the Heathen ſcornful ſay,
"Where is their God now gone?

3. Our God, in Heaven, ſits enthron'd,
And what he pleas'd hath done.

4. Their Idols Silver are, and Gold;
By humane Hands deſign'd.

5. They're form'd with Shapes of Mouth and Eyes;
But ſpeechleſs are, and blind.

6. Their Ears, and Noſe, hear not, nor ſmell:
Nor feel they with their Hands.

7. Tho' they have Feet, they cannot walk;
Nor Speech their Throat commands.

8. Thoſe Men that make ſuch Idol Gods,
And truſting to them pray;
Like them are blind, and ſenſeleſs grown:
And ſtupid too as they.

Second PART.

9. O *Iſr'el*, truſt thou in the Lord;
He is their Help, and Shield.

10. O *Aaron*'s Houſe, in God confide;
Who only Help can yield.

11. All ye, who do *Jehovah* fear,
Upon the Lord depend;
'Tis he, that will your Keeper be,
And as a Shield defend.

12. The Lord hath former Kindneſs ſhown,
And ſtill will do no leſs;
He *Iſr'el*'s Tribes, and *Aaron*'s Houſe,
Aſſuredly will bleſs.

13. To

13. To all that fear him, ſmall, and great,
He'll manifeſt his Grace.
14. The Lord will more and more encreaſe
You, and your happy Race.
15. Ye are the bleſſed of the Lord;
Who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made.
16. The Lord doth Heav'n of Heav'ns poſſeſs,
But th' Earth to Men convey'd.
17. The dead, and who to Silence go,
No Praiſe to God afford.
18. But we will bleſs the Lord, both now,
And ever. Praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

I Love the Lord, who heard the Voice
Of my Requeſts for Grace.
2. Becauſe he bow'd to me his Ear,
I'll pray, thro' all my Days.
3. Sorrows intenſe, like Bands of Death,
Encompaſs'd me around;
The Grave's ſtrong Terrors ſeiz'd on me,
Diſtreſs, and Grief, I found.
4. Then on *Jehovah*'s Name I call'd,
In this moſt fervent Speech;
" Deliver thou my Soul, O Lord,
" I humbly Thee beſeech.
5. The Lord is kind, and juſt from him,
Our God, all Mercies flow.
6. He keeps the harmleſs; he me help'd,
When I was very low.
7. Return, my Soul, unto thy Reſt,
The Lord dealt well with thee.
8. For thou haſt from the Snares of Death,
My trembling Soul ſet free;

My

My Feet from Falls, thou haſt preſerv'd,
And wip'd mine Eyes from Tears.
9. I'll walk before *Jehovah*'s Face,
Thro' all my coming Years.
10. I did believe, and therefore ſpake;
Tho' I was greatly griev'd.
11. And, in my Conſternation, ſaid,
I am by all deceiv'd.

Second PART.

12. What ſhall I render to the Lord,
Whence all my Mercies came?
13. Salvation's Cup I'll take, and call
Upon *Jehovah*'s Name.
14. My Vows to God, before his Saints,
I'll pay with great Delight.
15. The Death of all his holy ones,
Is precious in his Sight.
16. I am thy Servant, Lord, I'm thine,
Devoted to thy Uſe;
Thine humble Hand-maids Son, my Bonds
Thou kindly did'ſt unlooſe.
17. Off'rings of Praiſe I'll bring to Thee,
And on the Lord's Name call.
18. My Vows I'll pay *Jehovah*, now,
Before his People all.
19. Within his ſacred Courts, where they
Their grateful Voices raiſe;
In Midſt of Thee, *Jeruſalem*,
Let all *Jehovah* praiſe.

PSALM CXVII.

LET all the Nations, thro' the Earth,
To praiſe the Lord combine;
Let ev'ry Tribe, and ev'ry Tongue,
In Hymns of Praiſes, join.

2. Becauſe his Grace to us abounds,
And runs forever free;
Jehovah's Truth ſhall ne'er decay:
Therefore the Lord praiſe ye.

PSALM CXVII. 2d *Meetre.*

YE Nations ev'ry where,
Of *Jew*, or *Gentile*, Line,
To praiſe *Jehovah*'s Name,
With Hearts, and Voices join:
With ſacred Mirth,
His Praiſe be ſung,
By ev'ry Tongue,
Thro'out the Earth.

2. Becauſe his matchleſs Grace,
In Pity to us, flows;
The inexhauſted Store
No narrow Limits knows;
Jehovah's Word
Shall ſtill endure
Forever ſure.
Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVIII.

GIVE Thanks to God, for he is good;
His Mercy's ever ſure.
2. Let *Iſrael*'s Tribes now ſay, his Grace
Forever ſhall endure.
3. His Clemency forever laſts,
Let *Aaron*'s Houſe now ſay.
4. Let them that fear the Lord declare
His Mercy 'll ne'er decay.
5. In my Diſtreſs I call'd on God,
Whoſe Anſwer ſet me free.
6. The Lord's with me, and I'll not fear,
What Man can do to me.

7. The

7. The Lord himſelf doth take my Part,
With thoſe my Cauſe eſpouſe;
And I ſhall ſee a juſt Reward
O'ertake my envious Foes.

Second PART.

8. 'Tis better far to truſt in God,
Than upon Man rely.
9. 'Tis ſafer truſting in the Lord,
Than Princes, e'er ſo high.
10. All Nations compaſs me about:
11. Yea oft beſet me round;
But in *Jehovah*'s Name, and Help,
I ſmote them to the Ground.
12. Like Swarms of Bees, they buz'd about;
And rag'd, like crackling Fire
Of Thorns; but aided by my God,
They're quench'd, and ſoon expire.
13. They preſs'd me hard, to cauſe my Fall;
But God did Succour bring.
14. From God, my Strength, & Safety, flows;
And I'll his Praiſes ſing.
15. The juſt Man's Tent is fill'd with Joy,
And ſafe in God's Right-hand.
16. The Lord's Right-hand on high is rais'd;
And Vict'ry doth command.
17. I ſhall not die, but live to praiſe
God's Wonders, with my Breath.
18. The Lord hath ſorely chaſten'd me,
But gave me not to Death.

Third PART.

19. Open the Gates of Righteouſneſs,
And I will enter in;
That I may ſing *Jehovah*'s Praiſe,
Who hath my Saviour been.

20. This Gate's the Lord's; whither the Juſt
Shall enter, on ſet Days.
21. Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
I'll give to thee the Praiſe.

22. That Stone which Builders did reject,
Chief Corner-Stone now lyes.
23. This Work is from the Lord alone;
'Tis wondrous in our Eyes.
24. This is the Day the Lord hath made;
We'll it with Joy attend.
25. Save now, O Lord, I Thee beſeech
Proſperity now ſend.

26. Hoſannah! bleſs'd is he that comes,
In great *Jehovah*'s Name;
A Bleſſing, from God's holy Houſe,
To you, we loud proclaim.
27. God is *Jehovah*; who to us,
Light graciouſly affords;
Bind to the ſacred Altar's Horns,
The Sacrifice with Cords.

28. Thou art my God, and I'll thee praiſe;
My God, I'll ſpread thy Fame.
29. O bleſs the Lord, for he is good;
His Mercy's ſtill the ſame.

PSALM CXIX. ALEPH.

THrice bleſs'd are th' undefil'd in Way;
Who walk as God's Commands require.
2. Bleſſed are they that keep his Laws;
Who ſeek him with their whole Deſire.
3. For they work no Iniquity;
Who in his Ways cloſe Walkers are.
4. Thou haſt commanded us to keep
Thy Precepts, with our utmoſt Care.

5. Oh!

5. Oh! that to keep thy Statutes, Lord,
Thou all my Ways would'ſt well direct!
6. Then ſhall I have no Cauſe of Shame;
When I all thy Commands reſpect.
7. With Heart's Uprightneſs, I'll thee praiſe;
When I ſhall learn thy Judgments right,
8. I'll keep thy Statutes with great Care:
Oh! do not thou forſake me quite!

Second PART. BETH.

9. How ſhall a young Man cleanſe his Way?
Let him, thy Word, with Care, obſerve.
10. With my whole Heart, I Thee have ſought;
From thy Commands let me not ſwerve.
11. I've hid thy Word within my Heart;
Leſt I ſhould give Offence to Thee.
12. For ever bleſs'd art thou, O Lord,
Thy righteous Statutes teach thou me.

13. I all the Judgments of thy Mouth
Have, with my Lips, declar'd aright.
14. I, in thy Teſtimonies Way,
More than all Riches, take Delight.
15. Thy Precepts I will bear in Mind;
And have Reſpect unto thy Ways.
16. Thy Statutes, my Delight, ſhall be;
I'll not forget what thy Word ſays.

Third PART. GIMEL.

17. In Kindneſs, with thy Servant deal;
That I may live, and keep thy Word.
18. Open mine Eyes; that I may ſee,
The Wonders which thy Laws afford.
19. I'm but a Stranger, on the Earth;
Hide not thy wiſe Commands from me.
20. My Soul doth faint, with ſtrong Deſire,
Still with thy Judgments to agree.

21. The Proud thou haſt rebuk'd; they're
Who from thy Precepts boldly ſwerv'd. [curs'd,
22. Shame, and Contempt, remove from me;
Thy Teſtimonies I obſerv'd.
23. Tho' Princes met, and me defam'd;
Thy Statutes I my Study make.
24. Thy Records are my chief Delight:
Them for my Counſellors I take.

Fourth PART. DALETH.

25. My Soul cleaves faſt unto the Duſt;
Raiſe me, according to thy Word.
26. I ſhew'd my Ways, thou anſwer'dſt me;
Thy righteous Statutes teach me, Lord.
27. Make me to know thy Precept's Way;
Thy Wonders then I will declare.
28. My Soul with melting Grief diſſolves;
O let thy Word my Strength repair.
29. Remove from me each lying Way;
Grant me thy Laws diviner Aid.
30. For I have choſe the Way of Truth;
Thy Judgments I've before me laid.
31. I to thy Teſtimonies cleave;
Me from all Shame, O Lord, diſcharge.
32. I'll run the Way of thy Commands;
When thou my Heart ſhalt free enlarge.

Fifth PART. HE.

33. Teach me, O Lord, thy Statutes Way;
And I ſhall from it ne'er depart.
34. Inſtruct me, and I'll keep thy Law;
I'll it obſerve with all my Heart.
35. Me in the Path of thy Commands;
Conduct, for I delight therein.
36. My Heart unto thy juſt Records;
And not to Avarice encline.

37. From

37. From all vain Objects turn mine Eyes;
Me in thy Way revive, and chear.
38. Confirm thy Word thy Servant to;
Who is devoted to thy Fear.
39. The fear'd Reproach from me remove;
Good are the Judgments thou do'ſt give;
40. Lo! how I long for thy Commands!
Me in thy Righteouſneſs revive.

Sixth PART. VAU.

41. Let Mercies and Salvation, come
To me; as thou haſt ſpoken, Lord.
42. So ſhall I anſwer his Reproach;
For I rely upon thy Word.
43. Take not thy Word quite from my Mouth;
For on thy Judgments I depend.
44. So I will ever keep thy Law;
With Conſtancy, unto the End.

45. Freed from Reſtraints, I'll walk at large;
For thy Commands I cloſely ſeek.
46. Boldly, before the greateſt Kings,
I'll of thy Teſtimonies ſpeak.
47. In thy Commands, which I have lov'd;
Myſelf, with Joy, I'll recreate.
48. To thy lov'd Laws I'll ſtretch my Hands;
And on thy Statutes meditate.

Seventh PART. ZAIN.

49. The Word, unto thy Servant; mind;
On which thou'ſt kept my Hope alive.
50. This is my Comfort in Diſtreſs;
Becauſe thy Word doth me revive.
51. The Proud did greatly me deride;
Yet from thy Law I've not declin'd.
52. Thy ancient Judgments I recall;
O Lord; and ſolid Comfort find.

53. I'm ſtruck with Horror, to behold,
How impious Men thy Law forſake.
54. I, in my Houſe of Pilgrimage,
My chearfull Songs thy Statutes make.
55. I've kept thy Law; for I recall'd,
Thy Name, O Lord, to Mind by Night.
56. This, by Experience taught, I had;
Becauſe I kept thy Precepts right.

Eighth PART. CHETH.

57. My Portion thou, *Jehovah*, art;
I ſaid, that I will keep thy Word.
58. With all my Heart I ſought thy Face;
Thy promis'd Mercy me afford.
59. I view'd my Ways; and turn'd my Feet
Unto thy Teſtimonies Way.
60. I haſted, and deferred not,
All thy Commandments to obey.
61. By wicked Troops I have been rob'd;
Thy Laws I think on with Delight.
62. I'll riſe at Mid-night-Thee to praiſe;
Becauſe thy Judgments all are right.
63. Companion to them all am I,
That fear Thee, and thy Precepts keep.
64. Earth, Lord, is with thy Goodneſs fill'd;
Teach me thy Statutes, wondrous deep.

Ninth PART. TETH.

65. Thou well with me, O Lord, haſt dealt:
As thy Word promis'd, I've receiv'd.
66. Good Judgment give, and Knowledge teach;
For thy Commands I have believ'd.
67. Before I was chaſtis'd I err'd;
But now to keep thy Word I learn.
68. Thou, Lord, art good, and good thou do'ſt;
Thy Statutes make me to diſcern.

69. The

69. The Proud have Lies againſt me forg'd;
Thy Law I've kept with my Heart's might,
70. Their Heart, with Fat, is ſtupid grown;
But in thy Law I take Delight.
71. It's good for me I've felt thy Rod;
That right thy Statutes I might hold.
72. Laws of thy Mouth I more have priz'd,
Than Silver Heaps, and Mines of Gold.

Tenth PART. JOD.

73. Thy Hands have made, and ſtrengthen'd me;
Skill, thy Commands to learn, afford.
74. Who fear Thee me ſhall ſee with Joy;
Becauſe I've hoped in thy Word.
75. Thy Judgments, Lord, I know are juſt:
In Faithfulneſs thou chaſten'ſt me.
76. I pray thy promis'd Kindneſs may,
Thy Servant's future Comfort, be.
77. Shew me thy Grace, that I may live:
For in thy Law, Delight I find.
78. Shame proud ones who me cauſeleſs harm:
Thy Precepts I will bear in mind.
79. Let them, that fear Thee, turn to me:
And thoſe thy Teſtimonies know.
80. Sound in thy Statutes make my Heart;
That Shame may not me overthrow.

Eleventh PART. CAPH.

81. My Soul, for thy Salvation, faints;
Thy Word fullfill'd, I hope to ſee.
82. My longing Eyes for thy Word fail;
Saying, when wilt thou comfort me?
83. I'm like a Bottle in the Smoke;
Yet do not I thy Laws forget.
84. What are my Days? when wilt thou judge,
Thoſe that in Malice me beſet.

85. The Proud for me have digged Pits;
Who with thy Law do not agree.
86. Faithful are all of thy Commands;
They rage unjuſtly, help thou me.
87. On Earth they almoſt me conſum'd:
But thy Commands I ne'er forſook.
88. In Mercy me revive; that I
May keep the Laws thy Mouth has ſpoke.

Twelfth PART. LAMED.

89. Thy Word, O Lord, in Heav'n is fix'd,
Unchang'd forever to endure.
90. Thy Truth thro'out all Ages laſts;
Thou found'ſt the Earth, and it ſtands ſure.
91. They ſtill remain as thou ordain'ſt;
For all thy ready Servants are.
92. Had not thy Law been my Delight;
I'd long ſince periſh'd in Diſpair.
93. Thy Precepts I will ne'er forget;
Thou me new Life, by them, haſt brought.
94. I am entirely thine, ſave me;
For I've thy Precepts daily ſought.
95. The Wicked watch me to deſtroy;
But I'll thy Teſtimonies mind.
96. Of all Perfection th' End I ſee;
Exceeding broad thy Law I find.

Thirteenth PART. MEM.

97. Oh! how I love thy ſacred Law!
It daily my ſweet Study grows.
98. By thy Word, ever with me, thou
Haſt made me wiſer than my Foes.
99. More than my Teachers all I know;
For I thy Statutes cloſely weigh'd.
100. Than ancient Sages more I ſee;
Becauſe thy Precepts I obey'd.

101. From all ill Paths I have refrain'd
My Feet; that I might keep thy Word.
102. I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd;
Becauſe 'tis thou haſt taught me Lord.
103. How ſweet thy Words are to my Taſte!
Than Honey ſweeter to my Mouth!
104. I, by thy Precepts, Wiſdom gain;
And hate the Ways that ſwerve from Truth.

Fourteenth PART. NUN.

105. Thy Word's a Lamp unto my Feet;
And ſhining Light unto my Way.
106. I've ſworn, and will the Oath perform;
Thy righteous Judgments I'll obey.
107. I am exceedingly diſtreſs'd;
Revive me, Lord, after thy Word.
108. My Mouth's free Off'rings pray accept;
Skill in thy Judgments me afford.
109. My Life is always in my Hand;
Yet I thy Law do not forget.
110. Nor have I from thy Precepts err'd;
Tho' Snares, for me, the Wicked ſet.
111. Thy Laws, my laſting Heritage,
I've choſe; for my Heart's Joy they are.
112. My Heart ſtands bent to thy Commands;
As long as thou my Life ſhalt ſpare.

Fifteenth PART. SAMECH.

113. Vain fluctuating Thoughts I hate;
But fix my Love upon thy Law.
114. Thou art my hiding Place, and Shield;
My Hopes, from thy pure Word, I draw.
115. Depart from me ye wicked Men;
To keep my God's Commands I aim.
116. As thou haſt ſaid, ſupport my Life;
Let not my Hope be turn'd to Shame.

117. Uphold me, then I ſhall be ſafe;
I'll to thy Laws ſtill turn mine Eyes.
118. Tranſgreſſors thou haſt trodden down;
For they deceiv'd themſelves with Lies.
119. Thou doſt ill Men, like Droſs, reject;
To love thy Laws, I'm therefore led.
120. For Fear of Thee my Fleſh doth quake;
And I thy awful Judgments dread.

Sixteenth PART. AIN.

121. Judgment, and Juſtice, I have done;
Let no Oppreſſors me diſtreſs.
122. Thy Servant's Surety be for good;
Leſt haughty Foes ſhould me oppreſs.
123. My Eyes have fail'd, with longing Looks,
To ſee thy Help, and promis'd Word.
124. In Mercy with thy Servant deal;
Thy righteous Statutes teach me, Lord.
125. Give me, thy Servant Skill; and then
I ſhall thy Teſtimonies know.
126. 'Tis Time, O Lord, for Thee to work;
For Men thy Law do over throw.
127. Therefore I love thy Statutes more
Than Gold; the fineſt, and the beſt.
128. I all thy Precepts highly prize:
As right; but all falſe Ways deteſt.

Seventeenth PART. PE.

129. Thy Teſtimonies wondrous are;
Therefore my Soul doth keep thy Ways.
130. The Entrance of thy Word gives Light;
And Wiſdom to the weak conveys.
131. I gape, and pant, for thy Commands;
For after them my Heart's in Flame.
132. Behold, and pity me, as thou
Art wont to them that love thy Name.

133. Direct

133. Direct my Walk in thy pure Word;
And let no Sin, in me, bear Sway.
134. From Man's Oppreſſion ſet me free;
So I thy Precepts will obey.
135. O make thy Face, on me, to ſhine;
And me to know thy Statutes cauſe.
136. The Tears, like Floods, ſtream from mine Eyes;
To ſee Men violate thy Laws.

Eighteenth PART. TSADDI.

137. Righteous art thou, O Lord; and all
Thy Judgments upright are we find.
138. Thy Teſtimonies righteous are,
And faithful which thou haſt enjoin'd.
139. Thy Zeal conſumed me; becauſe
Mine Enemies thy Law forget.
140. Thy Word is thoroughly refin'd;
Therefore my Heart on it is ſet.
141. Tho' I am little, and deſpis'd,
My Mind thy Precepts yet retains.
142. Thy Righteouſneſs forever laſts;
Thy Law eternal Truth remains.
143. Trouble, and Anguiſh, on me ſeiz'd;
Yet great Delight thy Precepts give.
144. Thy Laws are juſt forevermore;
Oh! teach me them, and I ſhall live.

Nineteenth PART. KOPH.

145. With my whole Heart I cry'd, hear me;
O Lord; thy Statutes I'll obey.
146. To Thee I cry'd, ſave me; that I
May keep thy Teſtimony's Way.
147. Before the dawning Light I cry'd;
Thy Promiſe did me Hope afford.
148. Mine Eyes prevent the Watch that I,
May meditate upon thy Word.

149. My

149. My Voice, in Loving-kindneſs, hear;
Lord, in thy Word revive my Heart.
150. Who follow Miſchief near approach;
They from thy Laws far off depart.
151. But, O *Jehovah*, thou art near;
All thy Commands, as Truth, endure.
152. As for thy Word, I know of old,
Thou haſt it fix'd forever ſure.

Twentieth PART. RESCH.

153. View my Diſtreſs, and reſcue me;
For I thy Law ſtill bear in Mind.
154. Plead thou my Cauſe, and me redeem;
May I, thy Word, me quick'ning, find.
155. Salvation's far from wicked Men;
For they to keep thy Law ne'er ſtrive.
156. Great are thy tender Mercies, Lord;
Oh! in thy Judgments me revive.

157. Many conſpire to ſeek my Hurt;
But from thy Truth I've not declin'd.
158. With Grief Tranſgreſſors I beheld;
For they've not kept thy Word in Mind.
159. Behold, how thy Commands I love!
Lord, in thy Mercy quicken me.
160. Thy Word, from th' early'ſt Time is true;
And laſts 'till Time no more ſhall be.

Twenty-firſt PART. SCHIN.

161. Princes me, cauſeleſs, perſecute;
My Heart, in Awe of thy Word, ſtands.
162. I in thy Word rejoice; as one
That mighty Spoils of War commands.
163. All Falſhood hate I, and deteſt;
But thy juſt Law, ſincerely love.
164. Sev'n Times a Day I Thee will praiſe;
Becauſe thy Judgments righteous prove.

165. Great

165. Great Peace have they that love thy Law;
No ſtumbling Stone ſhall them offend.
166. For thy Salvation, Lord, I hope;
And thy Commands with Care attend.
167. My Soul thy Teſtimonies kept;
And them I love with great Delight.
168. Thy Law, and Word, I have obſerv'd;
For all my Ways are in thy Sight.

Twenty-ſecond PART. TAU.

169. Lord, let my Cry approach my Face;
As thou haſt ſpoke, me prudent make.
170. Let my Requeſt, before Thee, come;
Deliver me, for thy Word's Sake.
171. Then ſhall my Lips pour forth thy Praiſe;
When me, thy Statutes, thou ſhalt teach.
172. All thy Commands are Righteouſneſs;
Therefore my Tongue thy Word ſhall preach.
173. Let thine almighty Hand me help;
For I, thy Precepts, made my Choice.
174. Lord, I for thy Salvation long;
And greatly in thy Law rejoice.
175. Prolong my Life, and I'll Thee praiſe;
Let me thy promis'd Succour find.
176. Thy Servant ſeek, like loſt Sheep ſtray'd;
For I thy Precepts bear in Mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN my Diſtreſs, to God, I cry'd,
And he redreſs'd my Wrongs.
2. Save, Lord, my Soul from lying Lips,
And from deceitful Tongues.
3. What ſhall a falſe Tongue give to Thee?
What Benefits confer?
4. What? but ſharp Arrows of the ſtrong,
And Coals of *Juniper*.

5. Wo's

5. Wo's me! I am a Sojourner,
In *Meſhech*'s barren Plain;
And yet, among the lawleſs Tents
Of *Kedar*, I remain.
6. Long Time, my Soul has dwelt with them,
That Charms of Peace abhor.
7. I am for Peace; but when, I ſpeak,
They all declare for War.

PSALM CXXI.

IF to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
From whence ſhould come mine Aid?
2. My Help doth from *Jehovah* come;
Who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made.
3. He'll keep thy Feet from dang'rous Falls;
Thy Guardian never ſleeps.
4. Nor Sleep, nor Slumber, touch the Eyes,
Of him that *Iſr'el* keeps.
5. The Lord's thy Keeper, he, thy Shade,
Stands by thee on thy Right;
6. Leſt ſcorching Sun offend by Day;
Or Moon's cold Damps by Night.
7. The Lord ſhall keep thee from all Harms;
Preſerve thy Soul from Ill.
8. Thy going out; and coming in,
Keeps now, and ever will.

PSALM CXXII.

WITH Joy, I heard the People ſay,
Let's to the Lord's Houſe go and pray.
2. Our Feet, henceforth, with Pleaſure wait,
Jeruſalem, within thy Gate.
3. *Jeruſalem*'s a City fair,
Compact, with beauteous Order there.
4. Thither the Tribes devoutly throng;
The Tribes which to the Lord belong.

To *Iſr'el*'s Witneſs we repair,
To honour God, with Praiſe, and Pray'r.
5. The Seats of Juſtice there have Place;
And Thrones of *David*'s royal Race.
6. Pray *Salem*'s Peace may laſting be;
For they ſhall proſper that love thee.
7. May Peace within thy Walls abound;
Thy Palaces with Joy be crown'd.
8. For Friends, and Brethren's Sake, I pray
May happy Peace, within thee ſtay.
9. Becauſe *Jehovah*'s Houſe is there,
Thy Good ſhall be my conſtant Care.

PSALM CXXII. *2d Meetre.*

MY Heart rejoic'd to hear
The People this declare,
We'll to *Jehovah*'s Houſe aſcend.
2. Our Feet ſhall henceforth wait
Within fair *Salem*'s Gate,
And ſacred Worſhip there attend.
3. *Jeruſalem* is built
A City, richly gilt,
Compact, and great ſhall be in Fame.
4. God's Cov'nant Ark is there,
Thither his Tribes repair,
To thank, and Praiſe, *Jehovah*'s Name.
5. Juſtice has there it's Place,
With Thrones of *David*'s Race.
6. O pray for *Salem*'s happy Peace;
They proſper that love thee.
7. Within thy Walls Peace be.
Thy Palaces, with Joy increaſe.
8. For Friends, and Brethren's Sake,
Whoſe Good my own I make,

Thy

Thy Peace ſhall be my conſtant Pray'r.
9. Becauſe the Lord, our God,
His Houſe makes his Abode,
Thy Weal ſhall ever be my Care.

PSALM CXXIII.

TO Thee, for Succour, in Diſtreſs,
I lift my longing Eyes;
Oh! thou Omnipotent, Supream!
Who dwell'ſt above the Skies.
2. As Servants, eye their Maſter's Hand,
Their Miſtreſſes, the Maids;
So to the Lord, our God, we look,
For his reviving Aids.
3. Have Mercy upon us, O Lord,
Oh! Pity to us ſhow;
For loaded with moſt baſe Contempt,
We feel the Depth of Woe.
4. From thoſe that live at Eaſe, our Soul
Is greatly fill'd with Scorn;
And the vile Inſult of the Proud,
We heavily have borne.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Appeared on our Side;
2. Had not the Lord us help'd, when Men
Roſe, like the ſwelling Tide:
3. They ſoon had ſwallow'd us alive;
So fierce their Wrath did rowl;
4. The Waters had o'erwhelmed us,
The Stream gone o'er our Soul.
5. Proud Waters then had o'er us beat,
And ſwept us quite away.
6. Bleſs'd be the Lord; who gave us not,
To their ſharp Teeth, a Prey. 7. Our

7. Our Soul's eſcap'd the broken Snare,
As Birds, from Fowler's, fled.
8. Our Help is in *Jehovah*'s Name;
Who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made.

PSALM CXXV.

THey, like to *Sion*'s ſacred Mount,
Who in the Lord confide,
Shall ſtand unmov'd, in midſt of Storms,
And ever ſafe abide.
2. Lo! how the Mountains, compaſſing
Jeruſalem, aſcend;
The Lord, his People, ſo ſurrounds,
And ever will defend.
3. The Rod of Wickedneſs ſhall not
On juſt Men's Lot remain;
Leſt righteous Men put forth their Hands,
And them with Evil ſtain.
4. To all that are ſincerely good,
Thy Goodneſs, Lord, impart;
O may it freely flow to all
That are upright in Heart.
5. They that to crooked Ways decline,
The Lord ſhall force them down,
Where wicked Men are doom'd to go;
But Peace ſhall *Iſr'el* crown.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHen *Sion*'s Captives God return'd,
Such an illuſtrious Theme,
Struck us with Wonder and Surpriſe;
We were like them that dream.
2. Then was our Mouth with Laughter fill'd,
Our Tongue for Joy did ſhout;
The Heathen ſaid, the Lord, for them,
Great Things hath brought about.

3. With

3. With Joy, we own, great Things, for us,
Are wrought, Lord, by thy Hand.
4. Return the Remnant; and 'twill be
Like Streams to South parch'd Land.
5. Who ſow in Tears, in Joy ſhall reap.
6. They that go forth, and mourn,
Bearing choice Seed, ſhall ſure with Joy,
Laden with Sheaves, return.

PSALM CXXVII.

EXcept the Lord do build the Houſe,
The Builders labour all in vain:
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
In vain the Guards their Watch maintain.
2. To riſe betimes, and ſit up late,
And eat thy Bread with Grief oppreſt,
Is vain; without ſuch carking Cares,
The Lord gives his Beloved Reſt.
3. Lo; Children are God's Heritage;
The fruitful Womb is his Reward.
4. As Arrows in a ſtrong Man's Hand,
So Sons of Youth are Parents Guard.
5. Happy the Man, whoſe Quiver's fill'd
With Shafts, that on him ready wait;
He ſhall not be aſham'd to ſpeak
With th' Adverſary in the Gate.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THrice bleſs'd are all that fear the Lord;
And walk in his pure Ways.
2. Thy Labour ſhall ſupply thy Wants;
And proſper all thy Days.
3. Thy Wife, a lovely fruitful Vine,
By thy Houſe Sides, ſhall grow;
Thy Children, round thy Table ſet,
Like Olive Plants ſhall ſhow.

4. Behold;

4. Behold; thus ſhall the Man be bleſt,
That doth *Jehovah* fear.
5. The Lord, who dwells on *Sion* Hill,
Shall bleſs thee ev'ry where;
Thou, all thy Days, with joy, ſhall ſee
Jeruſalem's happy State:
6. Behold thy Children's Children riſe,
And Peace on *Iſrael* wait.

PSALM CXXIX.

FROM my Youth up, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
They oft have me aſſail'd;
2. They oft, from Youth, my Ruin ſought,
But have not quite prevail'd.
3. The Plowers long their Furrows plow'd;
And put my Back to Pain.
4. The Lord is righteous he hath cut.
The Wicked's Cords in Twain.
5. Let all that *Sion* hate, with Shame,
And in Confuſion, fly.
6. May they, as Grain, on Houſes Tops,
But juſt ſpring up and die.
7. With which no Reaper fills his Hand,
Nor Arms that binds the Sheave,
8. No Paſſenger, God bleſs you, ſays;
We, you our Bleſſing, leave.

PSALM CXXX.

LORD from the Heart, and Depth of Woe,
My Cry, to Thee, I ſend.
2. Hear, Lord, my Voice, and to my Pray'r,
O let thine Ear attend.
3. Should'ſt thou, O Lord, obſerve our Crimes,
Who could the Tryal bear?
4. But there Forgiveneſs is with Thee,
That thou may'ſt be our Fear. 5. My

5. My Soul doth for *Jehovah* wait;
And I hope in his Word.
6. No Watch-men long for dawning Light,
As my Soul for the Lord.
7. Let *Isr'el* truſt in God, the Source
Of all redeeming Grace;
8. Who will compleat Redemption grant,
And all their Sins efface.

PSALM CXXXI.

O Lord, my Heart's not haughty grown,
Nor lofty are my Eyes;
In Things too great, and high, for me,
Is not mine Exerciſe.
2. Surely, I have compos'd my Mind,
And carry'd it as mild,
As Children weaned from the Breaſt;
My Soul's a weaned Child.
3. Let *Isr'el* learn, in God alone,
The God whom they adore,
To place their ſteadfaſt Hope, and Truſt,
Both now, and evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

THY Promiſe, Lord, to *David*, mind,
And all the Chaſt'ning of thy Rod.
2. How to *Jehovah* he hath ſworn,
And vow'd to *Jacob*'s mighty God.
3. I will not go into my Houſe,
Nor on my Bed my Limbs, repoſe;
4. No Sleep I'll to mine Eyes afford,
Nor Slumber ſhall mine Eye-lids cloſe;
5. 'Till, for the Lord, I have found out,
And for his Ark, a reſting Place;
Which ſhall the future Dwelling be,
Of the great God of *Jacob*'s Race. 6. Be-

6. Behold, we heard it's ſpreading Fame,
At *Ephrata*; but now have found
The choſen Spot, for it's Abode,
Where Hills of mighty Woods ſurround.

7. We'll go into his ſacred Tents,
Our Worſhip, at his Foot-ſtool, pay.
8. Ariſe, O Lord, into thy Reſt;
And with thine Ark of Strength there ſtay.
9. Array thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs;
Let all thy Saints aloud rejoice.
10. And for thy Servant *David*'s Sake,
Deſpiſe not thine Anointed's Voice.

Second PART.

11. The Lord, to *David*, ſware in Truth,
The Oath he never will diſown;
" That, one, deſcended from thy Loins,
" Shall ſurely ſit upon thy Throne.
12. " And if thy Sons my Cov'nant keep,
" And to my ſacred Laws ſubmit;
" Their Children alſo, evermore,
" Upon thy royal Throne ſhall ſit.

13. Becauſe the Lord hath *Sion* choſe;
And there deſir'd to have his Seat.
14. This is my Reſt forever; here
I'll dwell; for I've deſired it.
15. I'll ſurely bleſs her growing Stores;
And ſatisfy her Poor with Food.
16. Her Prieſts, with my Salvation, cloath;
Her Saints, with Joy, ſhall ſhout aloud.

17. There *David*'s Horn I'll make to bud;
There mine Anointed's Lamp ordain.
18. With Shame I'll cloath his Foes; on him
His Crown ſhall flouriſhing remain.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEhold; how charming is the Sight!
How good too doth it prove!
When Brethren in their Hearts unite,
And live in Peace, and Love.

2. It's like the precious Ointment, pour'd
On *Aaron*'s ſacred Head;
Which down his Locks the Perfume ſhower'd,
And o'er his Garments ſpread.

3. So *Hermon*'s, and Mount *Sion*'s Dews
Deſcend, and bleſs the Plains;
For there the Lord his Bleſſing ſhews,
And endleſs Life ordains.

PSALM CXXXIII. *2d Meetre.*

BEhold! how good it proves!
How charming is the Sight!
When Brethren, dwell in Love
In firmeſt Bonds, unite;
When all agree
To act their Part,
As with one Heart,
In Charity.

2. It's like the precious Oyl,
That caſts a fragrant Smell,
Which pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
A down his Locks it fell;
From thence it ſhed
It's trickling Globes,
On's prieſtly Robes,
And Odours ſpread.

3. So the refreſhing Dews,
From *Hermon*'s Top, that flow,
Or rowl down *Sion*'s Mount,
Revive the Plains below:

Je-

Jehovah there
His Bliſs ordains,
With Life that reigns
For ever fair.

PSALM CXXXIV.

LO; all ye Servants of the Lord,
Who nightly ſtand, and wait,
Attending in his ſacred Houſe,
Jehovah celebrate.

2. Bleſs ye the Lord, lift up your Hands
Within his holy Place;
The Lord, who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made,
Thee out of *Sion* bleſs.

PSALM CXXXV.

LET's join, and *Hallelujah* ſing;
Praiſe ye *Jehovah*'s Name;
O all ye Servants of the Lord,
His glorious Praiſe proclaim.

2. Who, in the Houſe of God attend,
Or in his Court Yards meet;

3. Praiſe ye the Lord, for it is good,
To praiſe his Name is ſweet.

4. Becauſe *Jehovah Jacob* choſe,
His own by ſpecial Grace;
For his peculiar Treaſure took,
Iſr'el, and all his Race.

5. The Lord is great; our God is high
Above all Gods we own.

6. Who, what he pleas'd in Heav'n, and Earth,
In Seas, and Depths, hath done.

7. He makes the Vapours to aſcend,
From Earth, in Clouds combin'd;
He bringeth Light'ning, with the Rain,
From unknown Stores the Wind.

Second PART.

8. *Egypt*'s Firſt-born, of Man, and Beaſt,
He ſmote, thro' all their Coaſt.
9. His dreadful Signs and Wonders, ſent
On *Pharaoh*, and his Hoſt.
10. He many Nations, mighty Kings,
Did, by his Pow'r, ſubdue.
11. He, *Sihon*, King of th' *Amorites*,
And *Og*, of *Baſhan*, ſlew:
He *Canaan*'s num'rous Kingdoms ſmote,
And freed from Tyrants Hands.
12. An Heritage, to *Iſr'el*'s Tribes,
He gave their fertile Lands.
13. Thy Name, O Lord, by thy great Acts,
Shall be forever known;
And we'll tranſmit thy Name, and Praiſe,
To future Ages down.
14. The Lord, his People's Cauſe, will judge,
Who now oppreſſed mourn;
Will, for his Servants Sake, repent,
And from his Anger turn.

Third PART.

15. The many Idol Gods ador'd,
By all the Heathen Bands,
Are Gold, and Silver, ſhining Duſt;
The Labour of Men's Hands.
16. Their Mouths no Pow'r of Speech retain,
And ſightleſs are their Eyes.
17. Their Ears are deaf; no vital Breath
Their Mouth, or Breaſt, ſupplies.
18. All thoſe that make ſuch Idols vain,
And Homage to them pay;
Who put their Truſt in them for Help,
As ſenſleſs are as they.

19. O

19. O Houſe of *Iſr'el*, bleſs the Lord;
O *A'ron*'s, praiſe his Name.
20. The Lord, O Houſe of *Levi*, bleſs;
Ye Juſt, his Praiſe proclaim.
21. O let *Jehovah* bleſſed be,
From *Sion*, with Accord,
Who dwelleth in *Jeruſalem*,
Sing Praiſes to the Lord.

PSALM CXXXVI.

YOUR Thanks, to God, moſt good repeat;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
2. Praiſe him, the God of Gods, moſt great;
His Mercy never fails.
3. Give Thanks unto the King of Kings;
His Mercy laſts always.
4. Who only doth moſt wondrous Things;
His Mercy ne'er decays.
5. Whoſe Wiſdom gave the Heav'ns their Birth;
His Mercy ſhall endure.
6. Above the Waters rais'd the Earth;
His Mercy's ever ſure.
7. To him, who did great Lights diſplay;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
8. He form'd the Sun to rule the Day;
His Mercy never fails.
9. The Moon, and Stars, to rule the Night;
His Mercy laſts always.
10. Did *Egypt*, in their Firſt-born, ſmite;
His Mercy ne'er decays.
11. Who *Iſr'el* led from ſlaviſh Land;
His Mercy ſhall endure.
12. With ſtretch'd out Arm, and mighty Hand;
His Mercy's ever ſure.

Second PART.

13. The Red Sea he aſunder clave;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
14. And *Iſr'el* Paſſage thro' it gave;
His Mercy never fails.
15. But *Pharaoh*'s Hoſt, with Seas, o'er ſpread;
His Mercy laſts always.
16. His People, thro' the Deſert, led;
His Mercy ne'er decays.

17. To him who did great Monarchs ſmite;
His Mercy ſhall endure.
18. And ſlew Kings, famous for their Might;
His Mercy's ever ſure.
19. *Sihon*, who th' *Am'rites* Sceptre ſway'd;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
20. And *Og*, whom *Baſhan*'s Towns obey'd;
His Mercy never fails.

21. For Heritage, he gave their Lands;
His Mercy laſts always.
22. Into his Servants *Iſr'el*'s Hands;
His Mercy ne'er decays.
23. Who thought on us, when we were low;
His Mercy ſhall endure.
24. And us redeemed from the Foe.
His Mercy's ever ſure.

25. Who to all Fleſh their Food conveys;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
26. The God of Heav'n, O therefore, praiſe;
His Mercy never fails.

PSALM CXXXVII.

THere we ſat down, and wept, by Streams,
Which glide by *Babel*'s Walls;
While *Sion*'s melancholly Themes,
Our mournful Mind recalls. 2. Our

2. Our Harps, which us'd their Part to bear,
When *Sion*'s Songs we ſung,
On Willow-Trees, that flouriſh'd there,
As uſeleſs now we hung.

3. Stern Lords who did us Captive bring,
Inſulted thus our Wrongs;
"Come, take your Harps, and chearful ſing
"Us, one of *Sion*'s Songs.

4. How can we, Lord, thy Songs repeat,
To Aliens, in ſtrange Land?

5. If thee, *Jerus'lem*, I forget;
Her Skill may my Right-hand.

6. My Tongue cleave to my Roof; if I,
Of thee, forgetful prove;
Or ever entertain a Joy,
Jeruſalem above.

7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s Sons,
In *Salem*'s woful Day,
Cry'd, "Raſe it, raſe the loweſt Stones,
"And with the Ground it lay.

8. O Daughter of proud *Babylon!*
Whom we are doom'd to ſee;
Happy's the Man, the Wrongs thou'ſt done
To us, returns on thee.

9. Bleſs'd Man! who, at the high Command,
Shall take thy little ones,
As thou did'ſt ours, in cruel Hands,
And daſh againſt the Stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole Heart, my Sacrifice
Of Praiſe, to Thee, I'll bring;
And openly, before the Gods,
Thy Praiſe, my God, I'll ſing.

2. Towards thy holy Houſe I'll bow,
Thy Grace, and Truth, proclaim;
For over all, thou by thy Word,
Haſt magnify'd thy Name.

3. God, in the Day I made my Cry,
A ſpeedy Anſwer gave;
Did Strength encreaſe thro' all my Soul,
And from my Tears me ſave.

4. Lord, Thee, all Kings on Earth, ſhall praiſe;
When they ſhall hear thy Word.

5. They, in *Jehovah*'s Ways, ſhall ſing;
For great's thy Glory, Lord.

6. For tho' the Lord's enthron'd on high,
The Humble he reſpects;
But he far off beholds the Proud,
And with Diſdain rejects.

7. Tho' circled with Diſtreſs, I walk,
Thee quick'ning me I have;
Thou'lt ſtretch thy Hand on my Foe's Wrath
Thy Right-hand will me ſave.

8. What Mercy has for me begun,
The Lord will perfect make;
Thy Mercy fails not, Lord; the Work
Of thy Hands ne'er forſake.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O Lord, thou do'ſt me ſearch, and know,
Whether I ſit, or riſe.

2. My Thoughts, far diſtant from my Breaſt,
Thy piercing Sight deſcries.

3. My Path, and Bed, thou do'ſt ſurround,
And knoweſt all my Ways.

4. There's not a Word couch'd in my Tongue,
But, Lord, thine Eye ſurveys.

5. Behind,

5. Behind, before, thou haſt beſet,
And on me laid thine Hand.
6. Such Knowledge is too wondrous high,
For me to underſtand.
7. Where ſhall I from thy Spirit go?
Or from thy Preſence fly?
8. If Heav'n I climb, thou'rt there; lo there,
If deep in Earth I ly.
9. If on the Morning Wings, I flee
To utmoſt Bounds of Seas:
10. Thy Hand muſt firſt conduct me there,
There would thy Right-hand ſeiſe.
11. Or ſhould I think to hide, behind
The Curtains of the Night;
Ev'n Night itſelf would round me ſhine,
As Noon Days ſtrongeſt Light.
12. No Darkneſs can obſcure thy Sight;
Thus Day, and Night, agree;
The darkeſt Night, and brighteſt Day,
Are both alike to Thee.

Second PART.

13. My inmoſt Reins, which thou didſt form,
Are ſtill poſſeſs'd by Thee;
Thou, in the Womb, with tender Care,
Did'ſt wrap, and cover me.
14. Thy Wonders, in my curious Frame,
My Admiration raiſe;
My Soul, thy marv'lous Works, knows well,
And gives to Thee the Praiſe.
15. My Subſtance was not hid from Thee,
Who me in Secret wrought;
And, in the Depth of Earth, the Parts
To cloſeſt Union brought.

16. Thine Eyes beheld my unform'd Maſs,
The daily Growth it took;
And all my Members yet unſhap'd,
Were entred in thy Book.

17. How precious are thy Thoughts to me!
O God, how wondrous kind!
From firſt, to laſt, how great's their Sum!
No Power of mine can find.

18. Should I attempt to number them,
They far ſurpaſs the Sand;
Whene'er I wake, I'm ſtill with Thee,
Supported by thine Hand.

Third PART.

19. Surely the Men that wicked are,
Thou wilt deſtroy, O God;
Therefore, from my Society,
Depart, ye Men of Blood.

20. For their vile Tongues againſt Thee ſpeak,
And impiouſly proclaim;
Thine Enemies, perfidious take
In vain thy ſacred Name.

21. Are not thoſe Men, that hate Thee, Lord,
Moſt hateful in mine Eyes?
Is not mine Heart ey'n broke to ſee,
Againſt Thee, how they riſe?

22. Such Men, I utterly abhor,
And number with my Foes.

23. Search me, and know my Heart; and all,
My ſecret Thoughts diſcloſe.

24. Diſcover ev'ry harbour'd Crime,
That lurketh in my Breaſt;
And lead me, all my future Days,
The Way to endleſs Reſt.

PSALM

PSALM CXL.

LORD, ſave me from the evil Man,
And ſuch as violent are.
2. Who Miſchief in their Hearts contrive,
And daily meet for War.
3. LikeSerpents,they make ſharp their Tongues,
To hiſs out Calumnies;
Conceal'd, beneath their guileful Lips,
The Adder's Poiſon lies.
4. Keep me, O Lord, from wicked Hands,
From violent Men me free;
Who would precipitate my Steps,
And think to ruin me.
5. The Proud have laid their Snares, & Cords,
And ſecret ſpread their Net
Acroſs my Path; and artfully
Around me Toils have ſet.
6. The Lord, I then addreſs'd, and ſaid,
"Thou art my God alone;
"Lord, hear my Supplication's Voice,
"O hear my piteous Moan.
7. O Lord, my God, my Safety's Strength!
Thy Shield o'er me was ſpread,
When I in Battle was expos'd,
And covered my Head.
8. Grant not, O Lord, the Heart's Deſire
Of thoſe that wicked be;
Nor further thou their ill Deſigns;
Leſt they triumph o'er me.
9. Upon their Head, who compaſs me
With Falſehood, and Deceit,
Shall all the Malice of their Lips,
Come down, with all it's Weight.

10. Hot burning Coals on them ſhall fall;
They ſhall be burnt with Fire;
In Pits, from whence they ne'er ſhall riſe,
Deep plung'd ſhall they expire.
11. Let not an evil Speaker find,
On Earth, a reſting Place:
Evil ſhall hunt th' injurious Man,
And him to Ruin chaſe.

12. The Lord, I know, for the Oppreſs'd,
And Poor, will Judgment give.
13. Surely, the Juſt ſhall praiſe thy Name;
And in thy Preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO Thee, O Lord, I cry,
Make haſte, for me appear;
And when I call on Thee for Aid,
My Voice, in Mercy, hear.
2. Before Thee, let my Pray'r,
As Morning Incenſe, riſe;
The lifting up my Hands accept,
As Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3. Let, Lord, thy conſtant Guard,
Before my Mouth, attend;
And keep the Door of my vain Lips,
Leſt raſhly I offend.
4. Bow not my Heart to Ill;
Nor let me ever ſhare,
With wicked Men, in their bad Deeds,
Nor on their Danties fare.

5. Let juſt Men's kind Reproof
Smite me, it ſhall not break
My Head, but heal like Balm; my Pray'r,
In their Diſtreſs, I'll make.

6. When

6. When caſt into the Rock,
Their Chiefs lay at my Feet,
Within my Pow'r; they heard my Words,
But, Oh, how ſoft! how ſweet!

7. Our Bones about the Graves,
Ly ſcatter'd all around;
As when one ploweth up the Earth,
And teareth up the Ground.

8. But, Lord, my God, to Thee,
Directed are mine Eyes;
Let not my Soul be naked left;
My Truſt on Thee relies.

9. O keep me from the Snares,
Which they have laid for me;
And from the Nets which they have ſpread,
Who work Iniquity.

10. But let the Wicked fall,
Together, in their Net;
While I, o'er all, in Safety paſs,
And out of Danger get.

PSALM CXLII.

I Cry'd aloud, unto the Lord,
And fervently I pray'd.

2. To him I pour'd out my Complaint;
My Griefs before him laid.

3. When Sorrows overwhelm'd my Soul,
Then thou my Path didſt know:
They laid their private Snares for me,
Wherever I ſhould go.

4. On my Right-hand I look'd, and ſaw,
That not one Friend was there;
All Refuge fail'd, ev'n Flight was fled,
None for my Soul did care.

5. To Thee, O Lord, I cry'd, and ſaid,
" Thou art my Hope alone;
" My Portion, while on Earth I live,
" And when from hence I'm gone.

6. I, to the laſt Extreams, am brought,
O hear my earneſt Cry;
Me from my Perſecutors ſave,
Who ſtronger are than I.

7. From this dark Priſon bring my Soul,
That I thy Name may praiſe;
The Juſt ſhall me ſurround, for thou
Shalt me reward with Grace.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR, Lord, my Pray'r, to my Requeſt,
Let thy kind Ear attend;
And in thy Truth, and Righteouſneſs,
A gracious Anſwer ſend.

2. Let not thy Servant, by ſtrict Rules,
Of Juſtice, Lord, be try'd;
For in thy Sight, no Man alive,
Could ſo be juſtify'd.

3. The Foe purſu'd my Soul, my Life
Down to the Ground did tread,
In Darkneſs made to dwell, as thoſe
That Ages have been dead.

4. Therefore my Spirit ſinks in me;
My Heart is deſolate.

5. Paſt Times I call to Mind, and on
Thy Works I meditate.

6. With out ſtretch'd Hands, thine Aid I crave;
For Thee my Soul doth pant,
As thirſty Lands, in Summer's Heat,
That cooling Showers want.

Second

Second PART.

7. Hear me with Speed, hide not thy Face,
My ſinking Spirit ſave;
Leſt I ſhould ſoon become like them,
That lye down in the Grave.
8. Let me thy Kindneſs early hear,
For I in Thee confide;
Shew me the Way where I ſhould go:
I look to Thee, my Guide.
9. From all my threat'ning Enemies,
O Lord deliver me;
For Shelter, from their Rage, I fly,
To hide myſelf with Thee.
10. Thou art my God, teach me thy Will
Forever to obey;
Let thy good Spirit me conduct,
In thy moſt righteous Way.
11. Revive me, Lord, and ſpare my Life,
That all thy Name may ſing;
For th' Honour of thy faithful Word,
My Soul from Trouble bring.
12. In Mercy to me, rout my Foes,
Thy gracious Aids afford,
Deſtroy all that afflict my Soul;
For I'm thy Servant Lord.

PSALM CXLIV.

FOrever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Rock; who doth inſtruct me right,
To guide the War; and Strength affords
My Hands, when I engage in Fight.
2. My Goodneſs he, Safe-guard, and Tow'r,
My great Deliv'rer, and my Shield,
In whom I truſt; who, to my Pow'r,
Makes Tribes ſubmit, and Nations yield.

3. Lord!

3. Lord! what is Man! or his frail Race!
That thy Concern thou him haſt made!
4. Man is but Vanity, his Days
Fly ſwiftly, as a paſſing Shade.
5. Lord bow thine Heav'ns, and come down,
But touch the Mountains, Smoke ſhall riſe.
6. Caſt Light'nings, rout, and them confound
With pointed Arrows from the Skies.
7. From Heav'n, ſend forth thy mighty Hand,
Reſcue, and ſave me, from the Pow'r
Of Aliens; who like Waters ſtand,
Wide gaping, ready to devour.
8. Whoſe Mouths, with their vain Boaſts, abound,
And utter Speeches full of Lies;
Their Right-hand's plighted Faith is found,
But broken Leagues, and Perjuries.

Second PART.

9. New Songs to Thee, O God, I'll ſing;
My Voice, and Pſaltery, agree,
The Ten ſtring'd Inſtrument I'll bring,
And join in Hymns of Praiſe to Thee.
10. God, with Salvation, Kings befriends,
And Vict'ry to their Arms affords;
His Servant *David*, he defends,
From the keen Edge of hurtful Swords.
11. Still ſave from Sons of foreign Land,
Whoſe Mouths ſpeak Vanity, and Lies;
The plighted Faith of whoſe Right-hand,
Is nought but Fraud, and Perjuries.
12. Then ſhall the Fruits of Peace abound;
Our Sons, like thriving Plants ſhall grow;
As poliſh'd Pillars Courts ſurround,
Our blooming Daughters beauteous ſhow.

13. Our

13. Our Magazines be fill'd with Store,
Of ev'ry Kind of pleaſant Grains;
Our num'rous Flocks encreaſing more,
In Thouſands ſpread the neighb'ring Plains.
14. Our Oxen fat, and ſtrong, ſhall grow;
And no invading Foe be fear'd,
No Marchings out we ſadly know,
Nor Murm'rings in our Streets be heard.
15. O happy are that People, who
Flouriſh in ſuch a State as this;
Thrice happy People, that can ſhew,
Their God, the great *Jehovah* is.

PSALM CXLV.

I'LL Thee extol, my God, and King,
And ever bleſs thy Name.
2. I'll bleſs Thee ev'ry Day, and ſing,
With endleſs Songs, thy Fame.
3. The Lord is great, all Praiſe his due,
His Greatneſs Thought exceeds.
4. One Age the next, thy Works, ſhall ſhew;
And ſing thy mighty Deeds.
5. I'll ſpeak the Glories of thy State,
And Wonders thou haſt done.
6. While Men thy Terrors ſhall relate;
Thy Greatneſs I'll make known.
7. Thy matchleſs Goodneſs, they ſhall praiſe
With chearful Heart, and Tongue;
Thy Righteouſneſs, in all thy Ways,
Shall be their conſtant Song.
8. God's good, and kind, and rich in Grace;
But unto Anger ſlow.
9. He's good to all; in ev'ry Place,
His tender Mercies flow.

10. Thee

10. Thee, all thy Works, O Lord, ſhall praiſe;
And Thee thy Saints ſhall bleſs:
11. Abroad thy Kingdom's Glory blaze;
Thy mighty Pow'r confeſs.
12. To make all Nations know his Pow'r;
And Kingdom's glorious State.
13. Thy Kingdom ever ſhall endure;
Thy Reign's of endleſs Date.

Second PART.

14. The Lord preſerveth all that fall;
And raiſeth up the low.
15. All look to Thee; Thou Food to all,
In Seaſon, doſt beſtow.
16. Thine open Hand to all conveys,
According to their Needs.
17. Thou, Lord, art juſt in all thy Ways,
And bountiful in Deeds.
18. The Lord is nigh, to help them all
That his kind Aid implore;
He'll none reject that on him call,
And him in Truth adore.
19. But he'll their juſt Deſires fulfill,
That his great Name revere;
To their Requeſt attend he will,
And ſave them from their Fear.
20. All, who the Lord ſincerely love,
Protection ſhall enjoy;
But who perverſly wicked prove,
He'll utterly deſtroy.
21. Raptures divine my Tongue inſpire,
To ſing *Jehovah's* Fame;
Let all Fleſh join the ſacred Quire,
And ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRaiſe God; my Soul praiſe thou the Lord.
2. I'll praiſe my God, and King,
Thro' all my Life; whilſt that I am,
Praiſe to my God I'll ſing.
3. On Princes, who no Help can give,
Nor on Man's Son, rely.
4. His Breath departs, he turns to Earth,
His Thoughts then with him die.

5. O happy Man; who hath the God
Of *Jacob* for his Aid;
Whoſe Hope upon the Lord, his God,
Alone, is firmly ſtay'd.
6. Who made the Heav'ns, the Earth, and Sea,
With all that they contain;
Who keeps the Truth forever ſure
His Promiſes remain.

7. Who righteous Judgment executes,
For thoſe oppreſs'd that be;
He gives the Hungry Food, the Lord
Doth ſet the Priſ'ner free.
8. The Lord illuminates the blind;
From burden'd Souls removes
Their heavy Loads, and lifts them up;
The Lord the righteous loves.

9. The Lord ſaves Strangers, he ſupports
Widows, and Fatherleſs;
But up-ſide down he turns their Ways,
Who wickedly tranſgreſs.
10. *Jehovah* ſhall forever reign;
Thy God, O *Sion*, ſways.
The Scepter, while all Ages laſt
O give *Jehovah* praiſe.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVII.

PRaiſe ye the Lord; 'tis good to ſing
The Praiſes of our God, and King;
Praiſe is the moſt delightful Theme,
And nothing more becomes our Frame.
2. The Lord *Jeruſalem* doth repair;
And bring his ſcatter'd Exiles there.
3. He kindly heals the broken Heart;
Binds up their Wounds, allays their Smart.
4. He numbers all the ſtarry Flames;
And calls them by their various Names.
5. Great is our Lord, of boundleſs Might;
His Underſtanding's infinite.
6. The Lord the Meek hath rais'd, and crown'd;
But caſt the Wicked to the Ground.
7. To God your thankful Praiſes ſing;
And join the Harps melodious String.
8. Who clouds the Sky, prepares the Rains;
Makes Graſs to grow on Mounts, and Plains,
9. His Treaſures, Beaſts with Food, ſupply;
And the young Ravens, when they cry.
10. He, in the Strength, or nimble Flight,
Of Horſe, or Man, takes no Delight.
11. The Lord takes Pleaſure in the Juſt;
And thoſe that in his Mercy truſt.

Second PART.

12. *Jeruſalem*, *Jehovah*, praiſe;
Sion, thy God, with ſacred Lays.
13. He, thy Gates Bars with Strength poſſeſs't;
In thee thy Children he hath bleſt.
14. He gives thy Borders Peace moſt ſweet;
And fills thee with the fineſt Wheat.
15. On Earth he ſends forth his Decrees;
His Word, like Light'ning, ſwiftly flees. 16.

16. Like Wool, he cloaths the Ground, with
His hoary Froſt, as Aſhes, throws: [Snows;
17. Fragments of Ice caſts from his Hand;
And who before his Cold can ſtand?
18. He ſendeth forth his high Commands,
The Glebe is looſen'd from it's Bands;
He bids the warmer Breezes blow;
The Ice diſſolves, the Waters flow.

19. His Word, and Will, by Act of Grace,
He hath reveal'd to *Jacob*'s Race;
To *Iſr'el*, whom he choſe his own,
His Laws, and Judgments, are made known.
20. There's none of all the Nations round,
With him, ſuch Favour, e'er have found;
To them, he never did afford,
His Judgments. Therefore praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.

LOUD *Hallelujah*'s ſing:
From Heav'ns *Jehovah* praiſe;
His Fame th' Empyrial ring,
In the ſublimeſt Lays.
2. Angels begin
The lofty Song;
His Hoſts great Throng,
To praiſe ſtrike in.

3. Praiſe him, ye Sun, and Moon,
Which rule the Day, and Night;
His Praiſe be all your Tune,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light.
4. Heav'n's Heav'ns vaſt Frame,
Waters that riſe
Above the Skies,
His Praiſe proclaim.

5. Let

5. Let them in this Accord,
To praiſe *Jehovah*'s Name;
For he but ſpake the Word,
And they from Nothing came.
6. He fix'd them faſt,
From Changes free,
By his Decree;
Which firm ſhall laſt.

7. Praiſe God from Earth below;
Ye Dragons, and each Deep;
8. Fire, Hail, and Miſt, and Snow,
And Storms, his Word which keep.
9. Hills, Mountains high,
Trees bearing Fruit;
Cedars that ſhoot
So near the Sky.

10. Beaſts wild, and tame, and Things
That creep, or wing the Air;
11. All Subjects, and all Kings,
Princes, and Judges here:
12. His Praiſe be ſung,
By hoary Heads,
Young Men, and Maids,
And th' Infant's Tongue.

13. Let all addreſs his Throne,
In Praiſe, with one Conſent;
Jehovah's Name alone,
Is wondrous excellent:
His Glories far
Above Earth riſe,
Tranſcend the Skies,
And ev'ry Star.

14. His People's Horn he rais'd,
And high advanc'd their Fame;
By all his Saints is prais'd
His ever glorious Name:
By *Iſr'el*'s Race,
A People near,
And to him dear.
Jehovah praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

PRAISE ye the Lord; ſing unto God,
A new melodious Song;
Shew forth the Honour of his Name,
Aſſembled Saints among.
2. Let *Iſr'el*'s Heart, with holy Joy,
In him that made him, ſpring;
And *Sion*'s Sons their Triumph make,
In their illuſtrious King.
3. Let them the ſounding Pipe employ,
To praiſe his holy Name;
The Harp, and Timbrel, join, and ſing,
And loud his Praiſe proclaim.
4. The Lord takes Pleaſure in his Saints,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn;
With his Salvation, humble Souls,
He'll glorioufly adorn.
5. Becauſe ſuch Glory he beſtows,
Let all his Saints rejoice;
And thus ſecur'd, upon their Beds,
In Singing, raiſe their Voice.
6. Their Mouth be fill'd with the high Praiſe
Of their almighty Lord;
While their Right-hand does graſp, and wield,
The 'vengefull Two-edg'd Sword,

7. On

7. On Heathen juſt Revenge to take,
And puniſh thoſe deſign'd;
8. To chain their Kings, and noble Peers
In Iron Fetters bind.
9. Judgment on them to execute,
Which ſacred Rolls record;
This Honour all his Saints ſhall have.
Sing Praiſes to the Lord.

PSALM CXLIX. *2d Meetre.*

Meſſi'rs *Tate* and *Brady*'s Verſion.

O Praiſe ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad Voice.
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.
2. In our great Creator,
Let *Iſr'el* rejoice;
And Children of *Sion*
Be glad in their King.

3. Let them his great Name
Extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel, and Harp,
His Praiſes expreſs:
4. Who always takes Pleaſure
His Saints to advance:
And with his Salvation
The humble to bleſs.

5. With Glory adorn'd,
His People ſhall ſing
To God, who their Beds
With Safety does ſhield.
6. Their Mouths fill'd with Praiſes
Of him their great King;
Whilſt a two-edged Sword
Their Right-hand does wield.

7. Juſt

7. Juſt Vengeance to take
For Injuries paſt;
And puniſh thoſe Lands
For Ruin deſign'd.
8. With Chains, as their Captives,
To tie their Kings faſt;
With Fetters of Iron
Their Nobles to bind.
9. Thus ſhall they make good.
When them they deſtroy,
The dreadful Decree
Which God does proclaim;
Such Honour, and Triumph,
His Saints ſhall enjoy.
O therefore forever
Exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

PRaiſe God: praiſe him in's Houſe below:
Praiſe him ye Heav'ns, his Pow'r which ſhow.
2. Praiſe him for all his mighty Deeds;
Praiſe him whoſe Majeſty exceeds.
3. Praiſe him with Trumpet's piercing Noiſe;
Praiſe him with Pſalt'ries, Harps ſoft Voice.
4. Praiſe him with Timbrel ſhrill, and Flute;
Praiſe him with Organ, and ſweet Lute.
5. Praiſe him with Cymbals ringing Veins;
Praiſe him in Cymbals lofty'ſt Strains.
6. Praiſe him let ev'ry breathing Thing;
Praiſes eternal to him ſing.

THE END OF THE *PSALMS*.

The

The Song of *MOSES.*

EXODUS XV.

I'LL ſing the Triumphs of the Lord,
Who's glorious in Renown;
The Horſe, and him that rode thereon,
He in the Sea hath thrown.

2. The Lord's my Strength, my Song, Defence,
My God; for him I'll raiſe
A Manſion; he my Father's God,
I'll celebrate his Praiſe.

3. The Lord is the great God of War;
Jehovah is his Name.

4. Proud *Pharoah*'s glit'ring Cars, and Hoſt,
That to the Ravage came,
In the Red Sea he caſt; there were
His choſen Captains drown'd.

5. The Depths o'er whelm'd them; like a Stone,
They ſank in the Profound.

6. The mighty Pow'r of thy Right-hand,
O Lord, moſt glorious ſhows;
Thy Right-hand, Lord, in Pieces daſh'd
The proud inſulting Foes.

7. Excelling Greatneſs thoſe o'er throw
Againſt Thee who preſum'd;
Thou ſendeſt forth thy flaming Wrath,
Which them, as Chaff, conſum'd.

8. Thy Noſtril's Blaſt the Waters drove
Together in an Heap;
They ſtood upright, in the Mid-ſea
Congealed was the Deep.

9. The

9. The En'my cry'd, Purſue, o'ertake,
I will the Spoil divide;
I'll draw my Sword, and them deſtroy,
Till Luſt is ſatisfy'd.

10. But thou, with thy ſtrong Wind, didſt blow,
The deep Sea o'er them ſpread;
In mighty Waters down they ſank,
As if they had been Lead.

11. Who, Lord, 's like Thee, among the Gods?
Thy Holineſs exceeds
In Glory; fearful is thy Praiſe,
And wonderful thy Deeds.

12. Thou ſtretched'ſt out thy ſtrong Right-hand,
The Earth them ſwallow'd quite.

13. In Mercy thou led'ſt forth thy Flock,
Which thou redeem'dſt with Might:
And thou did'ſt guide them, in thy Strength,
Unto thine holy Hill.

14. Nations ſhall hear, and fear, and Dread
Seize *Paleſtina* will.

15. Then *Edom*'s Dukes ſhall be amaz'd,
Moab's mighty Men be ſtruck
With Terror: *Canaan*'s Hearts ſhall melt,
As the diſſolved Brook.

16. Thro' Fear, and Dread, of thy great Pow'r,
Still, as a Stone, they'll ly:
Until thy People, Lord, which thou
Haſt purchas'd, ſhall paſs by.

17. Thou ſhalt conduct, and plant them, where
Thy Mountain rears it's Head;
The Place, for thy fix'd Reſidence,
Which thou, O Lord, haſt made:

The choſen holy Place thine Hand,
O Lord, hath ſettled faſt.
18. Thy Reign, O thou eternal King!
Forevermore ſhall laſt.

19. For *Pharaoh*'s Chariots, Horſe, and Men,
Thro' Seas audacious went;
And the returning Waves in Rage,
The Lord upon them ſent:
But *Iſr'el*'s Race, a num'rous Hoſt,
Under divine Command,
Walk'd thro' the Midſt of dang'rous Seas,
Securely on dry Land.

MIRIAM's ANSWER.

21. SING ye the Triumphs of the Lord,
Who's glorious in Renown;
The Horſe, and him that rode thereon,
He in the Sea hath thrown.

MOSES's *Prophetick* SONG.
DEUT. XXXII.

LET Heav'n's wide Arch, while I ſhall ſpeak,
Give an attentive Ear:
And hear, O Earth! th' important Truths
My Mouth ſhall now declare.
2. As Rain from Heav'n, my Doctrine drops,
My Speech, as Dew, diſtills;
As gentle Rains on tender Herbs,
And Show'rs on graſſy Hills.

3. While I, *Jehovah*'s glorious Name,
Shall publiſh all abroad;
With awful Reverence, aſcribe
Ye Greatneſs to our God.
4. A Rock, whoſe Work Perfection claims,
His Ways all Judgment are;

A God of Truth, unſpotted pure,
And juſt beyond compare.

5. But they themſelves corrupted have,
Their Spot's, they're not his Sons;
They're a perverſe, and crooked Race,
A Race of wicked Ones.

6. Oh! fooliſh People, and unwiſe!
Do'ye thus the Lord requite?
Thy Father is he not, who bought,
Thee made, and girt with Might?

7. Remember ancient Times, review
The Ages paſt and gone;
Thy Father aſk, and Elders, they
Will tell what God hath done.

8. When God the Nation's Lots aſſign'd,
To *Adam*'s Sons their Place;
He ſet their Bounds with ſpecial Eye
To *Iſr'el's* num'rous Race.

9. *Jehovah*, for his Portion, doth
His People high advance;
Jacob he choſe the ſpecial Lot
Of his Inheritance.

10. In *Sinai*'s Deſert howling Waſte,
There found him the Moſt-High;
He led, and taught, and kept him ſafe,
As th' Apple of his Eye.

11. As th' Eagle flutters o'er her Young,
And chears the feeble Things;
Her Pinions ſpreads, and takes them up,
And bears them on her Wings.

12. So did the Lord alone ſuſtain,
And lead them in his Care;

And to assist him there wss none,
No foreign God was there.

13. On Earth's high Places made him ride
Rich Fields supply his Want;
To suck sweet Honey from the Rock,
And Oyl from th' Adamant:
14. Butter of Kine, and Milk of Sheep,
Fat Lambs of *Bashan*'s Brood,
With Goats, and finest Wheat, to eat;
And drink the Grapes pure Blood.

15. But *Jesh'run* waxed fat and kick'd;
High pamper'd, and adorn'd,
His Maker he forsook; the Rock
Of his Salvation scorn'd.
16. His Jealousy provok'd they with
Strange Gods, their fond Delights;
And kindled up his burning Wrath,
With their detested Rites.

17. To Idols, Devils, not to God,
They Altars madly rear'd;
To unknown, new and upstart Gods,
Their Fathers never fear'd.
18. The Rock of Ages thee begat,
Sure thou remember'st not;
The God that form'd, and nourish'd thee,
Thou vilely hast forgot.

19. When this *Jehovah* saw, their Deeds
His just Abhorrence mov'd;
Because a Provocation great
His Sons, and Daughters, prov'd.
20. Therefore he said, I'll mark their End,
From them I'll hide my Face;

For

For they are froward Children grown,
A very faithleſs Race.

21. Since they, with that which is not God,
Have mov'd my Jealouſy;
My Anger greatly have provok'd
With lying Vanity;
Their Rage I'll with a People move,
Who're only ſo in Name;
And with a fooliſh Nation I
Their Anger will enflame.

22. A Fire is kindled in my Wrath,
Which down to Hell ſhall burn;
The Earth's Encreaſe, and Mountains Baſe,
Shall into Aſhes turn.
23. I'll Loads of Miſchief on them heap;
My pointed Arrows ſpend.
24. Hunger to burn, and Heat devour,
With bitter Deaths I'll ſend:

I'll order Teeth of ſavage Beaſts
Their vital Blood to ſpill;
The crawling Serpent of the Duſt
Shall them with Poiſon kill.
25. The Sword without, Terror within,
Shall ſeize young Men, and Maids,
And ſlay them, with the ſucking Child,
And Men of hoary Heads.

26. I ſaid, that I would ſcatter them,
In ev'ry diſtant Coaſt;
Make their Remembrance among Men
To be entirely loſt.
27. But that I fear'd the Pride of Foes,
Leſt inſolently they

Behave; and our high Hand, not God,
Hath done all this ſhould ſay.

28. For they're a Nation void of Senſe,
Nor Wiſdom's Rules attend.
29. Oh! were they wiſe, this underſtood,
And thought on their laſt End.
30. How ſhould One chace a Thouſand? Two
Ten Thouſand put to Flight?
Except their Rock had ſold them Slaves,
The Lord reſtrain'd their Might?

31. For their weak Rock can ne'er with our
Almighty Rock compare;
Our Enemies themſelves muſt own,
If they the Judges were.
32. Their Vine's of *Sodom*'s vicious Stock,
And from *Gomorrah*'s Fields;
Which brings forth nought but Grapes of Gall,
And bitter Cluſters yields.

33. There Wine's the Dragon's Poiſon, fell
Venom of Aſps congeal'd.
34. Is not this kept in Store with me;
And with my Treaſures ſeal'd.
35. Vengeance, and Recompence, are mine,
They'll fall the Time decreed;
Their woful Day is near at Hand,
Their Miſ'ry comes with Speed.

36. Yet God his People's Cauſe will plead,
For's Servant Sake repent;
When none ſhut up, and left, he ſees,
And all their Strength is ſpent.
37. Then will he ſay, "Where are your Gods,
"You look'd to for Defence?

"Where's

" Where's now your Rock of Strength, in whom
" Ye plac'd your Confidence?

38. " Which on fat Sacrifices fed,
" And crown'd with Wine the Board?
" Now let them riſe, Protection give,
" And needed Help afford.

39. Know ye, that I, ev'n I am he,
" No God with me I have;
" I kill, revive, I wound, and heal,
" None from my Hands can ſave.

40. " For I to Heav'n, my Throne above,
" Lift up my Hand on high;
" And ſolemnly I ſware, as ſure
" As ever live do I.

41. " If I ſhall whet my glit'ring Sword,
" And hold on Judgment lay;
" I'll render Veng'ance to my Foes,
" My Haters I'll repay.

42. " I'll make my Sword devour their Fleſh,
" Mine Arrows drunk with Blood
" Of ſlain, and Captives; on their Chiefs
" Revenges I'll make good.

43. Ye Nations join his People's Joy;
For he will on their Foe
Revenge their Blood; but to his Land
And People, Mercy ſhow.

The Song of DEBORAH.

JUDGES V.

2. PRaiſe ye the Lord, who hath aveng'd
His *Iſr'el*, on their haughty Foes;
When the brave People freely did
Their Lives, for Liberty, expoſe.

3. Hear, O ye Kings, Princes give Ear,
Whilſt I to great *Jehovah* ſing;
In ſacred Numbers ſhout the Praiſe
Of *Iſr'el*'s God, th' almighty King.

4. When God from Mount *Seir* march'd in State,
And turn'd from *Edom*'s lofty Tow'rs,
Th'Earth ſhook, the Heav'ns in Thunders dropt,
The Clouds pour'd down their rapid Show'rs.
5. The Mountains flam'd, and melting flow'd,
Nor could *Jehovah*'s Preſence bear;
So *Sinai* unknown Terrors felt,
When *Iſr'el*'s God was preſent there.

6. In *Shangar*'s *Anath*'s valiant Son,
And famous *Jael*'s former Days,
The Roads, by Trav'lers were untrod;
Who fearful, walk'd thro' ſecret Ways.
7. The Villages were broken up,
Their Lands uncultivate were lay'd;
Untill I *Deborah* was rais'd
And Mother in God's *Iſr'el* made.

8. New Gods their ſickly Fancies choſe,
Fierce Wars their Gates invaded then;
Was Shield, or Spear, in *Iſr'el*'s Tents
Seen among Forty Thouſand Men?
9. My Heart is ſet on *Iſr'el*'s Chiefs,
Who offer'd of their own Accord,
Bravely to join, and head the Troops
In Battle: Bleſſed be the Lord.

10. Sing ye that on white Aſſes ride,
And now ſecure in Judgment ſit.
Ye Trav'lers join the ſacred Song,
Who ſafely go where ye think fit.

11. Ye that from th' Archer's Noiſe are freed
Lurking at ev'ry wat'ring Place,
Jehovah's righteous Doings, now
May there rehearſe, in Songs of Praiſe:

The truely gracious Actions he
To *Iſr'el*'s Villages hath ſhown;
That now the People of the Lord,
Safe to their Borders, may go down.

12. Wake *Deb'rah*, wake, excite thy Pow'rs,
His Fame, in ſacred Hymns, to ſpread;
Riſe, *Barak*, thou *Abinoam*'s Son,
Thy captiv'd Foes, in Triumph, lead.

13. Thus *Cannan*'s Nobles he reduc'd,
And put beneath his Remnant's Feet;
The Lord, to my Dominion, forc'd
Their mighty Captains to ſubmit.

14. From *Ephraim*'s Mount there came a Root,
Which with fierce *Amalek* engag'd.
Benjamin follow'd cloſe, and join'd
His Forces, where the Battle rag'd.

From *Machir*'s Stock, renown'd of old,
There come great Captains, famous Men;
And *Zebulun* ſent ſuch as knew
To weild the Sword, and uſe the Pen.

15. The noble Lords of *Iſſachar*
To *Deborah* their Forces led;
On Foot they march'd down to the Vale,
With gallant *Barak* at their Head.

But *Reuben* ſeperate remain'd,
Diſtant in Mind, much more than Parts;
The Conduct of which potent Tribe
Made great Impreſſions on our Hearts.

16. Did'ſt fear the loſing of thy Sheep,
That thou among the Sheepfolds ſtay'd?
Thee, has the Bleating of thy Flocks,
To baſe Neutrality betray'd?

Truly thy Conduct, *Reuben*, who
So wholly ſeperate remain'd;
And would not join ſo good a Cauſe,
Our Hearts has griev'd, thy Glory ſtain'd.
17. So beyond *Jordan*, *Gilead* ſtay'd:
And why did *Dan* in Ships abide?
While *Aſhur* clung to his Sea Shore,
To hide in Creeks, or curb the Tide.

18. But *Zebulun*, and *Naphtali*,
Were ready, for the publick Good,
In the high Places of the Field,
To riſk their Lives, and ſpend their Blood.
19. Confederate Kings of *Canaan* came,
With *Jabin* join'd, and for him fought,
In *Tannach*, by *Megiddo*'s Stream;
But loſt the Booty which they fought.

20. They fought from Heav'n, th' marſhal'd [Stars,
Each active in their ſtated Courſe,
Exert their Influence, and fought;
Againſt proud *Sis'ra* bent their Force.
21. The River *Kiſhon* ſwept them off;
That ancient River, here well known
A Brook, now to a River ſwol'n:
Thou, O my Soul, haſt Strength trod down!

22. The fierce Rencounters of their Horſe,
In haſty Flight, each other wound;
Their Speed is ſtop'd, they tumbling caſt
Their mighty Riders to the Ground.

23. Curſe

23. Curſe, *Meroz*, ſaid God's Angel, Curſe
All bitterly to her belong;
For they refus'd to help the Lord,
To aid his Arms againſt the ſtrong.

24. Bleſs'd *Jael*, *Kenite Heber*'s Wife,
Shall be above all Women-kind;
Her Fame, beyond her Sex, ſhall ſpread,
In ev'ry Tent, to ev'ry Wind.

25. He Water aſk'd; to quench his Thirſt,
She gave him Milk, beyond his Wiſh:
She brought forth Butter to regale,
And ſerv'd him in a lordly Diſh.

26. She took the Tent Nail in her Hand,
Her Right-hand ſeiz'd the Hammer faſt;
Thro' *Sis'ra*'s Temples drove the Spike,
And then cut off his Head at laſt.

27. He ſtarted, ſtagger'd, in a Maze,
He fell, down at her Feet lay ſpread;
Cloſe at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
There where he bow'd, he fell down dead.

28. His Mother thro' the Window look'd,
And cry'd, impatient for her Son,
Why does his Chariot ſtay ſo long?
Why do the Wheels ſo ſlowly run?

29. Her prudent Ladies anſwer'd her;
Yea, eager, ſhe herſelf reply'd,

30. Have they not ſped? and now a Prey,
To each a Maid or two, divide?

Is n't *Sis'ra* chooſing, from the Spoils,
Rich Robes, which beauteous Colours deck,
Of Needle Work, on either Side,
Fit to adorn the Conqu'rour's Neck?

31. So, Lord, may all thine Enemies
In Ruin ſink, and periſh quite:
But thoſe that love Thee, like the Sun
Be when he marcheth in his Might.

PROVERBS VIII. *Abridg'd.*

HARK, 'Tis the Voice of Wiſdom cries,
In ev'ry publick Place;
To you, O Sons of Men, I call,
Come, taſte my heav'nly Grace.
Silver, and Gold, and precious Stones,
And all thou can'ſt deſire,
Bear no Proportion to the Gifts
My Votaries acquire.

Ere Earth, and Seas, and Heav'ns wide Arch
Their Being did receive,
I, with the Lord, his chief Delight,
From everlaſting live.
The habitable Earth, with Joy,
Appeared in my Sight:
I then beheld the Sons of Men,
And in them took Delight.

Come then, ye Chrildren, hear my Voice;
Be wiſe, and keep my Ways:
He's bleſs'd that hears, and at my Gates,
There daily watching, ſtays.
Who finds me, wins immortal Life,
And with the Lord finds Grace;
But he that ſins, wrongs his own Soul;
Who hate me, Death embrace.

ISAIAH II.

2. THE Mountain of *Jehovah*'s Houſe
Shall, in the latter Days,
Above the Tops of Mounts, and Hills,
It's Head, in Glory, raiſe:
To it, as Rivers to the Sea,
Shall all the Nations flow.
3. Thither they flock, and cry, come ye,
Let's to the Lord's Mount go.
There, in the Houſe of *Jacob*'s God,
He'll teach us his pure Ways;
And in his ſacred Paths we'll walk,
All our remaining Days:
For out of *Zion* ſhall go forth
A Law, that's full of Grace;
And from *Jeruſalem*, thro' the Earth,
The Word of God take Place.
5. Come then, O Houſe of *Iſr'el*, come,
Nor ſpecial Favour ſlight;
Submit to what the Lord reveals,
Walk in his ſaving Light.

ISAIAH IX.

2. NAtions, that long in Darkneſs walk'd,
Have now beheld a glorious Light;
On them, who dwelt in Shades of Death,
The Light hath ſhined heav'nly bright.
6. For lo! the Virgin's Child is born,
To us the Son of God is giv'n;
Upon his Shoulders ſhall be lay'd
The Government of Earth, and Heav'n;

His

His Name is called Wonderfull,
The Counſellour, the mighty God,
Eternal Father, Prince of Peace;
Peace dearly purchas'd with his Blood.
7. His Government ſhall know no Bounds,
But far and wide, o'er all extend;
And happy Peace, the glorious Fruits
Of his juſt Reign, ſhall know no End.

O'er *David*'s Kingdom, on his Throne,
To rule, and ſtabliſh it ſecure;
With Judgment clear, and Juſtice right,
His Reign forever ſhall endure.

ISAIAH XLV.

21. FROM ancient Times I have declar'd,
I am the Lord alone;
A righteous Lord, thy Saviour God,
Beſides me there is none.
22. Then look to me, ye burden'd Souls,
From ev'ry diſtant Land;
And cordially receive, with Joy,
Salvation at my Hand.

23. I by my ſelf have ſworn, my Words
Both true, and righteous are;
That ev'ry Knee to me ſhall bow,
And ev'ry Tongue ſhall ſware.
24. Sure, Men ſhall ſay, we, in the Lord,
Have Strength and Righteouſneſs;
And to him come; but all his Foes
Shall endleſs Shame oppreſs.

25. In Thee, *Jehovah*, *Iſr'el*'s Seed
Shall all be juſtify'd;
In Thee, ſhall triumph, while on Earth,
In Heav'n be glorify'd.

ISAIAH LIII.

LORD, who hath our Report believ'd?
Who thy *Meſſiah* hath receiv'd?
2. Sprung, like a Shrub, from barren Ground;
In him no Form, or Beauty's found.
3. Deſpis'd, diſown'd, to Sorrows born;
From him we turn'd our Face in Scorn.
4. Truly, our Pains, and Griefs, he bore;
When God, we thought, had ſmit him ſore.

5. But for our Sins he Wounds endur'd,
Our Treſpaſſes his Griefs procur'd;
His Chaſtiſement our Peace has bought,
His grievous Stripes our Healing wrought.
6. Like Sheep, we all have gone aſtray,
We turn'd, each one, to his own Way;
And God, upon his guiltleſs Head,
Hath all our Crimes, in Mercy, laid.

7. Silent he bore the heavy Load,
Nor once complained of his God;
No Lamb, when to the Slaughter come,
Nor Sheep, at ſhearing, are ſo dumb.
8. Snatch'd from Diſtreſs, from Judgment freed,
Who ſhall declare his Riſe, or Seed;
Yet was his Life cut off betimes,
He ſuffer'd for my People's Crimes.

9. With Sinners, to the Grave, conſign'd,
And with the Rich, in Death, he's join'd;
Becauſe no Violence he had done,
Nor in his Mouth Deceit was known.
10. Him God it pleas'd to bruiſe and grieve;
When's Soul a Sin-Off'ring he'll give;
He'll ſee his Seed, prolong his Days,
And proſper in God's Works of Grace.

11. With

11. With joyful Satisfaction, he
The Travel of his Soul ſhall ſee;
And by his Knowledge juſtify
Many, for whom he'll bleed, and die,
12. I'll therefore with the ſtrong, and great,
Him high, in laſting Honour, ſet;
Becauſe he ſhed his precious Blood,
And interceeds for Sinner's Good.

ISAIAH LV.

HO! ev'ry one that thirſteth, come,
Where living Waters flow;
Come, buy, eat, drink, my Wine, and Milk,
Tho' ye no Worth can ſhow.
2. Why do ye ſpend your Coſt, and Pains,
On empty earthly Toys?
Hear me, and eat the Good; delight
Your Souls with heav'nly Joys.

3. Encline your Ear, and come to Me,
Hear, and your Souls ſhall live;
I'll, the ſure Mercies of my Son,
By endleſs Cov'nant, give.
4. Him, Witneſs to my Flock, I've giv'n,
And ſet him on a Throne.
5. The *Gentile* Nations thou ſhalt call,
And they to Thee ſhall run:

Becauſe thy God, the holy One,
Hath glorified Thee.
6. Seek ye the Lord, in finding Time;
And while he's near, call ye.
7. Let Wicked Men forſake their Ways,
And turn unto the Lord;
Our God, in his great Mercy, will,
With Pardon, them reward.

LUKE

LUKE I. *The Song of* MARY.

46. MY Soul, to magnify the Lord,
Unites her Pow'rs, and Voice.
47. In God, my Saviour, whom I truſt,
My Spirit ſhall rejoice.
48. For to his humble Hand-Maid, he
Hath graciouſly expreſs'd
Himſelf: and lo, all Ages ſhall
From hence forth call me bleſs'd.
49. The Great, for me, great Things hath done,
And holy is his Name.
50. To them that fear him, Mercy flows,
From Race to Race, the ſame.
51. Almighty Strength He clearly ſhew'd,
By what his Arm hath wrought;
The Proud he ſcatter'd, and their vain
Deſigns to nothing brought.
52. He drew the Mighty from their Seats;
And raiſed up the Low.
53. With good the Hungry fill'd; the Rich
In Want were forc'd to go:
54. His Servant *Iſr'el* help'd, as he,
In Mercy, had decreed;
55. And to our Fathers Promiſe made,
To *Abr'am*, and his Seed.

LUKE I. *The Song of* ZACHARIAS.

68. BLeſs'd be the Lord, ev'n *Iſr'el*'s God,
Praiſe be our conſtant Theme;
Who came to viſit his poor Flock,
And them with Price redeem.
69. He our Salvation's Horn hath rais'd,
His Servant *David*'s Heir:
70. As, by his holy Prophets Mouth,
He did from firſt declare. 71. That

71. That we ſhould, from our Enemies,
Compleat Salvation gain;
And from the Hand of all us hate
Deliverance obtain.

72. The Mercy promis'd to perform,
And's holy Cov'nant mind;

73. The Oath, by which, Himſelf, he did,
To Father *Abr'am*, bind.

74. That us, from Foes Hands freed, he would,
Fearleſs, to ſerve him, give;

75. In Holineſs, and Righteouſneſs,
Before him, whilſt we live.

76. Thou Child, the Prophet of the Lord,
Shalt go before his Face,
The Herald of the Higheſt ſtyl'd,
Sent to prepare his Ways.

77. By Pardon of his People's Sins,
To make Salvation known.

78. The riſing Sun, thro' boundleſs Grace,
From high hath on us ſhone:

79. T' enlighten thoſe in Darkneſs ſit,
And in Death's Shade abide;
The Way to Peace, and Happineſs,
Our wand'ring Feet to guide.

LUKE II. *The* ANGEL's *Meſſage, and Song.*

8. WHilſt Shepherds, in the open Field,
Watch'd o'er their Flocks, by Night;

9. God's Angel ſhone in Glory round,
And all their Minds affright:

10. But the kind Angel to them ſaid,
Let Nought diſturb your Mind;
Good News I bring you, which ſhall be
Great Joy to all Mankind.

11. For

11. For unto you, in *David*'s Town,
(As ſacred Rolls record,)
This very Day a Saviour's born,
The promis'd CHRIST, the LORD.
12. And this ſhall be your certain Sign;
You'll find (the Seraph ſaid,)
The Babe enwrap'd in ſwadling Cloths,
And in a Manger laid.
13. Then ſtrait, there with the Angel join'd,
A num'rous ſhining Throng
Of heav'nly Spirits, praiſing God;
And thus unite their Song.
14. Glory to God, who dwells on high,
By Angels round his Throne;
Bleſs'd Peace hath viſited the Earth,
Good Will to Man is ſhown.

LUKE II. *The Song of* SIMEON.

29. NOW Lord, as thou haſt ſaid, diſmiſs,
In Peace, thy Servant, to his Reſt:
30. Becauſe my longing Eyes, with Sight
Of thy Salvation, have been bleſt.
31. Which thou haſt wondrouſly prepar'd,
Open, before all People's Face;
A Light to *Gentiles*, ſhining clear,
And Glory to thine *Iſr'el*'s Race.

REVELATION I.

The Song of JOHN *the Divine.*

5. NOW unto him, whoſe Love was ſhown
To us, in dying Strains;
Who, by his own moſt precious Blood,
Hath waſh'd away our Stains;

6. And

6. And made us Kings, and Prieſts, to God,
His Father, we adore,
Be Glory, and Dominion, now,
And henceforth evermore.

REV. IV.

The Song of the FOUR LIVING CREATURES.

8. O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Almighty God's thy Name;
Who was, and is, and art to come,
Eternally the ſame.

REV. IV.

The Song of the ELDERS.

11. THou, Lord, the Glory, Honour, Pow'r,
Art worthy to receive;
For thou mad'ſt all, thy ſov'reign Will
To all does Being give.

REV. V. *The Song of the* CHURCH.

9. THOU worthy art to take the Book,
And open ev'ry Seal;
For thou waſt ſlain, and, by thy Blood,
Redeem'd us from all Ill,
To God; from ev'ry Nation, Tongue,
And Tribe of humane Birth;
10. And made us Kings, and Prieſts, to God,
And we ſhall reign on Earth.

REV. V.

The Song of the ANGELS, *and* CHURCH.

12. THE Lamb is worthy that was ſlain;
Riches, and Pow'r, to him belong,
Wiſdom, and Strength, and Honour high,
Glory, and Praiſe, from ev'ry Tongue.

REV.

REV. V. *The Song of all the Creatures.*

13. LET Heaven, and Earth, unite, to pay
All Bleſſing, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
To him that ſitteth on the Throne,
And to the Lamb, forevermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

Long Meetre.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be Glory, as in Ages paſt
From the Beginning was, is now,
And ſhall thro' all Duration laſt.

Common Meetre.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The ever bleſſed One,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ever ſhall be done.

Short Meetre.

TO God the Father, Son
And Spirit, we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 50th. *2d. Meetre.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God, whom all the heav'nly Hoſt,
And humble Saints on Earth, adore,
Be Glory, as in Ages paſt,
Is now, and ſhall forever laſt,
When Time itſelf ſhall be no more.

As

As Pſalm 148th.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, God of Love,
Be Glory here below,
And in the Heav'ns above,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo,
Forevermore.

As Pſalm 45th. *2d Meetre, and* 149th.

TO Father moſt high,
And Son of his Love,
With Spirit Divine,
The God we adore,
All Glory be given,
As't ever did prove,
Is now, and ſhall be ſo,
When Time is no more.

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FINIS.

ERRATA.

The Author's Diſtance from the Preſs has admitted the following Errata.

Pſal.	V.	L.	
2.	9.	3.	1*ſt* Meet. r. *daſh.*
5.	7.	3.	f. *and*, r. *Tho'*
6.	3.	4.	r. *Ere*
7.	12.	3.	r. *glitt'ring*
10.	4.	1.	f. *daring*, r. *glaring*
14.	5.	1.	f. *Then*, r. *Their*
31.	6.	3.	r. Straits.
32.	9.	3.	r. *Mouths.*
34.	4.	1.	f. *me*, r. *he.*
35.	15.	1.	r. *Slip.*
37.	16.	2.	f. *What*, r. *Which*
39.	13.	3.	1*ſt* Meet. r. *Ere*
	9.	1.	2*d* Mr. r. *correct'ſt*
	13.	3.	r. *Ere*
45.	8.	4.	2*d* Meet. f. they are, r. *thou art*
46.	2.	4.	2*d* Meet. f. *torn*, r. borne.
46.	4.	1.	1*ſt* Meet. r. *make.*
49.	2.	1.	r. *Ye're.*
56.	1.	2.	r. Man.
58.	6.	3.	r. Lyons.
60.	6.	2.	r. *Joy's.*

Pſal.	V.	L.	
68	4.	3.	f. *the*, r. *his.*
	23.	1.	f, *you*, r. *ye.*
74	13.	3.	r. cruſh.
75	1.	3.	r. *ſuccour.*
76	6.	2.	f. *Heap*, r. *Sleep.*
92	3.	3.	1*ſt* Mr. r. *Concent*
	3.	3.	2*d* Mr. r. *Concent*
104	9.	4.	r. *th' Earth*
105	6.	1.	r. *Servant* and dele *Comma.*
118	10.	1.	r. *compaſs'd.*
	11.	1.	r. *beſatt.*
119	139.	1.	f. *Thy*, r. *My.*
136	22.	1.	r. *Servant.*
137	3.	4.	r. *one.*
	8.	2.	f. *Whom we*, r. *Who Woe art.*
138	3.	4.	f. *Tears*, r. *Fears*
139	20.	2.	f. *proclaim*, r. *declaim.*
143	3.	3.	f. *to*, r. *me.*
147	13.	1.	r. *poſſeſt.*
	19.	4.	f. *are*, r. *he.*

In various Places read *Deſart*, and *Deſarts*: Many Errors in Pointing have ſlip'd the Preſs, which an intelligent Reader will eaſily correct.

15 OC 61.